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GIBBON'S JOURNAL

To January 28th, 1763



EDWARD GIBBON
AS A YOUNG MAN

GIBBON'S JOURNAL

TO JANUARY 28TH, 1763

MY JOURNAL, I, II & III

AND

EPHEMERIDES

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS

BY

D. M. LOW

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS

1929

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PREFACE

IN preparing the first complete edition of the English portion of Gibbon's Journal, my chief debt is to the late Sir John Murray, K.C.V.O., who generously allowed me to make use of the manuscripts of which he owned the copyright. I am also under an obligation to the firm of John Murray for a courteous extension of this privilege.

The variety of events and the changes of scene in Gibbon's early life involved enquiries over a wide field, progress in which would have been slow, if not impossible in some ways, but for the assistance of others, which I desire to acknowledge with gratitude. M. William de Sévery, the bearer of a name so closely associated with Gibbon, most readily responded to a request concerning 'notre ami commun,' and through him I gained permission, equally readily given, from M. William Grenier to reproduce the portrait of Gibbon as a young man, which he owns. My thanks in this connexion are also due to M. Emile Bonjour, Curateur du Musée des Beaux-Arts at Lausanne; and among many others to the following:—the Curator of the Royal United Service Institution for the photograph of the Grenadier Cap of the South Hampshire Militia; Messrs. James Styles & Whitlock for that of the old manor house at Buriton; the Assistant-Keeper of the London Museum for the photograph of Lime Grove; Messrs. Calmann-Lévy for allowing me to print five of Gibbon's letters to Mlle. Curchod; Messrs. Birrell & Garnett for kindly allowing me to make use of their collection of

The Sheffield Papers used for the editions of Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works ; my friend Mr. L. E. Tanner, F.S.A., whose knowledge and skill in research were invaluable on several points, especially those concerning Gibbon's days at Westminster ; my wife for her help in criticising the Introduction and in the heavier task of reading the proofs ; and lastly, the publishers and printers, not so much for giving to this book the high quality of form which is taken for granted with their work, as for showing great consideration over the delays which circumstances forced on me during the preparation of it.

D. M. L.

January 1929.

Abbreviations

- Auto. W.C.* Autobiography of Edward Gibbon, with an introduction by J. B. Bury. The World's Classics.
- Murray.* The Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon, printed verbatim from hitherto unpublished MSS., edited by John Murray. London, 1896.
- Hill.* The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon, with various observations and excursions by himself, edited by George Birkbeck Hill. London, 1900.
- Letters.* Private Letters of Edward Gibbon, edited by R. E. Prothero. London, 1896.
- Misc. Works, 1796 or 1814.* The Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq., edited by John, Lord Sheffield, the 1st and 2nd editions. London, 1796, 1814.
- Meredith Read.* Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy, by General Meredith Read. London, 1897.
- Bland.* A Treatise of Military Discipline, by Humphrey Bland, Esq., Lieut.-General of H.M. Forces. 9th ed. London, 1762.
- Walpole.* The Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Oxford, 1903.
- Lloyd-Verney.* Records of the Infantry Militia Battalions of the County of Southampton. Colonel Lloyd-Verney. London, 1894.
- Record of Old Westminsters.* The Record of Old Westminster, a Biographical List of all those who are known to have been educated at Westminster School, by G. F. Russell Barker and A. H. Stenning. London, 1928.

Holroyd. The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd.
J. H. Adeane. London, 1896.

d'Haussonville. Le Salon de Madame Necker, par Le
Vicomte d'Haussonville. Paris, 1882.

de Sévery. M. et Mme. W. de Sévery. La Vie de
Société dans le Pays de Vaud à la Fin du 18^{me}
Siècle. Lausanne et Paris, 1912.

INTRODUCTION

IT is nearly two hundred years since Gibbon was born. He lived in an age and amidst company which have been as intimately investigated as any century of the past. But of all the great Englishmen of the eighteenth century he alone has failed to receive the honour of an ample biography.

There seem to be two reasons. One is the inimitable and final quality of his own memoirs, which has been more than enough to deter any one from attempting to traverse the same field.

‘Urit enim fulgore suo qui praegravat artes
Infra se positas.’

The other has been the obscurity or inaccessibility of the material necessary to supplement that classic.

A succession of critics have pointed out that the Autobiography records the life not of the whole man but of the historian and scholar. It is possible that this view has been exaggerated, but the general truth of it is accepted. Much that we should dearly like to know has been omitted, and the story of other parts of his life has been subordinated to the main design by a master of perspective. There must be a laborious gleaning in many fields before the details which Gibbon sacrificed to this theme can be recovered.

After the publication in 1814 of the second and enlarged edition of the *Miscellaneous Works*, all the papers in the possession of Lord Sheffield, containing the drafts of the Autobiography from which he had constructed the vulgate text, the correspondence,

the journals, and a mass of various memoranda, were withdrawn from the eyes of any one outside the family for the remainder practically of the nineteenth century.¹ Thus during the Victorian age, when a great though not impartial interest in Gibbon's character was displayed, no biographer or essayist had access to papers of the first importance. Writers such as Bagehot, Cotter Morrison, Stephen, and Birrell had no more than the five volumes of the *Miscellaneous Works* to form their opinions on.²

To Gibbon himself, composing the concentrated and polished structure of his memoirs, much of his early life seemed not so much distasteful as of no further importance. He distilled his various experiences into a few epigrams, and the mannered and successful man did not care, probably was not able, to re-create the moods of the rather unhappy youth. To Lord Sheffield, his friend and literary executor, the Journal could add little to the picture of the Roman historian, and might indeed detract from his dignity. That he should suppress some things at the time was natural—in others his act seems hardly explicable.³ Had he taken the world into a fuller confidence he would in the long run have served his friend far better. The embargo which he laid upon the use of Gibbon's papers in the future has been a contributory cause to the conventional

¹ Dean Milman was allowed to see the papers but not to make use of any information in them. That they were exposed to more or less idle curiosity is seen from the fact that from one of Suzanne Curchod's letters the signature has been cut away, and a note attached says that it was given to Lady Louisa Stuart.

² Bagehot, *Literary Studies* II. (written in 1856). Birrell, *Res Judicatae*, 1892 (written in 1884). Stephen, *Dictionary of National Biography*. Morrison, *English Men of Letters Series*, 1878.

³ Professor J. B. Bury discusses this point in his introduction to the *Autobiography* in the *World's Classics*.

and unsympathetic reading of Gibbon's character which has for so long been current.

In 1894 the centenary of Gibbon's death was celebrated, and soon afterwards the six drafts of the *Autobiography* were published,¹ and also a new and more accurate but by no means complete edition of Gibbon's letters.² Shortly afterwards all the papers were acquired by the British Museum. Among them was the *Journal*, which is now printed in a complete and accurate text for the first time.

That this *Journal* contained much that would illuminate a part of Gibbon's life which he himself had dealt with very summarily was to be learnt from the comments made on it by Frederic Harrison in the course of his address delivered at the Gibbon Centenary Commemoration.³ He said : ' They, of course, have not the literary grace or the elaborate polish of the " *Memoirs* " ; they have not the rattle and *verve* of Byron's *Diaries*, nor the artless candour of Pepys' *Diary*. But as a picture of keen observation, indomitable industry, omnivorous reading, and the mastery of a powerful intellect amidst all the distractions of a busy life, they are well worth giving to the world.'

There was no need to apologise for the lack of literary grace or of *verve* and rattle. It is from the absence of these qualities that the *Journal* obtains its value, and if the revelation of self has not the

¹ *The Autobiography of Edward Gibbon*, edited by John Murray. London, 1896.

² *Private Letters of Edward Gibbon*, edited by R. E. Prothero. London, 1896.

³ On November 15, 1894. See *Proceedings of the Gibbon Commemoration*, London, 1895, pp. 18 *seq.*, and especially 32-3. Harrison's address is most interesting, and the introductory speech by Sir M. E. Grant Duff may be read with amusement.

unsparing intimacy of Pepys, it is none the less the sincere and unstudied record of a remarkable personality. Cautiousness, it is true, prevented the writer once or twice from committing all his thoughts and plans to paper, but it is abundantly clear that the Journal was intended for no other eyes but his own, and in this way it has an unequalled biographical value. In these pages, then, the young Gibbon displays himself on the whole without reserve and certainly without affectation. We can live with him from day to day amid the duties and society of the Hampshire Militia, or in his library; in the companionship of his family and their rustic neighbours, or in his occasional trips to town.

We see him in the routine of the militia, not, it is true, a very enthusiastic officer, but a conscientious and competent one, who performed not only his own duties but those that were thrust on him by his father the Major, who was neither conscientious nor competent, or by his idle 'bumperising' Colonel: we see him in camp at Winchester enjoying the bustle and general society, or less agreeably in quarters at Devizes maintaining the prestige of his corps amid many difficulties, including those caused by a rival battalion of regulars: we find him distracted by the clamour of the sutling booth; posted to the unpopular task of guarding French prisoners in foul conditions; entertaining the Corporation of Southampton; attending tiresome meetings to get recruits. He represents his unit on more than one important court-martial. He mastered the elaborate infantry drill of the day, and was a close critic of it both in theory and practice. The long dispute with the Duke of Bolton which marred the happiness of the battalion from the highest to the

lowest involved him in a tedious correspondence on behalf of his senior officers. All these and many other duties and difficulties are recorded with interest and philosophic good-nature, and in the end he frankly admits that the experience was valuable to him. One habit, however, the Journal reveals in unsparing detail which the Autobiography only confessed in general terms. A stronger character would have found it difficult to stand out of the intemperate ways which were the normal practice of the Militia messes. Yet the list of drunken nights and of mornings lost is a long one. And it has to be admitted that Gibbon so far gave way to the custom as to have a difficulty in shaking it off on his return to civil life. Some boisterous outbursts by the young captain shocked his friends in Lausanne on his return there in 1763. On one riotous occasion in the mess he quarrelled with Harrison, almost his only friend in the corps, and they nearly fought a duel. But Gibbon never lost his sense of the disgrace of it, and the captain of grenadiers at any rate remembered to instruct the historian of Rome that 'drunkenness' was 'the most illiberal, but not the most dangerous of our vices.'¹

But there were many digressions from the path of military duty. There was yachting at Dover and rabbit-hunting at Buriton; there were pleasant family excursions such as the one to Lord Shaftesbury's landscape garden, or the visit to Windsor Castle with a party of brother-officers. Most unsuspected of all, there appears some mild flirtation. There are Miss Chetwynd and Miss Fanny Page and one or two others. As for the first of these, he confesses in the very words to be used some day by

¹ *Decline and Fall*, chap. ix.

the proud Mr. Darcy, that he 'is in some danger.' But the lady soon disappears without further explanation. There is little doubt that after his first love affair Gibbon never again seriously fell in love or thought of marrying. Suzanne Curchod is hardly mentioned in the Journal ; but that that was due to an excess of feeling rather than the contrary may be seen from the correspondence which has been brought together in this volume for the first time.¹ That his father and stepmother were anxious for him to make a suitable match would be natural enough. But their son, who had not been strong enough to withstand a flat opposition to his own choice, was always able to slip away from their tentative moves.

It is commonly observed that boys of exceptional endowments often seem unnaturally old, until they are found in fact to be much younger in many ways than their more ordinary companions. This is certainly true of Gibbon, the more salient aspects of whose early life might well give the impression that he had never been a boy at all. But he was at this time, in truth, still very young as compared with the majority of young men who had duly passed through school and university to a life of fashion. The Journal provides ample evidence of this. There is an undeniable ingenuousness in his observations both about himself and other persons and things. Perhaps the most amusing example is the naïveté with which he reflects upon the spectacle of the first gentlemen of England sitting down to a supper of cold meat at the Cocoa-tree. That is only one of many that can be discerned both in the Journal and in his earlier letters. With all his various experi-

¹ See below, p. lxxvii of this Introduction, and Appendix I, p. 207.

ences he remained at heart unspoilt, and shows himself to be good-humoured, tolerant, and unselfish, easy to get on with, and if anything too prone to submit to the will of others. This may appear to be a contradiction of his own estimate made on his birthday in 1762 ; but it seems impossible to accept without modification his description of himself as 'proud, violent, and disagreeable in society.'¹

That he should have emerged so creditably from such a luckless childhood and an inconsequent upbringing is testimony to a strength and sweetness of nature which have been unjustly overlooked.

§ 1

History of the Text

On August 24th, 1761, Gibbon, being then in camp with his battalion on Flowerdown outside Winchester, began to keep a Journal. It is written in English until January 28th, 1763, when, upon arriving in Paris, he changed over to French. The Journal was discontinued in December 1764 just before he left Rome. On beginning it Gibbon went back to the day of his birth, composing a retrospective summary of his life which increases in detail as he advances. In fact, as he found he had more in his memory to record than he had suspected, he was from the beginning behindhand with his daily entries and was unable to bring himself even with the world before the 10th of September. Six months later, however, he has again to confess that 'notwithstanding my resolution, I had no sooner brought my Journal to the 10th of September 1761

¹ See below, p. 69.

than I discontinued it during six months. Having now brought it down thus far from memory, I begin it a second time from the 25th of March 1762. Shall I be more constant than the first?'¹ On October 13th, 1762, he was again a month in arrears, and spent the next four days in bringing it up to date.²

In writing his diary Gibbon used thin notebooks without rulings, with covers of stiff blue papers. Three of these (the third somewhat thicker than the others) contain his record as far as August 16th, 1762. From this point the diary is carried on with greater elaboration. An octavo manuscript book of about 125 pages is used. It opens with a rough title-page, in which it is described as the second volume. Although the book is bigger than its predecessors, the written page is not much bigger, if at all, since it is placed within large margins ruled in red. The pages have been numbered, and each has for headings the month and the place where Gibbon was at the time. The diary is now more carefully paragraphed. Of this volume 104 pages are in English and the last 21 in French, taking the record to May 1763, in Paris. The next volume is like the last, but contains about 196 pages. This volume is entirely in French, and covers the period from August to November 1763, while the writer was at Lausanne. During June and July Gibbon kept no journal, since, besides the distraction of renewing old acquaintanceships in Lausanne, he was deeply engaged in compiling his notes on the geography of Italy in preparation for the next stage of his tour. The period from December 1763 to June 1764 is entered in a quarto of 197 pages with large margins. This completes

¹ See below, p. 50.

² See below, p. 164.

his stay in Lausanne, and carries the journey through Italy as far as Parma. The last volume is a similar quarto of 171 pages, carrying on the record to December 1764, the close of Gibbon's time in Rome. All is in French with the exception of a few pages in English at the end describing works of art and antiquities seen in the galleries. On leaving Rome, Gibbon discontinued his Journal and apparently never began another.

At first he called it 'My Journal,' but on beginning the more elaborate book on August 17th, 1762, he prefixed a more grandiloquent title surrounded with flourishes of the pen: 'Ephemerides or Journal of My Actions, Studies and Opinions.' He called this book, which was in fact the fourth that he had used, 'Volume the Second.'

The first mention of this Journal occurs in Gibbon's own Autobiography. Writing of his life in the Militia, he says: 'With the help of an original journal I could write the history of my bloodless and inglorious campaigns; but as these events have lost much of their importance in my own eyes, they shall be dispatched in a few words.'¹ The Journal supplied him with such dates and facts and even reflexions on this part of his life as he chose to include in his memoirs;² and when he relates that 'from his early youth he aspired to the character of an historian,' he continues, 'nor can I paint in more lively colours the feelings of the moment than by transcribing some passages under their respective dates from a journal which I kept at that time.'³

¹ *Auto. W.C.*, p. 105.

² In particular, Memoir B often repeats or echoes the phrasing of the Journal. *Murray*, pp. 104-210.

³ *Auto. W.C.*, p. 117.

But in transcribing, Gibbon made very considerable changes. He added sentences, he transposed phrases, he substituted words, correcting and polishing the extracts to save them from standing out as an unpurple patch in the highly wrought text of the memoirs.¹ Thus, when Lord Sheffield came to draw upon the Journal in preparing the *Miscellaneous Works*, he had a remarkable precedent from the author for manipulating the text. He was not backward in availing himself of it. There is hardly a passage of ten consecutive lines which he printed without altering the text in some way—often to a considerable degree. Lord Sheffield's publication of his friend's papers is one of the most famous examples of editing in the history of literature, and his method deserves the closest attention. In the 'Advertisement to the First Edition' he explains frankly enough his conception of his duties both as an editor and a literary executor.² He tells us that he was 'conscious of a partiality, which it was not proper to indulge, especially in revising many of his juvenile and unfinished compositions'; that he was 'aware how disgracefully authors of eminence have been often treated, by an indiscreet posthumous publication of fragments and careless effusions.' Unwilling to trust his own opinion entirely, he

¹ To facilitate a comparison the longest extract and the one most remodelled is given in Appendix III; see *Auto. W.C.*, pp. 117-21, and *Murray*, p. 193, and below, the entries for the following dates:—April 14th, 1761, p. 24; August 4th, 1761, p. 30; January 1762, p. 44; and July 26th, 1762, p. 101. Even in printing these extracts Sheffield was not content to print Gibbon's revision of his own Journal. He has introduced some trifling alterations which, of course, subsequent editors have had to follow.

² *Misc. Wks.* 1796 and 1814, I. In the *World's Classics*, as in most modern editions of the Autobiography, the text of the Advertisement is incomplete, but all the vital passages are there.

'consulted some of our common friends whom I knew to be equally anxious with myself for Mr. Gibbon's fame, and fully competent from their judgment to protect it.'¹ Later, writing especially of Gibbon's letters, he says: 'I have not been solicitous to garble or expunge passages which, to some, may appear trifling. Such passages will often, in the opinion of the observing reader, mark the character of the writer, and the omission of them would materially take from the ease and familiarity of authentic letters.' How he treated Gibbon's letters is not the question here.² But the principle enunciated is hardly consistent with the description given later of the *Journal* as a record of 'trivial circumstances' intermingled with 'very interesting observations' upon the authors whom Gibbon happened to be reading. He shields his method here, however, not unjustifiably, behind Gibbon's own attitude to his *Journal*. 'It certainly was not his intention that this private and motley diary should be presented to the public, nor have I thought myself at liberty to present it in the shape in which he left it. But when reduced to an account of his literary occupations, it forms so singular and so interesting a portrait of an indefatigable student, that I persuade myself it will be regarded as a valuable acquisition by the Literary World, and as an accession of fame to the memory of my friend.'

The world of letters owes so much to Lord Sheffield that it would be ungenerous to cavil too

¹ These appear to have been primarily Hayley and his own daughter Josepha Maria, who had been rather a favourite with Gibbon. Her pencil marks are still to be seen throughout the MS. of the *Journal* indicating what was to be printed. See facsimile facing p. 6, and *Holroyd*, p. 267 *sqq. passim*.

² *Misc. Wks.*, 1814, I. and II., should be compared with Prothero's edition of the *Letters* (Murray, 1896).

much at his conception of editing, and had he been content to follow his own principles and to print a pure text of just so much as he felt could be given to the world, it would only be necessary to-day to say that what he thought trivial, now seems to us of fascinating interest, and that where he thought that an *hortus siccus* of Gibbon's notes on his reading could 'afford an useful lesson and example to such young readers as shall not already be convinced of the necessity of assiduous application in the acquisition of every kind of learning,' we to-day find these records far more impressive in their true place amid the noisy distractions of life in the militia.¹ But since, apart from wresting passages from their living context, he could not refrain from garbling, revising, interpolating, and conflating, it is the duty of the editor of the first complete text of the Journal to review, however briefly, his performances in this respect.

The following extracts from the Journal were published as notes to the Autobiography² :—1755, December ; 1756, January ; 1757, January (sum-

¹ The quotation is from the preface to vol. ii. of *Misc. Wks.* 1796, reprinted in 1814 in vol. iii. At least one fairly young reader was stimulated by the 1814 edition. When Hobhouse (*ætat* 28), in December 1814, was accompanying Byron to his wedding, he 'read the new Gibbon—delightful' on the journey. 'As to Gibbon, this reading miscellaneously gave me a literary ardour and infused a sort of philosophic calm over me to which I have long been a stranger. The pursuits and attainments of Gibbon are, though very noble and extensive, not absolutely beyond the reach of any lover of literature.' Meanwhile the noble bridegroom was becoming 'more and more less impatient. Never was lover in less haste.' See Lord Broughton, *Recollections of a Long Life*, 27th December 1814.

² The second edition in *Misc. Wks.* 1814 is followed here. The extracts in the first edition are much the same but not quite so full. They are all to be found in *Auto. W.C.* In Hill's edition they are incomplete and difficult to find, some being imbedded in his notes and others collected in an appendix.

maries of his studies for the year) ; 1757, March to 1758, January 23, inclusive ; 1758, March 8, July 11 ; 1759, February 11 ; 1761, January 11, April 23, June 10, October 23, November 2, December 25 ; 1762, April 24, May 8, July 27, August 22, 24, 28, 29, September 23, October 5, 21, 28, November 24, 26, December 11, 17, 18, 23, 30 ; 1763, January 11, 12, 19, Février¹ 21, 23, 24, Mai, Août 17, 18, 21 ; Septembre 16, 21, 25, Octobre 15, Décembre 1, 31 (a long summary of the year) ; 1764, Avril 6, 17, Mai 10, 22, 23, Juin 3, 12, 14, 29, Juillet 16, 17, 29, 31, Août 9, 16, 17, 18, 29, Septembre 1, 24.

To these must be added Gibbon's records of his reading which were removed from their context and grouped together with some material from other sources under 'Extraits Raisonnés de mes Lectures.'² The use of the personal adjective misled Bagehot, who appears to have thought that Gibbon himself had arranged the record of his studies in this way to make an impressive show.³ Readers of the complete text will realise how far such an act was from Gibbon's thoughts. Sheffield did not include every entry relating to reading, while on the other hand once or twice some more mundane fact has been inserted. It has not seemed necessary, however, to compile a list of these selections.

A brief comparison between the text in the present volume and the passages previously published by Sheffield will show that apart from dismembering the Journal he took liberties, occasionally considerable liberties, with what his friend had written. A

¹ The Journal is henceforward in French.

² *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v. 209.

³ See Bagehot, *Literary Studies* II.

conspicuous example may be found in the entry for September 23rd, 1762, about Colonel Wilkes of the Buckinghamshire.¹ Here what was printed in 1796 does not agree with the 1814 edition, and neither gives what Gibbon wrote. From January 11th, 1761, a vital phrase is omitted.² On June 10th, 1761, the reference to Maty is suppressed, apparently because it is inconsistent with the statement in the Autobiography that Maty's introductory letter to the *Essai* was inserted without Gibbon's knowledge.

Here and there connecting phrases are inserted or existing ones recast in order to cover up the gaps made by the omissions. At August 13th, 1762, Sheffield prints the entry belonging to the same day of the previous year, retaining at the same time the part of the proper entry referring to Gibbon's studies, thus making him read in one day 360 lines of the *Iliad*, and the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, not to mention Warburton's Dissertation on it and the reign of James I. in Hume! Three days later, on the 16th, he inserts a few remarks on Terpander from an entirely different source.³ At the beginning of the 'Extraits Raisonnés' he works in part of a note on reading written at Dover in 1761 but not forming part of the Journal. The editor did not shrink from correcting his author's style. On May 26th, 1762, we have 'He is certainly in the right that the Romans——' Sheffield prints 'He is certainly right in observing that.' Like some later grammarians, he was worried about the right placing of 'only.' On July 2nd the Journal has 'It is only directed

¹ See below, p. 145, and *Auto. W.C.*, p. 110.

² See below, p. 22, and *Auto. W.C.*, p. 109—'tired of companions who had neither the knowledge of scholars nor the manners of gentlemen.'

³ *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v. 241; *ibid.*, 244.

against the murderer.' The editor printed 'directed only.' So also on August 16th he printed 'the delay was owing partly to the circumstances,' instead of 'partly owing'; old-fashioned participles such as 'wrote' are disallowed.

The omission of the relative is discouraged. On August 12th, 1762, Gibbon has 'the variety of natural incidents he has introduced into the chariot race.' Sheffield inserts 'which,' and on October 4th 'that' is inserted in 'But I hardly think the ode of Sappho was a proper example.' The spelling was very carefully revised. In addition to actual blunders and usages which by the end of the century had become obsolete, Gibbon often employs the French form of a word. Thus on the one hand old forms such as 'compleat,' 'chearfulness,' 'sowered,' 'landskip' abound, and on the other we have 'agreable,' 'comparaison,' 'exemple,' 'gouvernement,' and 'ancien.' All these vagaries have been carefully preserved in the preparation of the present text.

The vocabulary is freely altered. On September 6th, 1761, we find 'manual operations of the art.' The editor prints 'manual exercise.' On January 11th, 1761, Gibbon wrote 'I lost some days'; Sheffield has 'time.' Emendations of the sense are more justifiable. On May 19th, 1762, Gibbon wrote 'but are we entitled for that lecture to Alexander or to Arrian?' Sheffield has 'indebted.' Less plausibly he has 'propositions' for 'positions' on October 26th, 1762.¹ In the entry for September 27th Sheffield alters 'he has looked very deep into' to 'he has very deeply considered'; 'suited' to 'suitable'; and 'subtilities' to 'subtleties.' On October 3rd he objects to 'deeper'

¹ See below, pp. 74 and 176.

and prints 'more deeply,' and omits the preposition in 'from whence they sprung.' And, as one might expect, he did not think a preposition was a good word to end a sentence with; so on October 24th 'the accurate fertility of the language he wrote in' becomes 'in which he wrote.'

Such alterations may seem trifling individually, but the effect becomes cumulative when revision is carried out with the unflagging spirit shown by Lord Sheffield and his assistants. In revising the Journal in this way they were giving to the world their ideal portrait of Gibbon rather than the real man. Many of the locutions to which they objected are to be found in the *Decline and Fall*, and any one who reads the quartos and the octavos published during the author's lifetime will find many spellings which have disappeared from the recent editions.

One more criticism may be made. In quoting passages from the Journal that record Gibbon's first residence at Lausanne, which as we have seen were written in 1761, Sheffield gives the reader no inkling that they were not contemporaneous records.¹ The editor of the *Letters*, Lord Ernle (then, in 1896, Mr. R. E. Prothero), was possibly misled, for he refers to the entry about Mlle. Curchod in June 1757 as though it had been written at the time.²

Nevertheless, when deductions have been made for all these liberties, it is impossible not to recognise the skill with which the selection of passages to illustrate the Autobiography was made. They are

¹ *Auto. W.C.*, pp. 68, 70, 74, 82.

² *Letters* i. 40. But the false quantity in the Latin quotation cannot be excused by contemporary passion. See below, p. 6.

an epitome of the Journal as a whole, giving glimpses of the military life, the society, the dissipation, and the studies which Gibbon so carefully recorded during those years. So much Sheffield required for his purpose, and so much and no more he thought fit to give the world in his day.

To-day our attitude is different, and every detail that can add to our knowledge of Gibbon is too precious to lie hid.

§ 2

Early Years

When in August 1761 Gibbon, being then a little over twenty-four, began his Journal, the first event which he recorded after his own birth was his mother's death.

In December 1747 Judith Gibbon died in child-bed after having given birth within ten years to seven children, of whom Edward, the eldest, was the only survivor.¹ She was the youngest of three daughters of James Porten, a merchant who lived in

¹ Their baptisms are recorded in the registers of Putney Parish Church :—

1737	May 13th.	Edward.
1738	Oct. 20th.	James.
1740	Aug. 15th.	Edward James.
1741	Sept. 1st.	William.
1743	Nov. 16th.	Judah (<i>i.e.</i> Judith).
1745	May 15th.	Stanier.
1746	Dec. 20th.	James.

Gibbon has stated that so slender were his own chances of life that his brothers were successively christened Edward to make sure of the survival of the name. His parents seem to have been more concerned to perpetuate James, the name of Mrs. Gibbon's father.

an old house at Putney between the churchyard and the bridge. The Gibbons also lived at Putney,¹ and her husband and she had long known each other. But while the Portens were slowly but steadily going down in the world, the fortunes of the Gibbons, in spite of some violent set-backs, were rising high under the guidance of the historian's grandfather.² This old tyrant, as his grandson calls him, had opposed the match, and when his opposition was in vain had made a peevishly unjust will in consequence; though we are told the charm of his daughter-in-law might have induced him to alter it in time had he not died some four months after the marriage.³ As it was, Gibbon felt the results of his grandfather's prejudice, since he enriched his daughters 'beyond the measure of female inheritance,' and had there been any children by his father's second wife the consequences might have been serious to him.⁴

As a rule it is not easy to exaggerate the calamity that befalls a child of ten who loses his mother. But Mrs. Gibbon's devotion and attendance upon her husband, who wished her to move as he moved—perhaps with his father's approval—in the fashionable world, and her series of confinements, had prevented her from being more than a fitful and shadowy presence in her boy's life. One vivid impression, indeed, was never forgotten. He could never pass a certain spot on Putney Common without recalling

¹ In a house at the foot of Putney Hill: it was later known as Lime Grove, and was tenanted in turn by Sir John Shelley, the Duke of Norfolk, and finally by Lady St. Aubyn. Farington mentions going there in 1793 when it was occupied by a Mrs. Wood. Gibbon was born in this house.

² It may be useful to give the dates of the three Edward Gibbons: E. Gibbon I., 1666-1736; E. Gibbon II., 1707-70; E. Gibbon III., 1737-94.

³ *Murray*, pp. 19 *sqq.*

⁴ See below, p. lx.



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LIME GROVE, PUTNEY

his mother's earnest advice as she drove him, a little boy of less than nine, to his first school. She told him to think and act for himself. A mother's advice is not always followed with such conspicuous results as this was. But on the whole her place beside her son's sickbed, or at his childish instruction, had been taken long before her death by her sister Catherine, who now became the *sovrän* where she had so long been regent. In less immediately obvious ways the death of Judith Gibbon was one of the crucial dates of her son's life.

* * *

His father, a man of impulsive temperament who had hitherto lived gaily beyond his means, abandoned himself to the extreme of inconsolable grief. The ostentatious mourning which he prolonged lived in his son's memory. Nor was the effect momentary. Sorrow and the need of economy combined to change his way of living. He is described as one who was equally at his ease with peers and farmers. He now abandoned their lordships' society at White's and other expensive haunts, gave up the house at Putney and retired to the manor house at Buriton, prepared to devote himself to the estate and his duties as a country justice.¹

By his mother's death Gibbon was delivered into the control of a very unstable character. Edward Gibbon the elder is delineated for us in his son's memoirs, and in less formal touches in his correspondence and journals, as an impulsive and generally good-natured man, though liable to moments

¹ It will be noticed that in the *Journal* Gibbon uses the spelling 'Beriton.' In his *Autobiography* we find 'Buriton,' which is now the established form.

of harshness and unreasoning obstinacy such as will occur in easygoing persons who from time to time feel they really must make a stand. He appears as a man of inconstant purpose and quite unable to persist in the details of an enterprise, or indeed to adhere to any undertaking for long.

In a well-known passage of his Autobiography Gibbon relates the association of William Law with his grandfather's family, and the tradition that the characters of Flavia and Miranda in *A Serious Call* were drawn from his father's sisters. In a passage which was not printed by Sheffield he makes the still more interesting identification of Flatus and his father. Law thus describes Flatus :—

‘ Look at Flatus, and learn how miserable they are, who are left to the folly of their own passions.

‘ Flatus is rich and in health, yet always uneasy, and always searching after happiness. Every time you visit him, you find some new project in his head ; he is eager upon it as something that is more worth his while, and will do more for him than anything that is already past. Every new thing so seizes him, that if you were to take him from it, he would think himself quite undone. His sanguine temper, and strong passions, promise him so much happiness in every thing, that he is always cheated, and is satisfied with nothing.

‘ At his first setting out in life, fine clothes were his delight, his inquiry was only after the best tailors and peruke-makers, and he had no thoughts of excelling in anything but dress. He spared no expense, but carried every nicety to its greatest height. But this happiness not answering his expectations, he left off his brocades, put on a plain coat, railed at fops and beaux, and gave himself up to gaming with great eagerness.

‘ This new pleasure satisfied him for some time : he envied no other way of life. But being, by the fate of

play, drawn into a duel, where he narrowly escaped his death, he left off the dice, and sought for happiness no longer amongst the gamesters.

‘The next thing that seized his wandering imagination was the diversions of the town : and for more than a twelvemonth you heard him talk of nothing but ladies, drawing-rooms, birthnights, plays, balls, and assemblies. But, growing sick of these, he had recourse to hard drinking. Here he had many a merry night, and met with stronger joys than any he had felt before. Here he had thoughts of setting up his staff, and looking out no farther ; but unluckily falling into a fever, he grew angry at all strong liquors, and took his leave of the happiness of being drunk.

‘The next attempt after happiness carried him into the field ; for two or three years, nothing was so happy as hunting ; he entered upon it with all his soul, and leaped more hedges and ditches than had ever been known in so short a time. You never saw him but in a green coat ; he was the envy of all that blew the horn, and always spoke to his dogs in great propriety of language. If you met him at home, in a bad day, you would hear him blow his horn, and be entertained with the surprising accidents of the last noble chase. No sooner had Flatus outdone all the world in the breed and education of his dogs, built new kennels, new stables, and bought a new hunting-seat, but he immediately got sight of another happiness, hated the senseless noise and hurry of hunting, gave away the dogs, and was, for some time after, deep in the pleasures of building.

‘Now he invents new kinds of dovecotes, and has such contrivances in his barns and stables as were never seen before ; he wonders at the dullness of the old builders, is wholly bent upon the improvement of architecture, and will hardly hang a door in the ordinary way. He tells his friends that he never was so delighted in anything in his life ; that he has more happiness amongst his bricks and mortar than ever he had at court ; and that he is con-

triving how to have some little matter to do that way as long as he lives.

'The next year he leaves his house unfinished, complains to everybody of masons and carpenters, and devotes himself wholly to the happiness of riding about. After this, you can never see him but on horseback, and so highly delighted with this new way of life, that he would tell you, give him but his horse and a clean country to ride in, and you might take all the rest to yourself. A variety of new saddles and bridles, and a great change of horses, added much to the pleasure of this new way of life. But, however, having, after some time, tired both himself and his horses, the happiest thing he could think of next, was to go abroad and visit foreign countries ; and there indeed happiness exceeded his imagination, and he was only uneasy that he had begun so fine a life no sooner. The next month he returned home, unable to bear any longer the impertinence of foreigners.

'After this he was a great student for one whole year ; he was up early and late at his Italian grammar, that he might have the happiness of understanding the opera, whenever he should hear one, and not be like those unreasoning people, that are pleased with they know not what.

'Flatus is very ill-natured, or otherwise, just as his affairs happen to be when you visit him ; if you find him when some project is almost worn out, you will find a peevish ill-bred man ; but if you had seen him just as he entered upon his riding regimen, or began to excel in sounding of the horn, you had been saluted with great civility.

'Flatus is now at a full stand, and is doing what he never did in his life before, he is reasoning and reflecting with himself. He loses several days in considering which of his cast-off ways of life he shall try again.'

Gibbon admits some difficulties in the equation. Not all the details can be applied to the same person,

and since the second edition of *A Serious Call* was published in 1732 'the prophetic eye of the tutor must have discerned the butterfly in the caterpillar.' Nevertheless, that was the family tradition, and he adds, 'from my own observation, I can acknowledge the skill of the painter and the likeness of the portrait.'¹

This Edward Gibbon had been born in 1707 at a time when his father's fortunes were steadily progressing. At the age of nine he had been sent to school at Westminster.² It is not difficult to discern his father's ambitions for him. Westminster, at that time under the rule of Robert Freind, a brother of the physician John Freind and like him familiar with Swift and Pope, combined a reputation for scholarship with social eminence, and at the same time caught something of the heat of public life by being a stronghold of the Tory interest. The Gibbons were unswerving Tories.

In 1723, accompanied by William Law as a private tutor, he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but never took a degree.³ There is a possibility that he obtained a commission in the Army. If this is so, it is characteristic of him that he immedi-

¹ *Murray*, p. 383. The remarks about hunting and farming seem especially applicable. We know that he liked to impress his friends at Putney with his pose as the gentleman-farmer. And after his retirement to Buriton he appears to have been genuinely interested in country affairs.

² In 1716, at a time when his father was worth £60,000. His name appears in the under-school lists from 1716 to 1720. It is not clear whether he left the school then, but it is significant that these dates coincide with 'the fatal year twenty' when the South Sea Bubble burst.

³ There are some interesting references to him in John Byrom's *Literary Remains*, quoted by Hill, p. 24. They all bear out his futile temperament.

ately vacated it.¹ Beyond his travels in France and Italy we know nothing of him for the next ten years, during which his father was making a second fortune after an outraged Parliament had relieved him of his first. But from 1734 until shortly before his wife's death he was continuously a member of the House of Commons, sitting first for Petersfield² and then for Southampton.³ He became an alderman of the City of London. But though he did this to serve his party, he discarded the gown with frank distaste in a little more than two years.⁴

Like his father, he was a consistent opponent of Walpole. But there is no reason to suppose that in any part of this excursion into public life he relied on anything but his father's wealth. The most sensible thing he appears to have done was to marry Judith Porten, and when four months later his father died he had the prospect of filling a respectable position with a considerable fortune.⁵ But unfortunately, while he could indulge the idle hope that it would be further increased without much trouble to himself by speculations such as his father had known how to handle, he proved not even to have the necessary caution to preserve what had been inherited. His son does not spare him. 'Several undertakings which had been profitable in the hands of the merchant became barren or adverse in those of the gentleman.'⁶

He must be fashionable, and in those days that

¹ In 1725, Col. George Grove's Regiment the 19th Foot: 'Edward Gibbon to be Ensign to Captain Joseph Stisted in room of Philip Sucklin, Decd. Vacated.' See Dalton's *Army of George I.* Gibbon II was then nineteen.

² April 1734-April 1741.

³ May 1741-June 1747.

⁴ March 24, 1742-43-June 18, 1745.

⁵ *Murray*, p. 29.

⁶ *Murray*, p. 30.

meant gambling. Even after his wife's death and during his second marriage he proved incapable of setting his house in order, although he had given up his more ruinous extravagances ; and his son in the end had had good enough reason to fear that if his father's life was prolonged, he himself would be left too poor to pursue the life of research which he contemplated.

* * *

From this dangerous parent who came so near to wrecking his son's chances of achievement and fame we may turn to the grandfather whose capital, got by able and perhaps unscrupulous speculation, was destined to float the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We get no more than a glimpse of him as a stern and masterful character who had made his family quail. The man who made two fortunes and maintained William Law in his house was in the common tradition of men who have prospered on severe piety. His grandson was to journey a long way from that outlook. We may, however, reasonably say that from this man who, when he was nearly ruined at the age of fifty-four, could set about the erection of 'a second temple,' the historian inherited constructive power, tenacity of purpose, mastery of detail, and that businesslike habit by which he cast up his accounts of time received and spent, with an almost religious sense of his obligation to use it well.¹

* * *

Beyond this grandfather the Gibbon family was a

¹ The historian was a better business man than his father in so far as he was careful throughout his life to avoid debt, but he had no taste for business and no acquisitive sense ; indeed, he could contemplate a

terra incognita to the historian.¹ In the familiar text of his Autobiography he gives a distinguished ancestry, which he adopted too impulsively from John Gibbon the Herald, whom he took to be his grandfather's uncle, and whose book only came into his hands by accident.² But in another part of his memoirs he candidly admits the complete ignorance and incuriousness which existed in the family about their origins: 'Beyond these [his father and grandfather] I found neither tradition nor memorial; and as our Genealogy was never a topic of family conversation, it might seem probable that my grandfather, the Director of the South Sea Company, was himself a son of earth, who, by his industry—his honest industry perhaps—had raised himself from the Work-house or the Cottage.'³

It would appear that Gibbon himself was quite indifferent on the point until late in his life. There is a remarkable letter from Lord Sheffield to Mrs. Gibbon, written in 1787, commenting on the historian's ignorance and carelessness about the family portraits. They had been rolled up as so much oil-cloth—presumably when the house at Buriton was given up. Sheffield had them put in frames again. Among them was a portrait of his great-grandfather and two of his mother—one in white with a lamb,

diminution of income with complacency so long as he could remain with his books. If his friends would manage his affairs he was content. But during his father's lifetime when he felt the family fortune to be in danger, and on occasions afterwards when he was compelled to take an interest in his affairs, he could be active and shrewd enough.

¹ His great-uncle Thomas was Dean of Carlisle 1713-16, when he died, and his son Williams Gibbon was preacher at the Bridewell and incumbent of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. He died in 1758. Gibbon had known him as a child, and speaks of him as a drunken Jacobite parson. See *Murray*, p. 366.

² See *Auto. W.C.*, p. 8.

³ *Murray*, p. 356.

and the other in blue ribands. Lord Sheffield asks Mrs. Gibbon to confirm these identifications and to tell him if the great-grandfather's name was John.¹

There are some questions about Gibbon's genealogy which have not yet been completely cleared up. It is well known that his distant cousin, Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* 1796, maintained that Gibbon was wrong in saying that he was descended from Robert Gibbon of Rolvenden, and that he was in fact descended from Thomas Gibbon of Westcliffe, a completely different line ; though Brydges agrees that all the Gibbons of Kent belong ultimately to one stock.² Brydges seems to have the facts on his side. But it is remarkable that Gibbon should not only have held his great-grandfather Matthew Gibbon to be the brother of John Gibbon the Herald, but have stated definitely in his Autobiography that a house in St. Anne's Cloister near the Tower, belonging to John Gibbon, devolved to his grandfather. John Gibbon's will is a very brief affair of some seven lines, appointing executors and leaving a legacy to Mary Bibb. There is no mention of a house.

What does emerge as incontestable is that the Gibbons were a family of ancient but undistinguished standing in the county of Kent, that they came to London to further their fortunes by commerce and in that way became allied with a branch of the Actons, a Shropshire family of somewhat greater position, who had come to London for the same purpose.

Gibbon is at pains—perhaps too obvious pains—

¹ In Messrs. Birrell & Garnett's collection.

² See *Gent. Mag.* 1796, and Brydges' *Autobiography*, I. 225.

to praise the English custom, so different from that of the Continent, by which the younger sons of landed families were sent to London to seek a living in commerce. It is wisest to come to terms with hard facts and make the best of them. In later life Gibbon was too sensible and too proud of his achievement to be ashamed of being an author, but when in 1762 he was presented to the Duc de Nivernais he was nettled because the French nobleman received him as a man of letters and not as a young man of family about to travel. In the same way we may legitimately infer that the connexion with the City rankled just a little, as it had perhaps more acutely with his foolish father. The truth was, the Gibbons were in the world but not of it. When the elder retired to Buriton in 1748 he was soon forgotten by the great, and when the younger returned from Switzerland in 1758 he talked a good deal about the income that he as a young man of fashion should have, and he wrote his father some pretentious letters about the gossip of the town. But the father having left society, the son owed his entrance to drawing-rooms, like Lady Hervey's, to David Mallet—Johnson's beggarly Scotchman—one of their Putney neighbours. The Militia gave Gibbon an opportunity of widening and improving his acquaintance, but hardly of becoming an intimate member of any circle. When he relates the contentment with which he turned to his books when coaches were rattling through Bond Street, we may believe him, but we may also believe that he had not refused any invitations. When he crossed the Channel in 1763 he seems to drop out of the company of his noble fellow-travellers a thought too easily.

In later years Gibbon held or kept up an assured

position in society, but he had won it for himself, and to the last there was something of Major Pendennis about him. In his youth his natural place was with the Portens, the Gilberts, and the Mallets of Putney, the Darrels of Richmond, and with Sir Matthew Featherstonhaugh the new baronet at Up Park.

* * *

At the time of his mother's death Gibbon's education, in spite of constant ill-health, had advanced some way. It is not necessary to repeat here what he tells us in his *Autobiography* of Kirkby the author of *Automathes*, and Dr. Wooddeson's school at Kingston.¹ But with the sad event of December 1747 came other circumstances to bring about a big change. His grandfather, James Porten, had gone bankrupt and absconded about this time, leaving his unmarried daughter Catherine, to use Gibbon's own description, 'destitute.'² She was already *in loco*

¹ Gibbon mentions the blood and tears the common price at which he purchased a knowledge of Greek and Latin, but Wooddeson does not seem to have been an unkindly man. He had several distinguished pupils, including Hayley and another poetaster Lovibond, and the scholar Gilbert Wakefield. Lovibond in some egregious lines and Wakefield in his autobiography both celebrate their master's gentleness. See Bloxam, *Magdalen College Register*, I. 136.

² Although 'destitute,' Catherine Porten took a house in College Street which had belonged to Vincent Bourne, the celebrated master and Latin poet. Bourne had retired in September 1747, and died in December the same year. Gibbon tells us that at first he was the sole boarder. In reference to this Mr. L. E. Tanner says: 'There is no doubt that Bourne took boarders, but I do not suppose that he ever had more than nine or ten at a time, and it is quite likely that (as at Eton to this day) on his death or retirement they were assigned to other houses.' He also calls attention to the fact that in the rate-books the name is always spelt 'Porteen,' as indeed it is occasionally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Gibbon and others of the family, so far as I know, invariably spell it 'Porten'; but no doubt the other spelling reveals the current pronunciation.

matris to her nephew, but had now to think of her own interests as well. She combined the two by taking a boarding-house for boys at Westminster, to which the orphaned Gibbon was sent in January 1748.¹ By sending him there one may be allowed to suppose that his father was moved, as his own father had been in his day, by the social distinction of the school and the friendships that his son might make. In all other respects the boy must have been better off with Dr. Wooddeson. Public schools in that day were wild places, and only the fact that the boy was to live with his aunt could induce the father to send so delicate a boy there. Gibbon's attendance was intermittent and short, and there is, one may say, no evidence to show whether he was happy or unhappy there. During this time his condition on at least one occasion was so bad that his life was despaired of. It was saved by the intervention of Miss Dorothea Patton, later to become his stepmother,² who recommended calling in Dr. Joshua Ward. His recollection of school in after life seems quite indifferent. He has a good deal to say about public schools in general, but very little about his own experiences. In the various versions of his Autobiography a little more may be gleaned. He admits rather grudgingly that he could not rise to the third form without improving his acquaintance with the Latin classics, though four pages later he speaks of the four years 1748-52 as having been lost. In the same context he says that the head

¹ In the vulgate texts of the Autobiography, 1749 is given. In two of the versions of the Memoirs, January 1748 and Christmas 1748 respectively are given (see *Murray* B 115 and C 221). The correct date is January 1748, as Gibbon himself learnt from Dr. Vincent, then head master, in 1793. See *Misc. Wks.* 1814, II. 489.

² From a letter from his father written in 1755. See below, pp. lx-lxi.

master, Dr. John Nicoll, and the under master, James Johnson, with half a dozen ushers, were unequal to the instruction of five hundred boys.¹ Here childish exaggeration has deceived the man's memory. There were not more than three hundred and twenty boys in the school in 1748; even so, more than enough for less than a dozen men to cope with.² Though in one of the versions the phrase about blood and tears is made to refer to Westminster as well as to Dr. Wooddeson's school, yet, like Cowper, Gibbon was probably happier at Westminster than at the earlier school. His only references to games are to say or imply that he had no part in them. 'The Dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket ball.' But in one of the curious and often cryptic notes belonging to Memoir F he contrasts the 'margent green' of Father Thames in Gray's ode with the trading barges and carpenters' yards at Westminster.³ Possibly he sometimes strayed to the riverside watching in a detached way 'the idle progeny' of his school 'who delighted to cleave the water with pliant arm,' or to row, or perhaps only to walk across to Lambeth at low tide seeing their feet all the way through the transparent water on the clean bottom.

From other sources we can add a little more that is of interest. He was placed, when he went, in the second form where was the Earl of March, while in the fourth was Lord Carnarvon. Mention of both of these occurs in the Journal, as also of Lord Tavistock, with whom he crossed the Channel in

¹ *Murray*, pp. 115-19.

² It must be remembered that all the boys except a few seniors were taught in one room.

³ *Murray* F 56.

1763.¹ The captain of the school in January 1748 was Hamilton Boyle, later sixth Earl of Cork and Orrery, who as Lord Dungarvan visited the Militia camp in 1762.² Cowper, Robert Lloyd, and Colman were still there, and so were Elijah Impey and Warren Hastings, whom Gibbon knew fairly well in later life.³ But it is hardly possible to say how far Gibbon formed any acquaintance at school with these men, whom he certainly knew afterwards. Yet perhaps his worldly father had some reason to think the two and a half years at Westminster were not altogether lost. In his boarding-house Gibbon was not for long alone. In March 1748 he was joined by Robert Gambier, afterwards a member of the Council of the Governor of Bengal; and in June by two others, one of whom was William Courtenay, the elder brother of Henry Reginald Courtenay, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, about whose acting in the Westminster Play Gibbon writes to his father in 1758.⁴ Though there is little evidence of intimacy with the Courtenays in after life, this early acquaintance may have started his interest in the Courtenay family, which is manifested in the famous digression in his history. He does record one friendship early made and early lost. 'In our domestic society I formed an intimate acquaintance with a young nobleman of my own age, and vainly flattered myself that our sentiments would remain as lasting as they were mutual. On my return from abroad his coldness repelled such faint

¹ He perhaps made the acquaintance of Lord Nuneham at Westminster. He went to stay with him at his father Earl Harcourt's house in 1752. See below, p. xlvii.

² See below, p. 150.

³ Gibbon probably never met Cowper. Hayley was hoping to arrange a meeting in 1794 just before Gibbon died.

⁴ *Letters* I. 18.

advances as my pride allowed me to make, and in our different walks of life we gradually became strangers to each other. Yet his private character, for Lord H. has never affected a public name, leaves me no room to accuse the propriety and merit of my early choice.'¹ This was Lord Huntingtower, fifth Earl of Dysart. He was born in 1734, and had been in the school since 1744. He had perhaps migrated to Mrs. Porten's house.² In August 1750 Gibbon was withdrawn from the school with little regret on his part; yet though he never affected in after years to remember an obligation which he did not feel, he would probably have admitted that his brief membership of the school had been an introduction to those spheres of society to which he considered it to be his by right to belong. He had at any rate some common ground with the men already mentioned, and the Keppels, the Herveys, Norborne Berkeley, the Beckfords, and many other Westminsters whom he met either in the service of the Militia or in general society, when he had returned from the Continent unknown and half a foreigner.

On his return from Switzerland he was a frequent guest of his aunt, who after a few years moved to one of the new houses on the terrace of the south end, Dean's Yard.³ He mentions seeing the King's Scholars' Play at Christmas 1758. In January 1763

¹ *Murray*, p. 53; for the identification I rely on the note there. But the note is wrong in saying that he was the fourth earl.

² That seems the natural way to interpret 'our domestic society.' The younger brother was with Mrs. Porten 1754-6.

³ Now the Church House. Mrs. Porten retired with an easy competence in 1771. The house was held by successive dames till 1834. Perhaps Robert Southey was the most famous inmate. 'I lived a day and a half at Mrs. Porten's in the middle of hurry and noise and meazels.'

—*Letters* I. 17.

he was at his aunt's annual New Year party, and met the head master, Dr. Markham. Only one of his contemporaries has recorded remembering him at the school. That was Vincent, later head master and then dean, to whom Gibbon when he was writing his memoirs applied for exact information about his admission. Vincent said he remembered him at Mrs. Porten's, as he himself had boarded at an adjacent house.

§ 3

Later Boyhood: Oxford

There is in existence a note in Gibbon's hand containing a summary of his early life which may be conveniently inserted at this point, since it is mostly concerned with the events which followed his withdrawal from school down to his conversion and removal to Lausanne.

JOURNAL OF MY LIFE

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1737 April 27 | I was born at Putney in Surrey. |
| 1744 ——— | I was put under the direction of Mr. Kirkby. |
| 1748 Jan ^r | I was sent to Westminster School. |
| 1749 April 27 | Saw the fireworks for the peace. My Birthday. |
| 1750 March | attacked with violent malady : owe my deliverance to Dr. Ward. |
| August | went to Bath for the first time. |
| December | My father took me from Bath & brought me up to London. |
| 1751 Febr. | was put under the care of Mr. Philips. ¹ |
| March : | was removed from thence & again sent to Bath. |

¹ He means Philip Francis. See *Auto. W.C.*, p. 30.

- August : sent to Winchester under the care of
Dr. Langrish.
- December 24 was settled at Putney in a private house.
- 1752 Febr. was taken from Putney & carried about
with my father.
- April 3 was matriculated at Oxford.
- April 27 went to Dorchester to meet the progress
on my birthday.
- June 1 Went to visit My Lord Newnham at
his father's.
- July 22 went to Beriton stayd there two months.
- September 24 went to London to see my aunt.
- October 6 went down to Oxford again.
- December 16 went up to London with Powis.
- 1753 Jan 8 returned to Oxford.
- Feb^y 16 went again to London with Powis.
- Febr. 21 I saw my father in London.
- „ 24 I again returned to Oxford.
- March 27 I went to Buckingham & from thence
to My Lord Cobham's Stow.
- April 18 I again went to London alone.
- 30 I again returned to Oxford.
- May 10 I went to Bath.
- 18 I returned to Oxford.
- June 8 changed my religion at London.
- 19 sent abroad by my father.
- 30 arrived at Lausanne in Switzerland &
put under the care of Mr. Pavilliard.
- October 8 Departure of My Lord Blessington.
- November 15 Departure of Mr. Townshend & Mr.
Crofts. I accompanied them as far
as Geneva.
- 1754 March 27 Death of My Lord Mountjoy.
- April 3 Death of Mr. de Bochat.
- July ?¹ Departure of Mr. Escher.²

* * *

¹ Date blotted.² British Museum Add. MSS. 37,772.

Among those men of genius whose minds have profited from a sickly childhood Gibbon must take a high place, if not the highest. However little he may have derived from the instruction of the school, in his aunt's house, at any rate, and with her sympathy, he had read and accumulated a fund of knowledge which was only saved from being *rudis indigestaque moles* by his devotion to chronological problems and his passion for geography. The scholars and editions which he devoured at this age 'like so many novels' are displayed with a certain consciousness of pomp in a list which Sterne himself or Anatole France would have been glad to purloin. Following 'a ragged Procopius of the last century' come Littlebury's Herodotus, Spelman's Xenophon, and Gordon's Tacitus; Cellarius and Wells, the geographers; while Ægidius Strauchius,¹ Helvicus, and Petavius mingle with Simon Ockley,² Edward Pococke's *Abulpharagius*, Usher, Humphrey Prideaux, and Isaac Newton. And there is something tremendous in the vision of the boy, unable to reconcile the chronology of the Septuagint with that of the Hebrew Old Testament, turning for help

¹ In most editions, including *Misc. Wks.* 1796 and 1814, wrongly given as Stranchius. Locke, in *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, recommended the *Breviarium Chronologicum* of Strauchius, 'out of which may be selected all that is necessary to be taught a young gentleman concerning Chronology. . . . To this treatise of Strauchius, Helvicus' Tables may be added, as a book to be turned to on all occasions.' A translation of Strauchius was published in 1699 and again in 1722. It was this, no doubt, that Gibbon used.

² Ockley, described by Gibbon as 'an original in every sense,' is by no means formidable reading. His narrative is clear and rapid, with many interludes of racy dialogue. A lively specimen of his style will be found in the *History of the Saracens* (3rd ed.), i. 95 sqq. and 113 sqq., where he tells of the sack of Damascus, together with the strange story of Jonas and Eudocia. See also the *Decline and Fall*, chap. li.

to the *De Emendatione Temporum* of Joseph Justus Scaliger. And if we see that already his genius turned instinctively but intelligently—for he sought the genuine sources—to history,—history involved him in chronology, and chronology nurtured the first shoots of doubt. In his childhood, to his aunt's embarrassment, he was a theological disputant. But on his withdrawal from Westminster these unofficial studies also were grievously interrupted. It is true that in the house of his father's friend Hoare at Stourhead he found in the continuation of Echard's Roman History a tract of the past hitherto unexplored which was later to become so familiar. But the dinner-bell, which rang out while the Goths were crossing the Danube, was a trivial thing compared to other distractions. For two years 'he was carried about,' either in the pursuit of his own health or, we may surmise, to suit his father's convenience.

One letter addressed to his aunt survives from this period. It exhibits more than one characteristic of the mature man :—

'KING'S WESTON,
'December 31st. 1750.

'MADAM,

'Being arrived at M^r. Southwell's house at King's Weston, I could not forbear writing to you to Inform you that I like the Place Prodigiously. I Ride out very often and Sometimes Go in M^r. Southwell's Coach which Last I infinitely prefer to the former. King's Weston is a Most Grand House and M^r. Southwell has a Great Many Books. yesterday I went to a Chappel (it being Sunday) and after Church upon our Return home we viewed the Remains of an ancient Camp which pleased me vastly. M^r. M^{rs}. and Master Southwell all Desire their Compliments to you together with Whom I also

Join myself, and your Enjoyment of many happy New Years is the Sincere wish of,

‘Madam,

‘Your Most Dutiful Nephew,

‘EDWARD GIBBON.’

‘P.S.—Master Southwell will come to Westminster the 17th. of Next Month.’

The illness or debility which so nearly carried Gibbon off in his childhood remains somewhat obscure, as he himself rightly refused to expatiate on so disgusting a topic. To the end of his life he carried on his body the scars caused by the doctors' efforts to cure or almost to exorcise what they did not understand.¹ And he was once bitten by a dog ‘vehemently suspected of madness.’ But with his sixteenth year the trouble suddenly lifted. His health became good, though not robust. A just regard to health he numbers among the necessary correctives of a life of pleasure. In most ways Gibbon lived a careful and temperate life, but the sudden and complete delivery from his youthful ailments probably enticed him to an extreme sense of security, and the malady which killed him, though its first symptoms appeared early,² was most strangely neglected by him and never mentioned even to his closest friends until the oddity of his outward appearance compelled a reference. With the new access of health Gibbon once more attracted his father's consideration. He might have been sent back to school; but in the intervening two years he had moved about in society without the restraints of a schoolboy, and he had acquired a command of historical learning which may reasonably

¹ Inoculation averted smallpox; he escaped little else. See *Murray*, p. 36.

² See below, p. 136.

have persuaded his father that he was fit to enter an university.

* * *

Accordingly, in spite of the fairly strong connexion with Emmanuel,¹ on April 4th, 1752, Gibbon was matriculated in the University of Oxford as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College.² Not much has come to light to supplement his famous account of his days at the University. Bloxam, the careful investigator of the history of the college, told Birkbeck Hill that no tradition remained to allocate Gibbon's rooms. It is said that he always wore black in Hall. We know that like another theologian he walked up Headington Hill.³ His youth and odd appearance—a large head on a small frame—and shy habits provoked some ridicule from his idle companions as well as some astonishment at his knowledge. He had especially a reputation for Oriental learning—his tutors are said to have dissuaded him from beginning Arabic—and perhaps the witticisms of the college were carried to town, where they hibernated till in the day when the historian was famous they blossomed into the legend that he had for a time been a Mahometan. It seemed to Johnson a good enough joke.⁴ John Finden, who had been in the college

¹ Several Gibbons were there. See Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses*.

² Gibbon relates (*Auto. W.C.*, 45) that he was excused from subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles on the score of youth. He did in fact subscribe on April 4th. Perhaps he confused this act with taking the Oath of Supremacy, which was not required from those under sixteen. See R. L. Poole in *Oxford Mag.*, Nov. 1913.

³ An inmate of Pusey House was asked if he had ever done any mountaineering. He replied, 'I once climbed Headington Hill.'

⁴ *Barwell* (ed. Hill), II. 448.

with him, told Routh that when the others laughed at Gibbon he had told them that Gibbon's head contained enough brains to supply them if their heads were scooped.¹ He made few if any friends beyond 'the unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college whose name I shall spare.'² It was from him that he got 'some Popish books.' And years later, when the battalion halted at Andover he went to see once more Dr. Hooke, a fellow-collegian.³ With some random acquaintances he made the excursions to town which the loose discipline of the day winked at. How he spent the time we do not know. But in a phrase which Lord Sheffield thought fit to alter he relates that he was too young and bashful to 'enjoy like a manly Oxonian the taverns and bagnios of Covent Garden.'⁴

From this stagnant scene he was hurried with a suddenness that admitted no reflexion, and his swift transportation to Lausanne from the comforts of England left him with a larger theme for lamentation. He can scarcely have regretted leaving Oxford. On going there he had, one may believe, anticipated the help and direction in his studies that his critical mind told him he needed, and he suffered an extremity of disappointment the bitterness of which neither time could altogether allay nor his mellow and complacent wit conceal.

It must be remembered that when he became a

¹ Bloxam, *Magdalen College Register*, vi. 272.

² Sheffield gave the name as Molesworth, but it is not in Foster's *Alumni Oxon.*

³ Edmund Hooke, son of E. Hooke of Portsmouth. Bloxam vi. 269. See below, p. 41.

⁴ See Murray, p. 82 and n. Gibbon had in mind his friend Colman's farce, *The Oxonian in Town*, produced in 1767. 'Prithee,' cries Careless, 'throw off that musty college countenance: you breathe the air of dear Covent Garden.'

Roman Catholic it was not the college that sent him away. His father was too quick for that, determined at any rate to avoid an inconvenient publicity. The college, indeed, seem to have been unaware of the cause of his going, though it would not do to assume that they were ignorant of his departure. On his return to England, Gibbon wrote to his old tutor Dr. Waldegrave, and drew from him a courteous reply, which can scarcely have a rival for its unruffled detachment and self-sufficiency. After expressing his delight at the young man's return to the good principles of truth and reason, he continues: 'Had I in the least suspected your design of leaving us, I should immediately have put you upon reading Mr. Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants; any one page of which is worth a library of Swiss Divinity.' It was so simple—read Chillingworth and remain one of us; as though Gibbon had not read and pondered Chillingworth and all the rest.¹

His father, however, thought something far more drastic was necessary. And after leaving him for a few days with the sceptic if not atheist Mallet, whose conversation quite naturally shocked the convert, he despatched him in the care of M. Frey to Lausanne, whither he arrived, after eleven days of travelling, on the 30th June 1753, having been received into the Roman Church in London on the 8th June. He was boarded with one of the pastors of Lausanne, Daniel Pavillard,² a man who had had some experience

¹ Gibbon's letter, which has not survived, gave Waldegrave great pleasure. The friendship, however, went no further. See *Misc. Wks.* 1814, II. 37.

² Daniel Pavillard (1707-75) was at this time one of the four pastors of Lausanne, and lived in a house identified as 17 rue de la Cité-derrière; it is now a police-station. He was also at the time of Gibbon's arrival an honorary professor of history, and he subsequently became professor

as a tutor. The recommendation came through the Elliots, who were now connected by marriage with the Gibbons. Young Edward Elliot, afterwards Lord Elliot, had been at Lausanne, together with Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's natural son.¹

§ 4

Lausanne : Suzanne Curchod

Blessings often come in disguise. To Gibbon this sudden whisking away may have seemed as arbitrary and inconsiderate as the action of a nurse who snatches up her charge when he has just discovered the coal-box or a fascinating puddle, and deposits him in some barren, uninteresting corner with the injunction to behave himself. So the young convert found himself cut off from the considerable amenities and liberties of his home and his college, and not only transferred to a foreign land but placed in strict surveillance in a meanly-kept household. For Pavillard he entertained a grateful though critical respect, but of his wife he could only say, 'in sober truth she was ugly, dirty, proud, ill-tempered and covetous.'² The food was bad and there was not enough. The memory of legs of mutton warmed up again, with a gash in them, and of a tablecloth unchanged for eight days, was sufficient when he returned to Lausanne in 1763 to make him lodge elsewhere. He lamented the forbidding

of Latin and ancient history. There is some interesting information and a photograph of the house in *Meredith Read* II. 267 sqq. For a portrait of Pavillard and some further details see *de Sévry* II. 8.

¹ Gibbon's friend d'Eyverdun was later tutor to the other Philip Stanhope, who succeeded to the earldom.

² *Murray*, p. 132.

aspect of the town and the substitution of a cheerless stove for an open fire. There is an interesting supplement to this remark in part of a letter from Pavillard to his father which has never been published.¹ After asking for 60 livres a month for *pension, déjeuner*, room and lights,² he goes on to say that Gibbon is particularly fond of a good fire and has chosen a room with a fireplace in it. Gibbon had also asked for money, and had received two *Louis neufs* for two months, until on instructions from England the amount was cut down to one. When he reached Switzerland it was hot, and Pavillard had a coat made for him of *camelot de Bruxelles*—also some shirts. Though Gibbon probably was not yet good enough at French to do his own shopping, the letter brings out clearly enough the dependence in which the gentleman-commoner of Magdalen was now living. ‘My condition,’ he wrote in after years, ‘seemed as destitute of hope as it was devoid of pleasure.’ Nevertheless, before three years had gone it was destined to appear that he had in truth exchanged to a degree the comforts of life in return for civilisation.

In sending him to Lausanne his father had not cut him off completely from English society, for there was a considerable colony of fashionable people there ; but by restricting his money and putting him under the close watch of Pavillard he made it so difficult for his son to maintain any association with his fellow-countrymen that he soon turned to other quarters for amusement and instruction. In his first communications there is a good deal about the

¹ Dated 31st October 1753 ; it forms part of the letter given in *Auto. W.C.*, p. 60.

² 14½ livres suisses to the £.

English society there. Some were young men who had been at Westminster with him. He found on his arrival 'Mr. Townshend, nephew to the present Lord Townshend, Lord Huntingtower, Mr. Crofts and Mr. Umberstone.'¹ He was also introduced to Lord Blessington.

The society, however, of the English soon receded naturally, and was not regretted. Some of those mentioned above had left Lausanne, and My Lord Mountjoy died, and after that unfortunate but instructive episode with Mr. Gee in 1755, so like a scene in *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, Gibbon settled down to the methodical study of French and Latin, and of course the principles of true religion under the guidance of his host. The benefits were of the most solid kind. He not only became a master of French and Latin, but method and regularity, which had been so wanting hitherto in his life, were made part and parcel of his nature. He was introduced to the people of Lausanne and became a member of a delightful society, cultured and free from affectation, provincial indeed, but in touch with the intellectual life of France, while through their military service the men of the noble families were acquainted with the best society of Holland and Germany. He there learnt his values. He learnt, as he was later to record, how 'the acquisition of knowledge, the exercise of our reason or fancy, and the cheerful flow of unguarded conversation, may employ the leisure of a liberal mind.'²

But he had come to Lausanne to be reconverted,

¹ *Letters* i. 2. Huntingtower he had known at Westminster. Crofts was quite possibly at Westminster, as may have been the active Mr. Gee. But this is mere conjecture. See *Record of Old Westminsters*.

² *Decline and Fall*, chap. xv.

and he had best be quick about it. Instructions had been sent that his son was not to go out much and was to concentrate on the matter in hand. This policy Pavillard had the wisdom to question, fearing that Gibbon would become recalcitrant and deaf to argument.¹ But in truth the young man showed himself amenable to treatment. The theological issue was joined immediately after his arrival at the pastor's home. In after years Pavillard described to Lord Sheffield the astonishment with which he beheld the new arrival: 'a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and urging with the greatest ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of Popery.' It took Pavillard over a year to achieve the conversion of his guest, and every inch of the ground had to be disputed.² Indeed, the sincerity and the depth also of Gibbon's faith are clear from Pavillard's letters. As late as March 1754 Pavillard found that he fasted on Fridays. But there was nothing bigoted in his attitude. He seems to have taken an interest in his own conversion, being only anxious to leave no point incompletely investigated, and above all, serious. 'Il n'est pas, ce qu'on appelle chicanneur.'³ Gibbon himself, one feels, was quite willing to be reconverted so long as his intellect was honestly satisfied; but it was not till Christmas 1754 that he could write with the elation of a convalescent to Mrs. Porten: 'I have at length good news to tell you. I am now a good Protestant and heartily glad of it.' On his reconversion he passes a remark that has been

¹ The pastor had also to contend with the young man's zeal for the Pretender. See letter from Pavillard, Oct. 31, 1753, in *Auto. W.C.*, p. 61.

² 'Il a fallu disputer le terrain pied à pied.'—*Auto. W.C.*, p. 66.

³ *Ibid.*

variously interpreted : ' It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.' Some have taken a suspension of inquiries for a suspension of belief, and acquiescing with implicit belief has been interpreted as an irony. But there seems to be no reason to disbelieve that his return to the Protestant communion just as much as his previous conversion was the result of honest thinking and the sincere desire of a young and eager mind to attain satisfaction. His reasons for both the one change and the other may seem unsatisfactory. Theological thought is seldom otherwise. That is not the question. Gibbon honestly returned to Protestantism, and acquiesced for some four years to come. But as with Henry Esmond, if there was acquiescence there was no ardour. On his return to England he was a dutiful churchgoer with his family. He followed the lessons in Greek, and was an attentive critic of sermons. But in the sleepy atmosphere of the country parish church the seeds of doubt began to swell, though it was not until he turned to Grotius' *De Veritate Religionis Christianae* that he began a regular trial of the evidence of Christianity.¹ Gibbon's later adventures among religious theories do not fall within the scope of this volume. A brief glance at one aspect of them will not be out of place in a study of his early character. Mr. Bertrand Russell has drawn a distinction between Protestant and Catholic scepticism.² The Protestant sceptic, he tells us, is a serious fellow who feels the responsibility of doubt with an earnestness brought away with him from the Church he has deserted ; the

¹ Murray, p. 249.

² *Life and Letters*, September 1928.

Catholic, on the other hand, is gay and careless, and, having escaped from orthodoxy, views the whole matter as a joke. Gibbon is the type of the Catholic sceptic. This is all very well. Granted that Gibbon employed irony and mockery in his attack upon religion, is it to be argued that he acquired this cast of mind in the course of eighteen months' sojourn in the Roman Catholic Church? Especially if it is true that when he left that Church he emerged not as an unbeliever, but at the least as an acquiescent Protestant? On the other hand, I suppose one may call his entertaining acquaintance, Colonel John Wilkes of the Buckinghamshire, a Protestant sceptic. He, at any rate, seems to have borne the burden of his views lightly enough.

If Mr. Russell's theory is to be defended by means of Gibbon at all, he must be cited on the Protestant side. For he was fundamentally a serious man, and never more so than during and immediately after his experience as a Catholic. It is far more probable, as has already been suggested, that it was from the Protestantism of his stern old grandfather that he derived some of the weightier qualities of his character, and from something that transcends either Protestantism or Catholicism comes his sympathetic though cautious humanity which contributes to the abiding interest of his work and dismisses Porson's superficial witticism.¹

So Gibbon was disinfected, but he was not to be allowed out of quarantine for some time to come.

¹ 'Nor does his humanity ever slumber, unless when women are ravished, or the Christians persecuted.'—Porson, *Letters to Travis*, p. xxviii. Compare, on the other hand, the abuse heaped on Gibbon for making a charitable comment on the frailty of Honoria, by the same Travis, in *Letters to E. Gibbon, Esq.*, p. 467 sqq. See *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxxv.

He was anxious to come home, but his father would not hear of it, and for another three and a half years he had to put up with Mme. Pavillard's sordid ways and her husband's narrow cold mind and his schoolboy-like dependence.

* * *

Meanwhile, at home, in the spring of 1755, his father had married again. His new wife was Dorothea Patton, a lady of forty years or so, with a moderate fortune of her own. She was by no means a new acquaintance of the family. Gibbon's father, writing to his son on Christmas Eve, 1755, reminds him that it was Miss Patton who had saved his life at Westminster by advising recourse to Dr. Ward¹ when 'you was given over by the regular physicians.' Gibbon, however, appears to have known or remembered nothing about her, and writes to his aunt about her with curiosity and apprehension. He had reason to be anxious, over and above the common feelings which the advent of a stepmother may engender. In the first place, his father did not tell him that he was getting married. But there was something that touched him more shrewdly than this affront. By the terms of his grandfather's will, if his father married again the estate would go to 'the children of the second bed,' and he himself would be left with only £200 a year if his stepmother's fortune was larger than his mother's—and she had only £1500. He wrote to his aunt about this in September 1755, and implored her to examine the will in Doctors' Commons, and also to find out if his father had safeguarded his son's interests at all in the marriage contract. Gibbon did not even then

¹ Joshua Ward.

know when his father had married, although he had just received from him a letter of August 18th which, although kindly enough, contained not a word about the marriage. Gibbon's father had married in May. When he did mention it, it was in the curtest way in the letter already referred to of December 24th, 1755—as unfeeling, not to say brutal, a letter as a father could write on such an occasion. The elder Gibbon upbraids his son for undutiful remarks about him, and the complaints that he had made to his aunt about his situation at Lausanne. Such complaints were unavailing and he must resign himself to remaining two years more abroad. The suggestion of going to Cambridge cannot be entertained. He hopes that his studies are progressing, and especially in mathematics, and that he has given up the errors of the Romish Church, the rash embracing of which had destroyed all his plans for his son's education. It is in the course of this tirade that he mentions that the news his son has heard is quite true. He has married again, but that shall make no difference to his son if he behaves himself.

Poor Gibbon was certainly in a bad way when he received this letter. He was still desperately anxious to go home. He told his aunt how he had written 'the most dutiful letter I can imagine to my father.'¹ If his father remains unmoved he contemplates an appeal to 'my Aunt Gibbon':² he will also try to draw his stepmother into the matter, regarding that as a diplomatic move, since she might not care to have the refusal to let her stepson come home im-

¹ *Letters* i. 9.

² Hester Gibbon, the saintly eccentric and long-lived recluse of King's Cliff in Northants.

puted to her. 'The most dutiful letter,' written June 10th, 1756, is a masterpiece of deference and tact, composed in flowing French, and not without some dignity despite the abject dependence in which the writer found himself.¹ In the course of it he declares a readiness to accept his stepmother which, together with a similar expression of goodwill, drew the wrath of Dr. Birkbeck Hill. In the preface to his edition of Gibbon's Autobiography he says that 'he sent through his father the falsest message of affection to his unknown stepmother,' and in a footnote later he describes these conciliatory messages as lies.² Further, by wresting two typical Gibbonian phrases from their context he tries to display him in a later note as actively desiring Mrs. Gibbon's death, and derives some pleasure in being able to finish his charitable comments by noting that she did in fact survive him.³ But a man is allowed to consider his expectations from some relative and to mention them to a confidential friend without being held to desire the death of the said relative or to be double-faced for being on friendly terms with her. What nonsense these attempts to make Gibbon out as a monster of duplicity are! Who could not pity the lonely young man in the predicament I have just described, and sympathise with and even applaud him for trying to conciliate his unreasonable father? And who does not know that his apprehensions, to his own delight, proved false? Mrs. Gibbon had no

¹ The autograph of this letter to Mrs. Porten seems to have disappeared. It was printed in *Misc. Wks.* 1814, but not in the *Letters*, nor is it with Gibbon's letters in the British Museum. The references to Aunt Gibbon and to Mrs. Gibbon were omitted in *Misc. Wks.*, but a complete transcript of the letter was among the Sheffield papers catalogued by Messrs. Birrell & Garnett.

² *Hill*, p. x.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

children, and from the day of her stepson's return to England there sprang up between them a warm friendship which lasted to the end of the historian's life. One sentence from the Journal which was never intended for any eyes but his own is sufficient to refute strictures of this kind : ' Mrs. Gibbon came from Beriton. . . . I can't express the pleasure I had at seeing her, I love her as a companion, a friend, and a mother.' ¹

* * *

For the moment, however, his anxiety and protests could not alter his plight. It was perhaps as some sort of consolation for not coming home that he was allowed to make a tour of Switzerland during the autumn. It lasted a month, and he was back at Lausanne by October 20th writing a detailed account of it to send to his father, who then paid his expenses. If Gibbon, as his father implied, had accused him of being stingy, there seems to have been some cause for it, as a letter of March 1755 shows that he had had great difficulty in securing permission to go to the expense of having fencing and dancing lessons.² His tour over, he settled down quietly to his reading, and at the end of this year 1755 he could look back on his studies with a satisfaction he had never known before. Latin and French he had mastered to read with ease. Greek was begun. De Crousaz's *Logic* had opened up a new prospect to him. Giannone's *History of Naples* had introduced him to the seamy side of ecclesiastical history. For the following

¹ See below, p. 72.

² The person who received the complaint was possibly Hugonin, a Hampshire neighbour. Gibbon, however, was never a dancer. See below, pp. 122 and 128.

year he has nothing to record beyond his further reading in Latin and the study of John Locke. He had by now, one may suppose, moved far beyond the range of his tutor, and the next year advanced still further. In 1757 Gibbon so far conformed to the fashionable inclination of the day as to study algebra and to read the Marquis de l'Hôpital on conic sections. At the same time Greek was resumed and a good deal of Latin poetry read. It was about this time that an emendation of a place in Livy which is now universally printed occurred to him,¹ and this and some other problems made him venture to open a correspondence with M. Allamand of Bex and Professors Gessner and Breitingen. During the remainder of his stay in Switzerland he pursued his mathematical studies, wrote essays and abstracts on Plautus and Virgil and on de la Bleterie's memoir on the powers of the Roman emperors, and wrote eighteen out of the first twenty-three chapters of his *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*.

* * *

But this quiet and methodical pursuit of learning was very soon to make way for yet another manifestation of youthful spirit which time and nature might have warned any one to expect. In 1757 Gibbon fell in love. He fell in love seriously, completely, and honourably. Now, if he had been one of your gay Catholic sceptics or a cold and calculating hedonist—he has been alleged to have been both the one and the other—he might have flirted to his heart's content in Lausanne and have come away without

¹ Livy, xxx. 44, 'otio' for 'odio.' The conjecture has been confirmed since Gibbon's day by MS. evidence.

leaving anything worse behind him, being young, than a few heartaches. But he was just an honest boy who, not having known much affection in his short life, believed that he had met with ultimate perfection in his first love and wished to live happily ever afterwards immediately. He forgot his father and the unknown and perhaps unjust stepmother at home; he forgot the dubious prospect of his own fortune about which he had raised such a cry not two years ago. That he was neither fitting himself to earn a living, nor apparently had any intention of so doing, did not deter him. It was all in the part that he should forget such things, and for the moment he was rapturously happy. Fatuously, one might say, for some extraordinarily banal verses in French survive which he is said to have written. There is, too, another tradition which need not be rejected entirely. Julia de Bondeli related that he was seen stopping people in the country outside Lausanne and asking them at the dagger's point if they knew of any lady who excelled Suzanne Curchod. Some gesture of youthful rhetoric may have started the fantastic legend.¹

Suzanne Curchod, the object of this ardour, was not undeserving of it. She was the daughter of a Swiss pastor. Her mother, whose name had been d'Albert de Nasse, belonged to a family of French Protestants who had emigrated from Montelimart. The daughter, who always set a high value on social rank, tried vainly to prove the nobility of her father's family, and when that failed turned with little more success to her mother's. She sometimes signed herself Curchod de Nasse, and when she was in Paris before her marriage she was known as Mlle. d'Albert

¹ E. Bodemann, *Julie von Bondeli*, pp. 217-18.

de Nasse.¹ But, apart from this foible, with which Gibbon would have sympathised, she was an attractive girl. She had beauty, wit, charm, and intelligence. She was well educated, and at the age of sixteen had begun a correspondence in Latin with one of her father's friends. She was the leader of the youthful society of the district, society of which her lover has drawn for us so idyllic a picture. Self-portraiture was one of the pastimes of the day. Here is Mlle. Curchod's sketch of herself :—

‘ *Mon Portrait.*

‘ Un visage qui annonce la jeunesse et la gaieté ; le teint et les cheveux d’une blonde, animés par des yeux bleus, riants, vifs et doux ; un nez petit mais bien tiré ; une bouche relevée, dont le sourire accompagne celui des yeux avec quelque grâce ; une taille, grande et proportionnée, mais privée de cette élégance enchanteresse qui en augmente le prix ; un air villageois dans la manière de se présenter, et une certaine brusquerie dans les mouvements qui contraste prodigieusement avec une voix douce et une physionomie modeste ; Telle est l’esquisse d’un tableau que vous pourrez trouver trop flatteur.’²

Such, in her own estimation, was the founder of La Société du Printemps and L’Académie de la Poudrière. By the time that she met Gibbon she had already begun orthodoxly by drawing commendatory verses from young clergymen. Who can doubt that Gibbon, in whose life beauty and love had hitherto played so small a part, fell at the first gracious look and, like a Thackerayan hero, ejaculated *O dea certe* ? She too was attracted, and has recorded her impressions :—

¹ *d’Haussonville* I. 11.

² *d’Haussonville* I. 16. Gibbon too had caught the practice (see below, p. 69).

' Je coulerai légèrement sur la figure de M. G.— Il a de beaux cheveux, la main jolie, et l'air d'une personne de condition. Sa physionomie est si spirituelle et singulière que je ne connois personne qui lui ressemble. Elle a tant d'expression, qu'on y découvre presque toujours quelque chose de nouveau. Ses gestes sont si à propos, qu'ils ajoutent beaucoup à ce qu'il dit. En un mot, c'est une de ces physionomies, si extraordinaires qu'on ne se lasse presque point de l'examination, de la peindre et de la contrefaire. Il connoît les égards qu'on doit aux femmes. Sa politesse est aisée sans être trop familière. Il danse médiocrement. En un mot, je lui connois peu des agréments qui font le mérite d'un petit maître. Son esprit varie prodigieusement.' ¹

And here the sketch breaks off, as though, as d'Haussonville suggests, the fair artist could not trust herself on paper any further.

Of the sincerity of feeling on both sides there is no cause at all to doubt. But is it unfair to suggest that the parson's daughter, who was already the more experienced of the two, was attracted not a little by the *air d'une personne de condition* of the young Englishman? One may feel pretty sure that the social status of the Gibbon family was not underestimated if he had anything to do with it. Be that as it may, there were some happy days spent at Crassy during these days of courtship. And it was not until Gibbon heard that he was to be allowed to go home that any cloud appeared upon their idyll.

* * *

A great deal of speculation has been devoted to the question of what were the respective feelings of

¹ d'Haussonville i. 36. This and the passage on p. lxxi are from M. d'Haussonville's *Le Salon de Madame Necker*, by kind permission of Messrs. Calmann-Lévy, 3 rue Auber, Paris.

these two young people. M. d'Haussonville, a descendant of Mlle. Curchod, held that she was devoted to Gibbon, while he was perfidiously cold. General Meredith Read seems to have thought that it was only when Gibbon had published his *Essai* that Mlle. Curchod discovered how fond she was of him. Neither view is completely tenable. Mr. J. M. Robertson is nearer the mark when he attributes Gibbon's reticence not to his own indifference, but to his discovery of having been unfairly treated by Mlle. Curchod. He had no wish to say anything more about the matter. While there are still points in the story that remain obscure, there is a wealth of evidence both of fact and of feeling in a dozen letters which survive for the crucial period of the two years from 1757. These have never yet been brought together and arranged in sequence. Some, indeed, are here made use of for the first time.¹

The correspondence began in a light tone of amatory banter with two letters, one from Gibbon, and Mlle. Curchod's answer dated 24th October 1757. Gibbon's letter is tentative to a degree. He is grateful for having permission to write, and by the ingenious device of addressing 'son génie familier,' he pays compliments through an imaginary third person which he pretends he dare not yet express directly to the object of his admiration.

This letter was written 'one hundred hours eighteen minutes and thirty-three seconds' after the beginning of his exile. The Journal records that he had visited Crassy in October, and the 'exile' began when he left. The answer retorts in the same light spirit. Mlle. Curchod contrasts her guardian angel with his familiar genius. 'Vous possédés sans

¹ The full text of these letters is given in Appendix I; see p. 207.

doute le démon le plus malin et peut-être le plus dissimulé de toute l'Angleterre, et moi sans contredit un des anges les plus doux et les plus francs de toute la Suisse.' As Gibbon was only talking to his familiar and she was not present, she can assume that he was saying exactly what he meant. Much follows in the same spirit, and the game is kept up longer than appeals to modern taste. She is going away and asks him not to come to Rolle at the moment. She will write later.¹ Gibbon did in fact see her twice in November, once in passing through Rolle, and again during a visit of six days to Crassy.

The next letters mark a considerable advance in intimacy. There are three letters in this group, two from Gibbon undated, and one to him dated January 10th, 1758. Mlle. Curchod's letter probably comes after both her lover's letters, but might conceivably come between.

Gibbon in the first of these letters describes three weeks which he once spent in the country 'avec une dévote des plus rébarbatives' who excommunicated him twenty times a day for his little faith. There were also two country gentlemen impoverished by litigation who amused themselves with the partition of Germany, and an old man who discussed his ailments. It rained, and there were only three books in the house. These boring three weeks appeared no more than half the time that he has been separated from his love, and it is really only a week since he left her. He goes on to speculate whether he is happier alone or in company. In any case, his sole comfort is the recollection of moments spent with the most charming of women. He admires her

¹ It was the signature of this letter that was cut off and given to Lady Louisa Stuart.

beauty and her talent, her wilfulness, her transitions from grave to gay and gay to grave. Above all, her devotion to her parents reveals 'le cœur susceptible des plus nobles sentimens.' Happy the man who should possess such treasure.

This letter must belong to the end of November or to December. He had gone to Crassy on November 17th for six days.

The other letter from him is much shorter and more restrained in expression. He contrasts the aimlessness of his life until he met her. Then all changed, and he knew a happiness surpassing worldly possessions or philosophy. This happiness is tempered with the regret for what he has lost. But as Socrates gave thanks that he was born a Greek, so he is thankful to have been born in a century and brought to a place that has enabled him to know a woman to whom both his mind and his heart pay homage. He signs himself 'Le fils du roi Moabdar.'

Suzanne's letter is dated January 10th, 1758. Like most of her letters, it is not short. It was certainly written after the first of the two from Gibbon that have just been discussed, and on the whole I believe it was written after the second. Further, she quite clearly refers to a passage in another letter, which apparently has not survived. She chaffs a certain philosopher for having stumbled into an unfortunate and unnecessary argument that only a person devoid of taste could apply to her such epithets as ugly and sulky. She rallies him, too, on his passion for old parchments. She refers to Gibbon's assumed title, *Le fils du roi Moabdar*, and signs and more than once refers to herself as *Limerline*. The whole letter is written in a gay, chaffing

tone, but with a more intimate feeling than appears in her first letter to Gibbon. It is fairly clear from a study of these three letters that there was a frequent and lively correspondence going on between the two, and the use of the nicknames indicates that they had built up a little world of common thoughts and allusions. Affection, gaiety, and mutual confidence are plain. There is no mention of engagement or marriage, but one would hardly expect that.

The next letter of the series introduces a very different atmosphere. It is from Gibbon in Lausanne, written on February 9th. The pet names have now disappeared, and the airy exchanges of wit have given place to discussions of plain fact. After relating that he had gone away on January 4th to Fribourg with some friends, and following a stay there of some days had gone on to Berne for the rest of the month, he says he found on his return on the 3rd a letter from her '*d'une date bien reculée*'—probably her letter of January 10th—and that before he could answer that another came in which he was arraigned as '*le plus lâche des hommes.*' This he says was unjust, and if he were of a suspicious nature he should have supposed by the conclusion of her letter that she was awaiting his declaration of indifference. How could she doubt, he asks in a run of questions, his sincerity and faithful attachment? While she has been giving way to suspicions, he has heard from England that he may go home. A storm is coming. His father is anxious to see him, and writes with tenderness and feeling, expatiating upon his plans for his son. The son sees in these a crowd of obstacles to his own quite different project for his happiness. The main difficulty will be the stipulation made by Mlle. Curchod

and agreed to by himself that they are to live in Switzerland. It will not be listened to by a father 'dont il choquera également la tendresse et l'ambition.' But there is no need to despair. Love will make him eloquent. He has no ambition. The love of learning had been his sole passion until he lost his heart.

Perhaps, says M. d'Haussonville, she was not satisfied with her lover's defence, for she thought it as well to preserve a copy of her reply. This copy d'Haussonville printed. It differs to a fair extent from the autograph manuscript in the British Museum. 'To assure you,' she begins, 'that I received your letter without pleasure and that I was waiting for it without impatience would be to exhibit signs of a false delicacy that would be ridiculous and affected.' It was true she had suspected that his feelings had changed in favour of ideas that might have promoted his fortune rather than his happiness. Her feelings had been stirred by the notion that he might abandon her in favour of some project of worldly advancement. Now that she finds it is his respect for his father that is influencing him, she sympathises deeply with him, because that is an obligation which she for her part could never lightly dispose of. She had never meant to make him feel that she was waiting for him to break off the engagement; her idea had been to rouse him from the lethargic state into which he seemed to have fallen. But young lovers, we may comment, should not need prodding.

She hoped that when the roads were clear he would come out to Crassy. He did so, in fact, and left Crassy on March 5th.

On April 11th Gibbon went home. He an-

nounced his engagement. The storm that he had expected broke. There was a painful struggle, but he was in no position to hold out for long, and however much he might sigh as a lover he had to obey as a son. The common account of this part of the story is that all correspondence belonging to this time ceased (or, at any rate, has disappeared) until he wrote in August 1762 to break off the engagement finally, with the exception of a letter which accompanied a copy of his *Essai* in 1761. Such a view is an abuse of the facts and of the available evidence. The dating of the letter breaking off the engagement depends on d'Haussonville, who has been followed by the editor of Gibbon's letters and others. It is quite impossible to accept this date. Were there no other evidence, the probabilities of the case would be against it. It is, however, unnecessary to enlarge upon them, since we have the answer to it written on September 7th, 1758.

We have two other letters from Suzanne Curchod written in 1758 or at the beginning of the next year, and there is a final letter from Gibbon dated February 23rd, 1759. This is all we have, and quite possibly there were no more communications after that, with the exception of the *Essai* letter, until Gibbon returned to Lausanne in 1763.

The letter of disjunction, as the Scotch might say, which M. d'Haussonville ascribes to 1762, was written in July or August 1758. With a rhetorical outburst—but it is easy to be unfair—Gibbon announces the spoiling of their common hopes. He had tackled his father with diplomacy, preparing the ground, and awaiting his opportunity. His father had said, 'Épousez votre étrangère, vous êtes indépendant. Mais souvenez-vous avant de le

faire que vous êtes fils et citoyen.' He had then expatiated on his son's cruelty if he abandoned him. Gibbon describes how he went to his room, and after two hours' consideration came out again to tell his father that he was sacrificing to him his life's happiness. He wonders what her plight will be and would like to know. He will always remember Mlle. Curchod '*comme la plus digne et la plus charmante des femmes*' ; let her not forget entirely a man who did not deserve the despair of which he is a victim. Respectful messages are tendered to her parents. The letter concludes with remarking that he had written twice on the journey, from a village in Lorraine and from Maestricht, and once from London. Apparently she had not received the letters.

She replies : 'Two of your letters were lost, but I was well enough aware of the arrival of the last. Can I believe that I shall never see you again ? and yet—perhaps I have not fully realised the impression you have made on me, I do not hesitate to describe to you the state to which your letter brought me.' The feeling she had for him was so pure, '*C'étoit la vertu et la tendresse réunie mais une tendresse bien délicate ; vous êtes le seul homme pour qui j'aye versé des larmes, le seul dont la perte m'ait arraché des sanglots et que tant d'autres me paroissent insipides comparés avec le seul . . .*'

She would have abandoned her country, her language, and her friends to follow one whom she thought incapable of abusing her trust. He might have proposed to visit her for three months every other year during the lifetime of her father. This would surely not have conflicted with his status as 'a son and a citizen.' She resumes her pen after

an undescribable night. She must hear from him, and encloses an address. The Geneva post is quicker. In a postscript she adds: 'In two hours you made up your mind. I thought over this point in your letter. Ah! how my dear parents would like me to make my decision with the same promptness!'

This letter is a passionate outpouring of feeling, unstudied and incoherent in places, and apparently broken off and resumed more than once. Of the temperature of her feeling there can be no doubt. Can one be so sure of its depth?

In her next letter, written on November 5th, an element in the situation hitherto unsuspected is brought to light. After telling him that his failure to reply to the tenderest letter ever written by a wounded heart had made her doubt after all whether she should have been happy with so cold a creature, she relates that Mrs. Gibbon had written and informed her, '*avec une délicatesse et des ménagements qui me font bien augurer de son caractère,*' that she had intercepted the letter, and any others that were written would meet with the same fate; moreover, there was the insinuation that there was an understanding between her and her stepson, who, not knowing how to reply, had resorted to this device. Suzanne cannot believe such a thing. The gaiety of her life has been succeeded by a black melancholy. She cannot sleep. The first step that she had taken in life founded '*sur la vertu et le sentiment*' had had consequences which would *probably affect the rest of her life*. Yet she is determined never to abandon these two guides. Her mother had been ready to accompany her to England, and she had hoped that the suggestion of visits

to Switzerland during her father's life might have been entertained, but she continues :—

‘ if Mr. Gibbon is inflexible you know my mind too well to need me to say that nothing should compel you to forsake your obligation.

‘ After such avowals you understand that your delicacy in fearing to ruin my fortunes must not prevent you from suggesting to me some line of action if you know of one. . . . I feel ready to listen closely and perhaps to agree. All that I have just said is addressed to a man of sensibility who desired me to think ; if you are no longer the same, for pity's sake remove me from the uncertainty I am in, acquainting me of the fact without ceremony.’

She is most anxious that Mrs. Gibbon should never know what she has revealed. She is grateful to her, and has some reason to believe that she was under some constraint. She has written to her. She asks Gibbon to burn all her letters. In a post-script she explains that since his departure she has received only two letters, one from Bayonne and the one announcing Mr. Gibbon's refusal. He is to write to her under two covers ; the inner one is to be addressed to M. Duchastel at Rolle, and the outer to M. Douzel at the Porte de Cornevin in Geneva.

Only two more letters remain to be considered. One is from Gibbon, and the other from Mlle. Curchod, undated, seems to be the answer to it.

Gibbon, writing from London on February 23rd, indignantly denies the suggestion that there has been any understanding between himself and his step-mother. He had with difficulty refrained from reproaching her. He had to wait for six months in a state of uncertainty. ‘ Yet these parents say that they desire nothing but our happiness. They believe

it themselves.' 'Vos sentimens ne s'éteindront qu'après les miens. Ah Mademoiselle ! vous m'aimerez donc toujours.' At Crassy his views of constancy had been suspected. He had not known himself then. Here, where he never hears her name uttered, amid a variety of distractions, he nevertheless encounters her everywhere. 'Je pense toujours à la seule femme qui eut pû me rendre heureux.' Sweetness and bitterness mingle in his heart, and he wipes away a tear. He asks the question, should he have preferred never to have known her ? It is a puzzle he cannot decide. Mr. Fitzroy's coach goes by. He has married one of the furies with £70,000. 'Donnez-moi Mademoiselle Curchod et je ne porterai point envie à sa grandeur.' He was dining the other day with the Duke of Richmond. The entertainment was magnificent and the company brilliant. But his thoughts soon turned to the simplicity of Crassy. There he had seen her devotion to her parents and had been captivated. He had sworn an affection that would withstand time. But what is the use of a blind tenderness which must be stifled for ever ? One must yield to necessity. When M. Boissier handed him her letter he left for Buriton and appealed to his father. He bade him realise that this was not 'un feu de jeunesse, a spark which one object had kindled and a second might soon extinguish, mais une passion durable fondée sur la connoissance et épurée par la Vertu.' The course he proposed removed almost all the difficulties and showed how much he was loved. It was no good. His father had fallen back on the common arguments of the exaggerated descriptions of lovers, the lady's lack of fortune, and the necessity for the young man to make an advantageous establish-

ment. In any case, granting the truth of his picture and supposing that she had an adequate fortune—*'elle est étrangère.'* The young man had been taken to task for being too much enamoured of foreign ways. He hardly knew his own language. Mlle. Curchod would find little to engage her in England and would use her influence to expatriate her husband. That would be natural in her but a disaster for the Gibbons. So he had best forget all about it, since nothing would make him, the father, consent.

'There are moments,' Gibbon continues, 'when the refusal makes me think that I owe him no more, and that released from obligation I can try to obtain my own happiness at whatever cost to him or to me. You would despise me if I did not add that these moments are not very frequent and not very long. To live in the expectation of his death would be another course provided we did not lose hope. But what a hope! That of a father's death! Besides, I fear nothing for myself, but everything makes me apprehensive for you. Supposing my father survived me, what would be your plight?

'You see where these sad thoughts must end. Yet I shrink always from the fatal moment. To forget you, to forget at least the lover and know only the friend. To marry another. To induce you to follow my example. What painful thoughts! They frighten me. I would rather not face them. I am afraid you may not be able to make this effort. I am afraid that you may. Alas! shall I be able to myself?

'I have the honour to be, with thoughts consecrated to you alone, Mademoiselle,

'Your very humble and very obedient

'Servant,

'GIBBON.

'P.S.—I do not know if prudence would not forbid for me the continuance of this correspondence. However

that may be, I could not deprive myself of it. Your letters will reach me, if you address them—À Monsieur, Monsieur Vaillant, Marchand Libraire over against Southampton Street in the Strand à Londres, with my ordinary address on the inner cover. I beg you, Mademoiselle, to present the assurances of my regard and acknowledgments to your Father and your Mother.’

The reply to this opens with a lament for nearly a year lost in distractions and delays. Four letters in a year, some quarters of an hour of his leisure, should not be too much to ask. Then she comes to the attack: ‘votre postscriptum offensant, il ne fait que m’affliger.’ What strange prudence is this? She has never had a thought of breaking off all intercourse, but has she ever involved him in any unworthy action?

‘The friendship I offer you is without price because it is adorned with my sentiment only, it is the effect of our respective independence. Often duty is useful and the heart is silent, but sentiment speaks in those little marks of attention where duty has nothing more to say. Some slight details I beg of you. How are you getting on with your literary projects? Will you be attracted by ambition or won by kindness of heart? Married? Or ready to be? Will the chain be of flowers or massive gold? No evasions in this respect, for I wish to know everything. If it is true that I am still in love, it is with a lover kind, devoted, and considerate, whom I once had; a pure fantasy which only exists now in my recollection; my memory is tenacious, for my heart has played the part of the engraver’s tool. Your submission is right and wins my respect.’

The end of the letter informs him that hitherto she has resisted the addresses of M. d’——; ¹ per-

¹ The blank either refers to de Mont Plaisir, or even possibly to Gibbon’s friend d’Eyverdun.

haps she is troubling less about that than before. They have some expectation of selling her mother's property in France, an event which would place them in moderately easy circumstances in Switzerland. The letter concludes :

'j'ai l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup de considération,
' Monsieur,
' votre humble et très obéissante servante.'

A postscript adds the address for the outer cover : 'M. Gueille, marchand au Mollard à Genève.' The inner cover is to be addressed to her mother.

It may well seem strange after reading these letters that such a story should have been used to pursue either of these luckless young people in after years. Their youth and ingenuousness is so apparent on every page ; they are so confident about the principles of virtue and sentiment, and the supremacy of their duty to their parents. It is consistent with this childlike innocence that the girl rather naively more than once suggests prolonging the engagement until her father's death, which did in fact happen in 1760.

Warm as the girl's feelings for Gibbon may have been, there peeps out in the later letters an unpleasant tendency to hurt him with little pin-pricking phrases and a tiresome habit of worrying to pieces unfortunate words in his letters. I am afraid she was rather selfish and unnecessarily suspicious.

What are we to say of Gibbon, on the other hand ? That he was genuinely in love and that he never again had the same feelings towards any woman may be safely claimed. He must, too, be acquitted of any charge of having quietly abandoned the matter upon his return to England. But everybody has his

own way of being in love. Gibbon's mind was too clear and too prudent not to see how hopeless it was to expect his family to consent to this match. The philosopher was not a fighter, least of all with his own family, and neither he nor Mlle. Curchod ever thought of anything clandestine or violent, such as an elopement. Such an act would have been too shocking to their notions of duty and honour. But at any rate these letters show that there was a real struggle, in which he was, to say the least of it, unfairly used by his family. For it is impossible to entertain the notion that he and his stepmother were acting in collusion, nor does Suzanne seem to have believed this. On the other hand, with an unlucky adherence to truth he let slip the information that it only took him two hours to see the hopelessness of his position where a more stupid person would have continued the struggle. His father's remark that he was independent strikes one as being merely cruel. Gibbon, it is true, was in possession of an income of £300, but at a sacrifice which will be described later ; and it must have been clear to him that his position in this regard was precarious.

The close watch that was kept on him, as revealed in these letters, is also hinted at in the *Journal*. When he heard from his friend d'Eyverdun and replied with a project for their common future, he records that he dare not commit that project even to his *Journal*.¹

Thus ended for the time being a boy-and-girl affair in which there is nothing discreditable to either side. Here not for the first time or the last youthful ardour allied with lofty and ingenuous

¹ See below, p. 92. No doubt it was a proposal to live together somewhere, probably at Lausanne.

principles fought a losing battle with practical considerations.

When Gibbon returned to Lausanne in 1763 he was met once more with protestations that he had always been the one man, but he was unable to dismiss from his mind the knowledge that she had encouraged the addresses of others. It was to him 'la dissimulation la plus odieuse, et si l'infidélité est quelquefois une foiblesse, la duplicité est toujours un vice.'¹ A period of peevishness followed in which sympathy is with Gibbon. Once more in Made-moiselle's raillery, 'sur mon ton de petit maître,' is discernible that impulse to draw blood already noted. But the temperature soon cooled to a more endurable level where a spirited friendship could be resumed and established for life.

§ 5

England Again : Town and Country

Having looked forward so long and so eagerly to his return to England, Gibbon was destined to meet with more than one disappointment. From Harwich he came to London, and after hastening to Mrs. Porten, now established in one of the terrace houses in Dean's Yard, he went on to see his father and stepmother at their lodgings in Charles Street, St. James's. But the first cordiality of reunion over, there was an unpleasant surprise for the young man.

He had reached London a little before his twenty-first birthday, and his return had been carefully so timed, he tells us, in order that he might be asked

¹ Journal, September 22nd, 1763.

to consent to the cutting off of the entail in return for an immediate annuity of £300. Taken by surprise, and lacking experience or the advice of others, he agreed.¹ His father could now borrow £10,000, and was in a good humour with his son, whom he wanted to make a figure in society or in politics, or even in literature if he could get a place by it. His stepmother, too, soon dispersed whatever uneasy apprehensions he had of her, and formed with him an affectionate intimacy which increased with years and ended only with his death. Nor was her childlessness the least satisfactory thing about her. She too, one may guess, wished to have her share in directing his future, and more than one sly and alarmed reference to unmarried young ladies need hardly be commented on. Thus smiled upon by his family and in possession of an income equal to the pension which Dr. Johnson was to receive in four years' time, Gibbon may well have seemed a favoured young man. He could divide his time between London, where he had rooms in New Bond Street on the first floor for a guinea and a half a week, with a chair at twenty-seven shillings,² and Buriton, where he was always sure of a kindly welcome when his ready money had run out. But the flaws were not long in appearing. His income was soon found to be insufficient for a young man of fashion who at the same time had a fair bill at the bookseller's. So by December he is writing to Mrs. Gibbon : ' I am really distressed for money. I have hardly a guinea left, and you know the unavoidable expences of

¹ See below, p. 9 ; and *Murray*, p. 155.

² He lodged over the shop of Stewart, a draper. From the rate-books it would appear that the house stood on the site of 127 or 128 New Bond Street.

London. I have tryed to borrow of Mrs. Porten and of Harvey, my father's lawyer. But without success. Could you not send me a bank note by the Hastings post of Monday? I would run all the risks of its being lost; for upon my word I shall hardly know what to do in three or four days.'¹ Nevertheless, the letter ends with the news that he is just going to see Garrick in *The Provoked Wife*. Young men of fashion can hardly be deflected from their course, which one knows after all is always the only one possible for them. But, alas! the pursuit of fashionable life, expensive as it was, was not bringing complete satisfaction to young Mr. Gibbon. He was shy and unknown. His father had left the town and was forgotten. And though a few friends led him into dissipation, his taste had been formed at Lausanne to look for higher pleasures in society. Mrs. Gibbon did something to introduce him to Sir William Milner, a baronet who had married the third Earl of Peterborough's niece. We hear little of the acquaintance. He was fairly intimate with Sir Gerald Aylmer, with whom he went up to town once or twice. But the acquaintance does not appear to have been kept up.

He went to 'some dull family parties, to some old Tories of the Cocoa-tree, and to some casual connections such as my taste and esteem would never have selected.'² How he must have missed the easy society of Lausanne in the hot drawing-rooms of London, where politics, scandal, and gambling

¹ *Letters* i. 19. He was careful, however, as at all times of his life, not to get seriously into debt, and did not gamble beyond joining with his father in buying some lottery tickets, all of which turned up blank. Some one won £10,000, but Gibbon consoled himself with the idea that the money would be gone again. He knew it would if his father won it.

² *Murray*, p. 245.

were all the thing! Some brilliance of conversation, and, above all, sympathy with French ideas, he found at Lady Hervey's, whither he was brought by Mallet, the Scotch poet from Putney. With the Mallets he was closely acquainted. Mrs. Mallet he found clever, but preferred not to have too much of her company. With Mallet's daughter by his first wife he seems to have been pretty familiar. She had married Pietro Paolo Celesia, the Genoese ambassador, and returned with him to Genoa in 1759, where Gibbon on his travels again met her. Gibbon dined with her husband in London, and found him a man of wit and learning, with a Parisian accent. Meanwhile one Mlle. de Vacluse in Genoa was claiming to be already married to him. This shocked Gibbon greatly and made him exclaim, 'If she is not an imposture, how criminal it makes the husband and how unhappy the wife.'¹ Mallet himself was at this time preparing for a revival of his play *Eurydice*, and it was no doubt through him that Gibbon got his first introduction to Garrick. Through him, too, he probably got to know Matthew Maty, an under-librarian at the British Museum. Maty's son was in Mrs. Porten's house at Westminster, where Gibbon tipped him a crown and called him 'a little odd cur,' a phrase suggestive of Johnson's description of the father as 'a little black dog.' Maty helped Gibbon with his *Essai*, and their quarrel over it, for some reason that is not very clear and was probably quite trivial, is almost the only quarrel to be recorded in Gibbon's life. It is with these people, and Mrs. Porten with her houseful of 'meazels' and their tête-à-tête supper off a leveret, that Gibbon

¹ *Letters* I. 20. Mme. Celesia wrote a play *Almida*, produced in 1777. There are many references to her in Gibbon's letters.

reveals himself at his ease in the half-dozen letters of his that remain for this period. It is Mallet who greets him at the Smyrna coffee-house. There were, indeed, no limits apparently to Mallet's usefulness. In 1762, when Gibbon had a mind to be made a brigade-major, he went to Mallet, who promised to get Sir Charles Howard to speak to Lord Effingham for him.¹ Johnson had his joke about the ex-janitor of Edinburgh High School, but there is no question but that he had acquired some place in society.

So far as Gibbon was left to push himself he made little of it. 'While coaches were rattling through Bond Street, I have passed many a solitary evening with my books. My studies were sometimes interrupted by a sigh which I breathed towards Lausanne, and on the approach of spring I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure. In each of the twenty-five years of my acquaintance with London (1758-1783) the prospect gradually brightened ; and this unfavourable picture most properly belongs to the first period after my return from Switzerland.'² There is an uneasy affectation of the man of the world when he reports to his father that 'We have no great news in town but that one day, Sir George Elkin, a man of family and fortune, has married Miss Roach, a woman of the town. Everybody pities him.' Was young Gibbon one of the everybodies ?

* * *

At Buriton, where he passed many light and some heavy hours, he was happier. He was spared the effort of trying to shine in society, and as he took no

¹ See below, p. 65.

² *Auto. W.G.*, p. 90.

interest in hunting or farming there was nothing to distract him from his studies but his duty of attending upon his father and stepmother, the interchange of visits with neighbours (he dreaded the period of the full moon, the time for dinner-parties at a distance), the pleasures and business of the county, race meetings, parliamentary elections, and finally 'the militia business.' He had command of a library which, though 'stuffed with much trash of the last age,' contained some valuable editions of the Classics and the Fathers—the choice, it would seem, of William Law. He was allowed to sell and buy books as he liked. In the church close by, which he attended as a rule twice every Sunday, he kept in the family pew the octavo volumes of Grabe's Septuagint and a Greek Testament of a convenient edition. With these he followed the lessons, and during the psalms and sermon pondered the doubts which rushed irresistibly upon his mind.

The old manor-house of Buriton and the surrounding scene have not greatly changed since those days. The house stands as Gibbon has described it. There is the Elizabethan part—a long low building—and at the end of it the tall Georgian wing which the grandfather had added to suit the advancing luxury of his day. Inside we may see the rooms on the first floor which a continuous tradition associates with the historian. He tells us himself that the library was on the same floor as his own apartments, and we may believe that in that bucolic household the library had been relegated upstairs. In the older part of the building, where there is a priest-hole, it is believed that Bishop Lowth of Oxford was born. Gibbon quotes him at length in connexion with his own experience of University life,

but never mentions this coincidence. Outside we may still see 'the hanging woods' and 'the noble prospect of the downs.' There, too, in front of the house, just beyond the Georgian farm-buildings, is the church, of which the plain square tower at least remains unchanged. Outside the manor yard the hill drops down to a pond, shaded by gracious trees, and at the foot of the hill rising on the other side is the rectory, an old house. No more typical scene of eighteenth-century England could be found, and one may imagine how the Gibbon family appeared there Sunday after Sunday, the father with an air of importance and of waning fashion, his good-humoured wife, and the rather slight young man their son. The little groups of people disperse slowly from the church door, and the young man bows with a rather Frenchified politeness to every one in turn, longing all the while for the moment when he can go upstairs and consult Arbuthnot and Hooper and Eisenschmidt and the rest upon the doubts and inconsistencies with which that large head is teeming. On the morrow the father will be up and away to a meet of the Duke of Richmond's foxhounds, but the son will not be coming down, or, if he does, will not go beyond the garden, where a convenient seat will be found whereon to pursue his incessant reflexions, or to await those new volumes which the waggoner should be bringing any day now.

But if life at Buriton was less tiresome than in town, it had its drawbacks. Aimless is not a word to apply to Gibbon at any time of his life. But he who was the least combative of men was in some danger of having his plans made for him; and although he was free to come and go as he liked, his movements and, as we have seen, his correspondence

were watched, and outwardly at least he was kept in a state of purposeless leisure. He might well have been steered by his father into Parliament and by Mrs. Gibbon into matrimony, and have entered upon a life of commonplace duties to which the pursuit of learning would have been put second. The service of the Militia, it may be said, came at a fortunate moment, and proved a blessing in disguise to a greater degree than Gibbon himself realised or was prepared to admit. It gave him experience of affairs, independence and authority, and the necessity of asserting himself; it brought him in contact with all ranks of society, and revealed their quality with the uncompromising candour of camps. When the Militia was over he knew what he wanted and he was prepared to make an effort to get it. If 'our mimic Bellona' had gradually unveiled her naked deformity,¹ so too had the barbarity of English society been revealed, and his soul thirsted after France and civilisation. Within forty days of leaving the guard-room at Gosport he was established in an hotel in Paris, where the society which lay open to him—for he had written a book in French—exceeded his most 'sanguine expectations.' It was probably the most brilliant society that Europe has ever known. But there were two years of disagreeable obligations to be fulfilled first.

§ 6

L'Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature

Before Gibbon left Switzerland he had begun, on March 8th, 1758, an essay which was intended primarily as a defence of the study of ancient litera-

¹ See *Murray*, p. 188.

ture against the neglect and belittlement that classical scholarship was suffering from some of the leading French thinkers and their public. Of this trend Gibbon had naturally become fully aware, in the course of reading such writers as Fontenelle, Terrasson, and d'Alembert.¹ Instead of yielding to the current of opinion, he determined to stem it. But after writing some eighteen of the first twenty-three chapters² he had to come home, and there was perforce a considerable interruption both of the composition and of the train of thought. It was resumed on his going down to Buriton for the summer of 1758, and in the Autobiography he says that he finished it in six weeks. This statement, however, depends on a misreading of his own Journal.³ In the six weeks referred to he completed no more than the first fifty-five chapters, with the exception of 27-33. These were written in February 1759. Shortly after this the Essay, together with other studies, was abandoned owing to the avocation of the Militia. On the resumption of the pleasure of reading and thinking at Dover at the beginning of 1761 the Essay was again in his thoughts, but little or nothing was done until April, when in deference to his father's pressure to publish he completed it, revised it, and through Mallet arranged for the printing. His father's notion—not an unsound one—was that through the command of French thus

¹ Gibbon's thesis only floats on the surface of the controversy between the ancients and moderns which stirred the liveliest and profoundest thought of France for over a hundred years. See J. B. Bury, *The Idea of Progress*, especially chaps. iv. and v.

² They are chapters only in the sense that is common in ancient writers. The complete Essay of eighty-three chapters makes no more than a volume of 157 pages in small octavo, with large print.

³ See below, pp. 7, 9, 22, 24-5.

displayed his son might be advanced to some diplomatic post. The *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature* was published in June 1761, and in October, in a scene of which Gibbon himself realised the comicality, the young captain of grenadiers presented his book to the young Duke of York while he was breakfasting in Colonel Pitt's tent—surely a most unsympathetic moment to choose. Twenty copies were sent to his friends at Lausanne, and twenty-two to a number of eminent people, most of whom were his father's or Mallet's friends, including the Abbé de Bussy, the French envoy, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and the Comte de Caylus.¹ A copy was sent to Horace Walpole, who politely returned his own *Anecdotes of Painting*. The book naturally passed almost unnoticed in England, but on the Continent received some notices, and Gibbon not only had the pleasure of reading reviews in the *Journal des Savants* and *l'Académie des Sciences et des Beaux-Arts*, but also in 1763 he found that his name was not unknown in the drawing-rooms of Paris. An English translation was prepared and published in 1764 while Gibbon was abroad. It is not clear why there was this delay, as it had been returned to Becket in January 1763, when at the same time Gibbon paid him his bill of fifty-four pounds. The translation is a wretched one, and contains at least one ludicrous blunder that might amuse Mr. Shaw.² The Essay got as much publicity as it deserved. Gibbon's own account of it is a very fair criticism.³ It is not easy

¹ See below, p. 27.

² In chap. xl. p. 77, Gibbon had written: 'Si la physique a ses Buffons, elle a aussi . . . ses érudits.' The translation has: 'If Physics hath its buffoons, it hath also—its érudits, its pedants.' See G. B. Shaw, *Back to Methuselah*, Preface, p. vii.

³ *Auto. W.C.*, p. 95 sqq.

to read owing to the lack of connexion, and, as its author admitted, it would be possible to alter the order of many of the chapters without impairing the book as a whole. This fact but reflects the manner in which we have seen the Essay to have been composed. While the defence of literature may have been the original motive, much of the book consists of reflexions on what the author happened to have been reading at the time of writing. Chapters 27-33, which, as we have seen above, were written separately, give a discussion on the credibility of early Roman history with special reference to the work of the destructive critic, de Beaufort, whom he had visited at Maestricht on his way home. Twenty-two chapters of the latter half (56-77) are devoted to a discussion of Paganism and primitive religion. Such topics are to the front in his reading at Dover in 1761, avowedly, it is true, for the purpose of his Essay. But at this time he was also contemplating other literary projects, and had his father not insisted on his publishing the Essay it may be doubted whether he would have completed it. As the Essay work still required expanding to form even a slender volume, the material on pagan religion came in very handy.

When everything has been admitted against the Essay, its lack of design, the ostentatious parade of learning which was not so profound as appeared, and the sententious style, it remains in many ways a remarkable performance. It does vindicate, as Gibbon intended, the value of knowledge of all kinds, and the claim of history to a place in scientific criticism. 'History is to a philosophical genius what play was to the Marquis Dangeau. He saw a system, regularity and connection, where others

only perceived the wanton caprices of chance.'¹ The charge against the scholars who were called *Érudits* by way of contempt was that they accumulated facts for their own sake without selection and without combining them in constructive thought. D'Alembert had recently proposed that at the end of every century a choice should be made of the knowledge worth preserving and the rest be destroyed. It is a proposal which in one form or another has been heard more than once from those who are appalled at the accumulation of printed matter.

Gibbon opposed this *sans crainte du nom flétrissant d'érudit*. All facts are precious. 'Un Montesquieu démêlera dans les plus chétifs des rapports inconnus au vulgaire. Imitons les botanistes. Toutes les plantes ne sont pas utiles dans la médecine, cependant ils ne cessent d'en découvrir de nouvelles. Ils espèrent que le génie et les travaux heureux y verront des propriétés jusqu'à présent cachées.'² He is, of course, fully aware of the difficulty of making use of facts in history, and also of the fallacy in psychological portraiture which tends to systematise a man's actions in conformity with some general principle.

This independent note is striking in the young Englishman surrounded in Lausanne by echoes of the most recent thought of Paris.³ He always liked to be in the fashion and to be thought a man of the world. It would have been painful to him, we may be sure, if the intelligent society he mixed in had dismissed him as an *Érudit* clinging to an outmoded realm of knowledge. After leaving Lau-

¹ *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*, p. 94.

² Chap. liii. *Misc. Wks.* 1814, IV. 67.

³ He mentions in one of his letters to Mlle. Curchod that his pursuits had gained him an odd reputation.

sanne he hesitated between taking up mathematics or Greek. 'But the example of Scaliger and my own reason determined me on the choice of Homer the Father of poetry and the bible of the ancients.'

* * *

The occasion of the *Essai* perhaps did more for Gibbon than test his loyalty and intelligence. It probably focussed his attention on realising that if he was to achieve anything memorable in his chosen field of learning he must win the world's ear by more popular arts than had been employed by earlier scholars. It was a lesson that he learnt in a more general way from his familiarity with French scholarship.

For although France was the home of thinkers who were in the van of the attack on the Ancients, she was also at this time producing a kind of classical scholarship which was of singular value to Gibbon and exercised a great influence over him. So many of her scholars were men of the world, soldiers, and especially travellers and explorers; the periodicals of her learned societies contained papers written for the world at large, and gave a review of contemporary learning such as could be found perhaps in no other country except the Netherlands.

A continuous stream of these followed him down to Buriton or wherever he was stationed. There were the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Belles-Lettres*, the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux-Arts*, and the *Journal des Savants*; the two last, to his pleasure, praised his *Essai*. In these he read articles and reviews by eminent French scholars on a diversity of topics mainly but not all ancient. Bougainville, who was shortly to make a celebrated

voyage round the world, wrote on ancient geography. The Comte de Caylus wrote on ancient art.¹ He was the son of a witty Marquise, one of the memoirists of the last century. He too had travelled, visiting the site of Troy, Ephesus, Colophon, and Smyrna, besides studying in Rome. On his return he became a generous patron of archæology and an accurate and discerning writer. Caylus praised the *Essai*, and in a few years' time Gibbon was to meet him in Paris. Other travellers and scholars were J. B. B. d'Anville and Anquetil du Perron, who made a difficult journey to the East simply to investigate the literature of the Zoroastrian religion. Mingled with these were the contributions of more professional scholars such as La Bleterie, La Bastie, and others, all of whom wrote with a certain elegance.

Their works, and later the acquaintance with many of them in Parisian society, could not but confirm Gibbon in his view that the scholar had his place in society and should deserve it. Such an impression could hardly be derived from England, where the parsonage, or at best the bishop's palace, was the destined place for the scholar. There was no Academy to interpret his learning to a polite world, and he was hardly expected in a London drawing-room. Gibbon might reflect that his old favourite the animated Simon Ockley had spent most of his life in a Cambridgeshire vicarage except for a period in a debtors' gaol. The encyclopaedic Fréret, on the other hand, had lived in Paris, and when he was locked up, it was in the Bastille and for writing an

¹ Caylus also wrote amusing short stories, and Gibbon may have learnt more than some archæology from him when he made his acquaintance in 1763.

article on the origin of the Franks which appeared to the Court disrespectful to the dignity of the French nation.

In a famous sentence Gibbon has named the Roman historian's debt to the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers. As he says, the reader may smile, for it is not easy to discern more than a very small obligation. But during this time he was learning a great deal from two modern soldiers, Guichard and the pugnacious Chevalier de Folard.¹ Guichard was not only in the service but was admitted to the friendship of Frederick the Great. Carlyle described his book on ancient warfare as a solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both war and Greek. Gibbon acknowledges himself to be below these two warriors, but perhaps too complacently assumes his superior experience to Casaubon, Salmasius, and Lipsius, 'mere scholars who had perhaps never seen a battalion under arms.' This is not quite so certain. Casaubon's infancy had been spent amid the alarums of civil war.² Civil war also had compelled Lipsius to leave his native Issche for Louvain; and in Louvain he saw the University half paralysed by the same cause.

But the mention of these scholars reminds us that Gibbon was in this respect the last great figure of the second period of classical studies. In England his contemporaries had passed on to a new phase of critical scholarship inaugurated by Bentley and continued with the illustrious names of Dawes, Porson, and Elmsley. But Gibbon's mind was formed in

¹ See below, p. 76 and *n.*

² See below, p. 75. Casaubon's father was giving him Greek lessons when they were hiding in a cave on the hills after St. Bartholomew, 1572, in *silvis miseri, ingenti tamen animo*.

the school of Scaliger and Casaubon, by whom, in Mark Pattison's words, 'the interest of the educated world was transferred from the form to the matter of ancient literature. . . . The classics, which had been the object of taste, became the object of science. Philology had meant composition and verbal emendation ; it now meant the apprehension of the ideas and usage of the ancient world. Scholars had exerted themselves to write ; they now bent all their effort to *know*.'¹ It has been the good fortune of the world that if the scholars of an earlier France inspired our historian to be perhaps their only later rival in mastering the entire contents of ancient literature, it was the wit and elegance of eighteenth-century France which taught him to present his learning in a form which has never ceased to delight.

§ 7

The Militia

When Gibbon in his pleasant eighteenth-century diction writes of the times when the Militia was first 'agitated,' he uses a word which in its more modern connotation aptly describes the state of feeling in England. This question, which had been before the country since 1756 and had been the topic of a score of pamphlets, was in 1759 rousing the enthusiasm and the distrust, the praise and the mockery, of the various classes of the nation.

In a letter to Horace Mann, written June 22nd, 1759, Horace Walpole says :—

'Everybody is raising regiments or themselves—my

¹ Pattison, *Life of Casaubon*, p. 452.

Lord Shaftesbury, one of the new colonels of militia, is to be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons ; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to surprise us ; and this makes us still more angry.¹

The Earl of Shaftesbury (to whom there are some amusing references in the Journal) was Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset, and his corps was in fact the second to be embodied, whilst an enthusiastic harangue to the gentlemen of Dorset, and incidentally of England generally, to do their duty, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1760, may be taken to be inspired by him.²

The Militia was the pet of the country gentlemen and men of property. Not every county, however, showed equal enthusiasm. Lord Cholmondeley had to report to the War Office that in Anglesea no gentlemen had come forward to serve as officers, while articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine* indicate that the same reluctance was observed elsewhere.

With the people who were expected to fill the ranks the appeal was more uniformly unpopular, and their feeling grew as time went on, and both the necessity and the legality of maintaining the force under arms became disputable. Men were afraid of being sent abroad. Every form of evasion was practised, and riots were common, especially in the north.

The following letter was written to Major Gibbon

¹ *Walpole* iv. 274.

² An attempt to raise a militia in Scotland was unsuccessful in spite of some vigorous pamphleteering.

when the time was at hand to call for a new lot of men :—

‘WAR OFFICE, 3rd March 1761.

‘SIR,

‘I am in doubt whether I am to understand your letter of the 1st instant to be an Application for a military Force to assist you in the Execution of the Militia Acts. If you are apprehensive of a Riot at your next Meeting, the Commanding Officer of any of His Majesty’s Forces in the neighbourhood will be ready to march to your assistance when required by you.

‘I am, Sir, etc.,

‘BARRINGTON.

‘EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.,

‘AT BERITON, HANTS.’

* * *

Amongst the pamphleteers arguments for and against the service were bandied about with mercenary dexterity.¹ If one side said the men of property would make good soldiers because they had something to defend, the others replied that they would make bad soldiers because they would put their own interests before those of the nation. It was argued that the liberty of the subject was attacked ; and it was maintained that a militia was no good because the penalties of military law were not to be applied.² The usual fears of a standing

¹ After reading many of these productions one must express admiration (after the usage of Pope and Horace) at the ostrich-like state of mind which held that propriety was observed if the revered institutions of the country were referred to in a derogatory manner under cover of H . . . of C . . . s, P . . . t, and the C . . . y G . . . n.

² Not, that is to say, until they were mobilised or embodied, as the phrase then went. Upon embodiment the militia were to be treated in every respect of discipline and status on the same footing as the regular troops. This is always insisted upon in the correspondence of the War Office.

army were expressed ; others said that the loss of twenty-eight working days in the year, which each militia man would sustain, would be a serious menace to the national prosperity. Another writer more akin in spirit to Horace Walpole let himself go with pleasant irony on the value of half-trained men—‘these demi-soldiers.’ All would be well if the French could be persuaded to invade us with their militia only. ‘Then I confess that the Beef and Pudding in the Belly of undisciplin’d John will probably prove too many for the soup-meagre of *Monsieur Jean* ; and that even a Fur Gown may stand a chance to gather Laurels in the Field of Battle.’ It would also be a good thing to persuade them to come unarmed. ‘For, I am sure, we should out-box them, to a Man. This I would more eagerly recommend, as I am afraid, if you should take your Fire-arms along with you, that John in the Rear will be firing his Piece into the Back-side of his friend Tom in the Front ; or, which would be still worse, blow out the brains of his noble Captain. To some of your intrepid Patriots and Heroes, who are resolved, *dam-me*, to fight, blood to the knees, in Defence of their Lives, Wives, and Properties, these may seem Considerations of no importance.’¹ And so on with a good deal more to the same effect and in the everlasting tradition that makes fun of the volunteer soldier. The stage too had its fling, and as it happens Gibbon himself has perpetuated the name of one of its mock heroes. He promises ‘like my brother Sturgeon’ to record his marches and counter-marches.² Major Sturgeon is the *miles gloriosus*

¹ *A Word in Time to both Houses of Parliament, etc. etc., by a Member of neither House*, London, 1757.

² *Murray*, p. 184.

of Foote's rather thin farce, *The Mayor of Garratt*, which did not appear till 1763, when the tumult and the shouting had died and the captains had departed. Major Sturgeon exhibits the traditional features of extreme self-importance combined with an excessive devotion to the fair. 'Oh ! such marchings,' he exclaims, 'and counter-marchings from Brentford to Eling, from Eling to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge ; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molassas ; Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander ! He was an irreparable loss to the service.'¹

Major Sturgeon was destined to play a more important, though less conspicuous, part off the stage. Writing under the date September 1st, 1764, Gibbon thus refers to his early acquaintance with John Baker Holroyd at Lausanne :—

'Nous avons tous soupé chez Holroyd un des nouveaux débarqués il ne manque pas d'esprit ni de connoissance mais il me paraît très suffisant—il est Militaire, il a adopté tous les préjugés de son état contre la milice.'

To this passage Lord Sheffield wrote a note which has never been published,² in which he describes how he as a young captain of dragoons made himself objectionable to Mr. Gibbon, who was in the habit of announcing himself as captain of grenadiers in the Hampshire Militia, by comparing him to Major Sturgeon and imitating the most ridiculous features

¹ Samuel Foote, *The Mayor of Garratt*, Act 1. The farce, which is said to owe something to Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, was revived again in 1794 during another episode of what the preface calls 'the military mania.'

² I am indebted to Messrs. Birrell & Garnett for the opportunity of seeing this and other papers of Lord Sheffield relating to the preparation of Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*.

of that officer in his presence. Gibbon, who had left the country before the farce was produced, could not believe that such an irreverent taking-off could have been tolerated, and thought that the whole thing was the impertinent young captain's invention.¹ Sheffield pays tribute to Gibbon's good temper, which prevented him taking deep offence. In a few days they were forming their lifelong friendship, and Gibbon wrote on September 5th: 'Je commence à goûter Holroyd—sa suffisance diminue tous les jours.'

If the affectations assumed by the officers were a thing of jest, the critics seized with high seriousness upon the corruption of manners and morals which it was asserted would be prevalent among the men, who would be imbued with a military looseness of conduct. Gibbon, as it happens, on reviewing his experiences after he was demobilised, recognises two benefits that were derived. 'The relics of Tory, or rather of Jacobite prejudice' were rooted out from the midst of the country gentlemen. And 'the greatest part of the men were rather civilized than corrupted by the habits of military subordination.'²

* * *

The lively demand for a militia arose out of the disgrace which was felt to have been incurred by the

¹ Gibbon's notion of the limits of comic licence was clearly Roman.

² *Murray*, p. 188. Some of the habits of military subordination were rather drastic:—

'PORTSMOUTH, 28th October 1760.

'It is the Commanding Officer's Positive Orders that no Non Commissioned Officers or Private Men Smoke Tobacco in the Streets of Portsmouth, as it is contrary to the custom of the Garrison Towns. Any Person so Offending will be taken notice off.'—*Lloyd-Verney*, p. 38.

One has to go to the present Chinese armies to find a parallel. There no one below the rank of Divisional Commander may smoke.

mismanagement of affairs at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. In the early part of the year 1756 both England and France were in active preparation for war, and the English, at any rate, were living 'in abject terror of an invasion.'¹ Recruits who had been raised by the county gentlemen were faithlessly sent off to Gibraltar; and having thus checked what there was of military ardour at home, the Government went on to bring over troops of Hanoverians and Hessians to defend the white cliffs of England.² To complete the situation, the Lords threw out the Militia Bill, 'which was the one important military measure so far brought forward.'³

After a year of mismanagement and disaster the Government fell, and Pitt came forward to save the country. We are concerned here only with the defence of England. The German troops were to be sent back to Germany, and a Militia Bill was introduced and eventually passed in June 1757. This Bill was the letter of the spirit of military enthusiasm which was now sweeping the country.

Although the Militia Bill was passed in 1757 more or less in the face of an emergency, little or nothing seems to have been done with it until 1759.⁴ Then there was once more a considerable expectation of an invasion, and a constitutional army was raised by 'the nobility and gentry of England.'⁵

¹ Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II. 289.

² There is a print of the Hessians' camp on the Downs outside Winchester, in the museum of that city.

³ *Ibid.*, II. 291.

⁴ The men were balloted for, and there must have been some drilling. Gibbon does not mention taking part in this, but clearly both he and his men had had some experience of the complicated drill of those days, since upon embodiment they were ready to march almost at once.

⁵ *Murray*, p. 182.

Even so, Walpole could write in June: 'The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo; and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it.' ¹

Altogether in 1759 thirty-six battalions of militia were called up from twenty-three counties.² This was by no means the whole authorised force. But by November, after Hawke's victory at Quiberon, the fear of invasion was gone, and possibly the Gibbons and many others thought they had escaped. But those regiments which had been embodied were not demobilised—on the contrary, most of the remaining counties were called up and were maintained in being until the end of 1762. This action, which, if not definitely illegal, strained the interpretation of the Act, was supported by the public enthusiasm for the war and the popularity of the War Minister, Pitt.

They remained embodied till December 1762, when there was a general demobilisation of the militia.

* * *

In the midst of this excitement Gibbon and his father had both obtained commissions in the South Hampshire Regiment, no doubt with the notion that it was the right sort of thing for men in their position to do. That it would lead them into such practical consequences does not seem to have been anticipated. They were commissioned on June 12th, 1759, and the regiment was called out for service on May 12th, 1760.

¹ *Walpole* IV. 270.

² A list of the fifty-one battalions embodied, with dates and names of lord-lieutenants and field officers and agents, will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762.

'It was too late to retreat and too soon to repent.' The younger Gibbon, at any rate, was attracted at first by the service, and even thought of becoming a regular. But that was a momentary enthusiasm, and they had not supposed that they would be dragged, 'my father from his farm, myself from my books, and condemned during two years and a half (May 10, 1760, December 23, 1762) to a wandering life of military servitude.'¹ They had thought perhaps that the most they had committed themselves to would be a weekly or monthly drill.

The quota of the county of Southampton was fixed at 960 men, and there were two battalions, the North and the South, each containing eight companies, but one of the South's companies was furnished by the Isle of Wight and was at an early stage excused from duty. A company of grenadiers was formed, and the 'South battalion of the Hampshire Militia was a small independent corps of four hundred and seventy-six officers and men commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Worsley, who after a prolix and passionate contest delivered us from the tyranny of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Bolton.'² Gibbon was first captain, and his father was the major, and is generally so referred to in the Journal, especially when his son has to criticise him. When the grenadier company was formed Gibbon commanded it. He chose for their cap the phrase from Virgil, '*Falces conflantur in enses.*' 'But in the absence, and even in the presence of the two

¹ See *Auto. W.C.*, pp. 104-5.

² The estimate for the South Hants, issued by the War Office, May 10th, 1760, provides for 500 officers and men, and that of the North in 1759 for 553. See *Lloyd-Verney*, pp. 29 and 153.

field officers, I was entrusted by my friend and my father with the effective labour of dictating the orders, and exercising the battalion.' On him too, as the 'scholar' among the officers, was put the drearier task of corresponding with the War Office, Ministers of State and other persons of influence. Their movements are summarised in the Autobiography:—

'From Winchester, the first place of assembly (June 4, 1760) we were removed at our own request for the benefit of a foreign education. By the arbitrary and often capricious orders of the War Office, the battalion successively marched to the pleasant and hospitable Blandford (June 17); to Hilsea barracks a seat of disease and discord (September 1); to Cranbrook in the weald of Kent (December 11); to the seacoast of Dover (December 27); to Winchester camp (June 25, 1761); to the populous and disorderly town of Devizes (October 23); to Salisbury (February 28, 1762); to our beloved Blandford a second time (March 9); and finally to the fashionable resort of Southampton (June 2); where the colours were fixed till our final dissolution (December 23).'¹

During the first six months Gibbon was completely involved 'in the exercises of the field and of the bottle.' But with their station at Dover he was able to resume his studies. Another considerable interruption ensued with the four months of camp on Flowerdown outside Winchester, 'the most splendid and useful scene of our life.' Here they were under the command of the Earl of Effingham with the 34th Foot and six other Militia regiments.² Competition made them efficient, and

¹ *Auto. W.C.*, p. 105.

² The Militia regiments were the Wiltshire, the North and South Gloucestershire, the Dorset, the Berkshire, and the South Hampshire.

they were 'rather a credit than a disgrace to the line.' Had they continued another year they could have 'contested the prize with the most perfect of their brethren.' But whatever pitch of efficiency the regiment reached was set off by their defective equipment. For this Gibbon blames the colonel, who himself made modifications, as colonels did in those days, in the uniform, but was too lazy to give the proper orders for the supplying of it.

As time went on Gibbon was able to take the work more easily, although more and more responsibility was thrown on him. But for a great part of 1762 the regiment was at low strength while they were discharging the time-expired men and enrolling their successors. During these months he was able to spend a good deal of time at Buriton studying Greek, with an occasional excursion to town. Disembodiment finally came with unexpected quickness, yet it could not come quickly enough for one officer, at any rate. But though he had entered the service reluctantly and quitted it eagerly, Gibbon was a dutiful, efficient, and, one may say, a keen officer. It is clear from the Journal that he had studied his drill carefully and was really anxious that his corps should show up well by the side of the others. It was painful to him to see their efforts thwarted by the carelessness of his senior officers, by the bad quarters and by the uncomfortable duties imposed upon them by the War Office. Slovenliness was always hateful to him, and if he took up a thing at all he did it thoroughly.

* * *

In order to understand what Gibbon records in his Journal, it is necessary to say something about

the provisions of the Militia Bills. A quota of men to be provided was assessed for each county. The parishes were to choose the men by lot ; every man had the option of serving in person, of finding a substitute, or of paying ten pounds, and the term of service was fixed at three years, with the design of passing every eligible man through the ranks in turn. It was left to the justices and the deputy-lieutenants to discharge men for special reasons or if they were above thirty-five, after serving for two years. The officers were required to be men of property—this perhaps was loosely enforced, as some at least of Gibbon's brother-officers hardly appear as men of substance, and one was a child of fourteen. They were entitled to retire after four years' service if others were forthcoming.

The King was to appoint an adjutant from the regulars to each regiment, and a sergeant for every twenty men.¹ The regiments were to have from seven to twelve companies, and a company was to consist of eighty men. The Lord-Lieutenant was to command the county militia, and in a time of urgency the King was to order the embodiment of the whole force, whereupon officers and men were put upon the footing of regulars in respect of pay and discipline.²

By a further Bill of 1762 it was enacted that no artiched clerk, apprentice, or poor man with three children born in wedlock was to be called up ; the penalty for not serving or not providing a substitute

¹ There was constant difficulty about this, as the regulars were apt to send rascals.

² That the Militia were to be regarded and treated as regulars is insisted on with every circumstance in the letters issued by the War Office conveying the King's orders for embodiment.

was £100. Hence Gibbon's dry remark on the prolificness of the town of Alton.¹

* * *

'Our prolix and passionate contest with the Duke of Bolton' takes so large a place in Gibbon's military life and his record of it that it deserves some notice in detail. The ill-feeling and perverseness which each side exhibited in this dispute—the cause of which was not peculiar to the Hampshire regiment, and in other counties either caused no trouble or was amicably settled—compel one to look deeper for an explanation. It may be found in political feeling. The Gibbons, who were Tories, with their lieutenant-colonel Sir Thomas Worsley, were ranged on one side, and on the other side was the Whig Duke. Subsidiary figures are Simeon Stuart,² the unsuccessful candidate for Southampton in 1759, whom the Gibbons supported, and who fought a duel with the Duke in April 1760; while with the Duke was Hans Stanley, one of the members for Southampton 1754-80, who appears as a supporter of McCombe, the adjutant who had been imposed upon the South Battalion.³ Gibbon perhaps remembered this and other offences of Stanley when in Paris in February 1763 he complains of the respect which Helvétius paid him.⁴

The Duke of Bolton as Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire was entitled to command the county regiment. He was without dispute colonel of the North Battalion, which had been embodied in December 1759. To him also as Lord-Lieutenant had been sent the letter commanding the embodiment of the

¹ See below, p. 88.

² See below, p. 18.

³ See below, p. 10 n.

⁴ *Letters* I. 29.

South Battalion, and other communications, while he on his part had been sending to the War Office returns of the state of both battalions during the years 1757-9, when they were forming.

The prologue of the swelling theme was 'Mr. Thistlethwayte our Colonel,' a shadowy figure in the drama who appears only to make his exit, whereupon the trouble began. He apparently had been colonel-commandant of the county militia as far back as 1741, but, thinking himself superseded by the new Acts, which assigned the command to the Lord-Lieutenant, he sent in his resignation within a month of mobilisation! The lieutenant-colonel, Sir Thomas Worsley, now disputed with the Lord-Lieutenant for the colonelcy. The Duke's claim was based on the argument that the North and South were but two halves of one county regiment, which he was entitled *ex officio* to command. His opponents claimed that there were two separate regiments, since under the Act no regiment was to contain more than twelve companies. The question remained at a deadlock for months, and led in the meantime to innumerable disputes, some of a very petty kind, and to interminable correspondence. The South Battalion began its career with an adjutant Abbott, a regular officer whom they liked. Upon refusing to return the battalion under the Duke's command, he was ordered through the Duke's influence to rejoin his regiment, Loudon's the 30th. Strong efforts were made to retain him, including a personal appeal by Gibbon to the Duke of Richmond to use his influence. They were not successful. Instead, a thoroughly objectionable man, McCombe, the quartermaster of the North, was transferred to the South as adjutant, and proved

a constant annoyance to the battalion. The result was a general state of muddle and cross purposes, which came to a head when one of the sergeants, George Firth, was court-martialled for slandering McCombe, and McCombe himself was tried for disobeying the lieutenant-colonel. The sergeant was suspended and sentenced to serve in the ranks for a fortnight and to ask pardon of the adjutant at the head of the battalion; while McCombe too was to be publicly reprimanded at the head of the battalion.

Meanwhile the Duke was pursuing his interest in the affair. In October 1860 he writes from Grosvenor Square to Pitt, in an attempt to get him to put the matter before the King. He says he has already laid the matter before the Commander-in-Chief and the Judge Advocate. Attached to the letter is a paper stating his case. He argues that the Hampshire has always been one regiment of 960 men, though admittedly the battalions were embodied at different times—the North in December 1759 and the South in May 1760; but all the commissions for field officers were issued before May 1st, 1760. He had always been considered colonel of both battalions—for example, in the return of the regiment made in March 1760; also on the embodiment of the battalion he appointed the agent as he had done for the North. He instanced also that McCombe's warranty ordered him to obey 'Our Lieutenant of our said County your Colonel.' Against this Sir Thomas Worsley was maintaining that if there were less than eight¹ companies there could be only one battalion, with a lieutenant-colonel,

¹ There were only seven at this time owing to the disbandment of the Isle of Wight company.

one major, and no other field officers. Moreover, no Lord-Lieutenant was to command more than one regiment or battalion. The answer to that was, that the question of the number of companies did not affect units formed before May 1st, 1760.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas was refusing to obey orders in making out the weekly and monthly returns for the Duke. He was making his own returns and not allowing McCombe to send any to the Duke. Oddly enough, as we have seen, it was McCombe who was court-martialled at Portsmouth and sentenced to be reprimanded.

Pitt replied from St. James's Square on October 24th refusing to lay the matter before His Majesty, as the legal interpretation of an Act of Parliament could be the only way of settling such a dispute. There the matter seems to have rested until 1761, apart from correspondence from the South Battalion to persons of influence such as the Duke of Richmond and Lord Carnarvon. In March 1761, however, the War Office sent the following letter to Fox, the Paymaster-General :—

‘WAR OFFICE, *March 14, 1761.*

‘I have the honour of your letter of the 10th. instant, and I desire you will be pleased to return to this Office the King's warrant of 24th. December last, for clothing the South Battalion of Hampshire Militia, that it may be cancelled as I find that there is a mistake in it, the Duke of Bolton being styled Colonel of the South Battalion instead of Colonel of the Regiment of Hampshire Militia. I do not apprehend there has been any mistake in making the warrant payable to the Duke of Bolton, who as Colonel of the whole Regiment, seems to have the right which all Colonels by custom have, to provide clothing for every part of it.

‘ With regard to the Clause of the Militia Act 27 of his late Majesty’s Reign P. 195, upon which you seem to found an opinion that the South Battalion is a distinct Corps exempt from the command of the Duke of Bolton, I believe it will be sufficient to observe to you without entering into a minute examination of that Clause that the distinction of Regiments and Battalions of Militia introduced by that Act, does not operate with respect to those Corps of Militia to which the Commissions for Field Officers have been issued before the 1st of May, 1760. The Hampshire Militia therefore, the Commissions of the Field Officers having been issued before that day, is not affected by the Act, but remains on the footing, on which the Lord-Lieutenant was pleased to establish it, of a Regiment of two battalions commanded by his Grace as Colonel. The Somerset Militia affords an instance of an establishment exactly similar, being formed into a Regiment of two Battalions, under the command of the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Paulett, as Colonel.’ ¹

In the following July, however, the Office wrote to the Duke enclosing the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown :—

‘ Upon considering the papers laid before us relating to the dispute between his Grace the Duke of Bolton and Sir Thomas Worsley, touching the right to the Chief Command of the South Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, we are of opinion that Sir Thomas Worsley is entitled to it. The Clause in 33 George II folio 195 of printed Militia Acts is declaratory that the Lord Lieutenant of the County shall not act as Colonel to more than one Regiment or Battalion.’ ²

This, however, was not the end of the matter, for the Duke about this time resigned. Gibbon, writing on August 10th, cannot be sure whether the

¹ *Lloyd-Verney*, p. 41.

² *Ibid.*, p. 161.

Duke knew of this opinion at the time of resigning and appointed his lieutenant-colonel, Sir John Mordaunt Cope, to be colonel of the Hampshire regiment, consisting of two battalions. Worsley, on the Gibbons' advice, resisted this claim. Cope does not appear to have made any vigorous attempt to enforce it. Relations with him remained stiff, though the general feeling between the two battalions seems to have been cordial enough.

But the Duke had not finished with the South. In April 1762 one of the captains, Sir William Bennet, resigned, and the Duke very unfairly promoted Ballard over the head of another officer and caused such a split between the officers that there was some thought of setting up a separate mess.¹ The non-contents got Gibbon to write in Sir Thomas's name to Carnarvon, who wrote to Bute.

The quarrel was an odd one, both in itself and in the anomalous position brought about by it. Other counties, notably Somerset and Norfolk and Gloucester, were in the same position, but there the Lord-Lieutenant seems to have been accepted without difficulty as colonel of the regiment, with a lieutenant-colonel for each battalion.

The sudden and unexpected decision given by the Law Officers of the Crown must be attributed to the new political influences which were getting to work after the accession of the new King. For Bolton it was a premonition of that proscription of the Whigs in which he with many others lost his Lord-Lieutenancy. He was succeeded in 1763 by Lord Carnarvon; who in turn resigned in 1764 because Hans Stanley was made Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Nor was the feud confined to this generation.

¹ See below, pp. 55 *sqq.*

The Duke of Bolton committed suicide in 1765 (as did Stanley in 1780), and Sir Thomas died in 1768. He was succeeded by his son Richard, the historian of the Isle of Wight. He was Governor of the Isle till, in 1782, on the accession to office of Rockingham's ministry, he was put out in favour of the then Duke of Bolton.

* * *

With the disembodiment at the end of 1762, Gibbon's connexion with the Militia was not altogether severed. He retained his commission, and on his father's resignation succeeded to the majority, and ultimately became lieutenant-colonel before he finally resigned in 1770, the year of his father's death. But the service was never again to make any serious call on his time. As we have seen, he retained a certain amount of pride in his rank, until perhaps his fame in other directions made it of no further consequence, and he was an interested spectator of military manœuvres at home and abroad. In the last months of his life he was staying at Sheffield Place when once more the south of England was alive with militia camps. There was a field day near the Devil's Dyke which the house party from Sheffield Place attended in two coaches and a phaeton. When they arrived on the scene, Lord Sheffield took Silver Tail out of the carriage to ride, and 'Lord Pelham lent him a cart horse to help to draw the coach containing Mrs. Aunt, Miss Louisa and Mr. Gibbon, who I believe had they not been ashamed, would have thought themselves happy to be permitted to retire in a much shorter time.'¹

¹ *Holroyd*, pp. 234-5. Mrs. Aunt is Serena Holroyd, Sheffield's sister.

This was in 1793. But thirty years before that, Captain Gibbon was a most active young man who lost not a moment, when the first hopes of peace reached him, in pressing a scheme which he had formed two years ago and at last prevailed upon his father to accept. He wanted to go abroad again ; to Italy, ' a country which every Scholar must long to see.' He would pass the winter in Lausanne ' with M. de Voltaire and my old friends.' In the spring he would cross the Alps, and ' after some stay in Italy, as the war must then be terminated, return home thro' France, to live happily with you and my dear Mother.' Such had been his argument in 1760, in answer to his father's desire to see him in Parliament, a pleasure for which he was ready to put down fifteen hundred pounds. In a long letter the son had urged with a great deal of truth his unsuitability for the House, and had asked to be allowed to spend the money on a foreign tour, concluding sententiously, ' that the man who does not travel early, runs a great risk of not travelling at all.'¹ By the end of 1762 he had gained his point. He had made a perfunctory attempt to enter Parliament, and he had, one must suppose, convinced his family that there was no longer any danger in revisiting Lausanne and perhaps Crassy. Moreover, the war was at an end, and every one was going to France. His father agreed to let him have nine hundred pounds for the tour, and accompanied him as far as town to see him off. Some cheerful days were spent there in January 1763. Friends were visited ; introductions in Paris were got from Lady Hervey and the French ambassador, the Duc de Nivernais, ' who treated me more as a man of letters,

¹ *Letters* I. 23.

than as a man of fashion.' On the first night of *Elvira* the major and the captain, with thirty more of Mallet's friends, took their station in the pit to applaud its merit and to confound the factious, and they listened, no doubt, with complete complacence to the stirring opening of the prologue :

' War is no more : those thunders cease to rowl
That lately shook the globe from pole to pole.'

Six days later he had got to Boulogne after a ten hours' crossing and was launched on that second visit to the Continent which had perhaps even more influence on his character and actions than the first.

MY JOURNAL

MY JOURNAL

PART I

As I propose from this day August the 24th 1761 to keep an exact journal of my actions and studies ; both to assist my memory, and to accustom me to set a due value upon my time : I shall begin by setting down some few events of my past life the dates of which I can remember.

May 8th 1737. I was born.¹

Christmas 1747. My mother died.

April 11th 1752. I was sent to Oxford.²

June the 19th 1753. Upon my changing my religion my father sent me abroad.

June the 30th 1753. I arrived at Lausanne in Switzerland and was put under the care of M. Pavillard.

Decemb: 25th 1754. I was reconciled to the Protestant Communion and received the Sacrament.³

Ab. Jan. 5th 1755. I went to Geneva without

¹ 'I was born at Putney in the county of Surrey, the 27th April O.S.—Murray.

Gibbon kept his birthday on 8th May N.S., and arranged to publish the last volumes of his history on 8th May 1788 so as to coincide with his 51st birthday ; for his surprise at the alteration of the style in 1752 see *Murray*, p. 79.

² 'I was matriculated in the university as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen (April 3, 1752).' According to *Hill*, p. 283, 'He was admitted to the college 2nd April 1752 and matriculated in the Easter Vacation. His name disappears from the Buttery Book on July 4, 1753 ; but his name was not taken off the College Books regularly till 1755, when he received back his caution money (£40).'

³ *June 19th, 1753.* He was received into the Roman Church on June 8th, 1753. On the 19th he left for Switzerland under the care of

Pavillard's knowledge, designing to go to England having lost some money at Play to M^r. Gee.¹

Jan. 12th 1755. M. Pavillard having intelligence of my flight went after me and brought me back to Lausanne.

May the 5th. My father married his second wife, Miss Patton.²

Sept. 21st. I set out upon the tour of Switzerland.³

October 20th. I came back to Lausanne.

December. N.B. In finishing this year I must remark how favorable it was to my studies. In the space of 8 months from the beginning of April, I learnt the principles of drawing, made myself compleat master of the French and Latin languages which I was very superficially acquainted with before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both. Read Cicero's Epistles ad familiares, his Brutus, all his Orations, his dialogues de Amicitia and de Senec-

Mr. Frey, and arrived at Lausanne 'after a pretty tiresome journey of eleven days.'—See *Letters* I. 1.

For Pavillard see Introduction, p. liii.

¹ Gibbon's conversation and the adventure with Mr. Gee are narrated in a letter to his aunt dated February 1755 (see *Letters* I. 2). Gibbon played 'Pharaon' in Gee's rooms and lost forty guineas. 'Demanding his revenge,' he went on to lose in all 110 guineas. To find the money he decided to return to London. He bought 'a horse, a watch, and some other things of Mr. Gee himself.' At Geneva he was overtaken by Pavillard and brought back. He then wrote to his aunt for the money, but she refused, and told his father, who paid and forgave. It is impossible to resist quoting the endorsement put upon this letter by Gibbon's stepmother: 'Pray remember this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law, but his aunt, an old cat as she was to refuse his request.' Mr. Gee's further adventures may be found in Gibbon's letter to his aunt of September 20th, 1755.—*Letters* I. 6.

² Introduction, p. lx.

³ The record of this tour, written in French, is in the British Museum.

tute, Terence twice and Pliny's Epistles ; in French Giannone's History of Naples & Abbé Banier's Mythology and M. de Bochat's Memoires sur la Suisse, and wrote a very ample relation of my Tour. I likewise begun to study Greek and went thro' the Grammar. I begun to make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of De Crousaz's logic, I not only understood the principles of that science but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reasoning I had no idea of before.

Jan. 1756. I determined to read over the Latin Authors in order and read this year, Virgil, Salust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus Curtius, Justin, Florus, Plautus, Terence and Lucretius, I also read and meditated Locke upon the Understanding.

Jan. 1757. I begun to study Algebra under M. de Traytorrens, and went thro' the elements of Algebra and Geometry and the three first Books of the Marquis de l'Hopital's Conic Sections. I also read Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius, Horace with Dacier and Torrentius's notes, Virgil, Ovid's Epistles with Meziriac's commentary, the *Ars amandi* and the Elegies, likewise the Augustus and Tiberius of Suetonius and a latin translation of Dion Cassius from the death of Julius Caesar to the death of Augustus. I also continued my correspondence, begun last year with M. Allamand of Bex, and the Professor Breitingen of Zurich and opened a new one with the Professor Gessner of Gothingen.¹

¹ Some of the letters of these professors are given in *Misc. Wks.* 814, II.

N.B. Last year and this I read St. John's Gospel with part of Xenophon's Cyropaedia, the Iliad and Herodotus, but upon the whole I rather neglected my Greek.

March 1757. I wrote some critical observations upon Plautus.

May 8th. I wrote a long dissertation upon some lines of Virgil.

June. I saw Mademoiselle Curchod, *omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.*¹

August 1st. I went to Crassy and staid two days.

Sept. 15th. I went to Geneva.

October 15th. I came back to Lausanne having passed thro' Crassy.

Novemb. 1. I went to visit M. de Watteville at Loin and saw Mdlle. Curchod in my way thro' Rolle.

Nov. 17. I went to Crassy and staid there six days.

Jan. 1758. In the three first months of this year, I read Ovid's Metamorphoses, finished the Conic Sections with M. de Traytorrens and went as far as the infinite series. I likewise read Sir Isac Newton's chronology and wrote my critical observations upon it.

Jan. 23rd. I saw Alzire acted by the Society at Mon repos, Voltaire acted Alvarès, D'Hermanches Zamore, de St. Cierge Gusman, M. de Gentil Montèze and Madame Denys Alzire. The other plays acted this year were Racine's Iphigenie, Madame d'Hermanches was Iphigenie, Voltaire did not act, and Fanème a new play of Voltaire. The year before they acted Zaeyre, Voltaire Lusignan and Mad. Denys, Zaère, and

¹ Introduction, p. lxxv.

- March. 1767. I wrote some critical observations
upon *Plautus* 4
- May 8th. I wrote a long dissertation upon
some lines of *Virgil*.
- June. I saw *Mademoiselle Arschod*, arriving
thruit *amr* at *nos* *adarmus* *amr*.
- August 1st. I went to *Graspy* and staid two
days.
- Sept. 16th. I went to *Geneva*.
- October 16th. I came back to *Lausanne* having
passed thro' *Graspy*.
- November 1. I went to visit *M. de Watteville*
at *Lein* and saw *Mlle Arschod* in
my way thro' *Rolle*.
- Nov. 17. I went to *Graspy* and staid there
two days.
- Jan. 1768. In the three first months of this
year, I read *Quintus Metamorphoses*
finished the *Comic* sections with
the *Tragic* and the *Tragic* sections
of the *Tragic* and went as
far as the *infinite* series.
I saw it.
- Jan. 25. I saw *Alvira* acted by the Society
at *Mon repod*, *Voltaire* acted *Alvira*
at *Hermance* *Parons de St George*

A PAGE FROM THE MS. OF
'MY JOURNAL'

*l'Enfant Prodigue, Voltaire Euphémon Père, Mad. D'Hermanches Lise.*¹

Febr: 20th. I read M. de la Bleterie three Memoirs on the power of the Roman Emperors and made a critical extract of them.

March 5th. I came back from my last visit to Crassy.

March 8th. I began my *Essai sur l'Etude de la Litterature* and wrote the 23 first chapters except the following ones, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, before I left Swisserland.

April 11. Having my father's leave to come home, I determined to pass through France under the name of my friend D'Eyverdun and set out in a hired coach with M.M. le Maire Crousaz and a french minister, and lay at Toigne in Franche Comté where a number of our friends having escorted us we made a debauch of it.

April 12th. We dined at Pontarlier and lay at Ornans.

April 13th. We dined at Besançon.

14th. We dined at Vesoul, lay at Luxueil.

15th. We lay at Epinal.

17th. Having passed thro' a most plentiful populous country we dined at Nancy, which the magnificence and taste of Stanislaus has rendered very beautiful by the construction of a large Square surrounded by a Playhouse town house and handsome uniform private houses, with a statue of Lewis XVth in the center, and handsome streets issuing out of it, one of which is terminated by an

¹ Gibbon relates that the 'envious bard' was very unwilling to have *Iphigénie* performed, and that 'the parts of the young and fair were distorted by his fat and ugly niece Madame Denys.'—*Murray*, p. 149.

For Voltaire again see below, p. 122.

elegant palace of Stanislaus.¹ We lay at Pont à Mousson, a small but pretty town.

18th. We passed under the Walls of Metz about noon.

19th. We entered into the wild country of the Ardennes, and lay at Arlon.

20th. We lay at Bastogne.

21st. . . . at Marche en Tamenn.

22nd. . . . at Liège.

23rd. We came about noon to Maestricht, dined with the officers of the Garrison, and visited M. de Beaufort.²

25th. Having travelled two days thro' the Dutch Brabant we arrived at Boisleduc.

26th. I went by myself in a boat up the Meuse, and having passed in sight of Rotterdam lay upon the water.

27th. Having passed thro' Delft I got to the Hague about noon.

May the 2d. I went to lye at Rotterdam.

3^d. I got to the Brille, after having been first at Haelvetsluys and embarked about four in the afternoon.

the 4th. I landed at Harwich about four in the afternoon, having been out of England four years ten months and fifteen days, and lay at Colchester.

5th. I got to London about noon, went immediately to M^rs Porten's. Heard of my father

¹ Stanislaus Leszczyński, sometime King of Poland, but from 1737 to his death in 1766 Duke of Lorraine and Bar. His daughter married Louis xv.

² 'In our halt at Maestricht I visited Mr. de Beaufort, a learned critic who was known to me by his specious arguments against the first five centuries of the Roman History.'—*Auto. W.C.* 86.

in the Evening, and saw him and M^{rs} Gibbon in Charles Street, St. James's Square.

June 4th. We went to Beriton.

29th. In consideration of . . . my father settled £300 a year on me.¹

July the 1st. We settled at Beriton for y^e summer.

11th. I took in hand again my essay and in about six weeks finished it from C. 23-55 (except 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 and Note * to C. 38) besides a number of chapters from C. 55 to the end which are now struck out.

August the 24th. M. Burdot,² a french prisoner at Petersfield began to copy my Essai which he finished in a few days.

October. I sent it up to D^r Maty.

December 16th. I went to London for the Winter.

Feb. 11th 1759. Being down at Beriton for a few days, I wrote the Chapters of my Essay, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, the note * to C. 38 and the first part of the preface. I read this Winter the four volumes of Hume's History and Robertson's History of Scotland, likewise Freret's refutation of Newton's Chronology.

April 11th. I came down to Beriton.

N.B. This summer was unfavorable to Letters, being taken up with continual journeys to Winchester and Alton upon Militia Business. How-

¹ The entail was cut off. His father was thus able to raise £10,000 on mortgage, and Gibbon got his annuity. He tells us that his return from the Continent was timed to occur a few days before his twenty-first birthday.—*Murray*, p. 155.

² Writing to his father, 30th December 1758, Gibbon refers to this man's distress owing, apparently, to the cessation of the prisoners' allowances from France, and desires five guineas to be deducted from his Christmas quarter's allowance and given to him.—See *Letters* I. 22.

ever, after having read Greaves, Arbuthnot, Hooper, de la Barre, Freret and Eisenschmidt, I resolved to write a treatise upon the ancient weights, coins and measures, the two first of which I finished.¹

June 12th. I received my commission of Captain in the Hampshire Militia. I knew not what I engaged in!

Sept. M^rs Mallet² came to Beriton and staid about two months.

Ab. Sept. 18th. I went to Stockbridge races and staid a week with M^r Lethuillier at Red Rice.

Nov. There being a contest for the County of Hampshire between M^r Legge³ and M^r Stuart (now Sir Simeon) we supported the latter.⁴ My father subscribed £100 and I £25 for him. I constantly attended the meetings and went to canvass with him at Waltham, Portsmouth and Gosport.

December 8th. M^r Legge was chose for y^e county, M^r Stewart having given up.

Ab. Nov. 20th. I went to town with Sir Gerald Aylmer.⁵

N.B. I studied Italian this winter under M. Matzee, we read a Grammar of his own and afterwards Machiavel's *Historia Fiorentina* and *Discorsi sopra il Tito Livio* and I came to read and understand it pretty well but not to speak it at all.

¹ See *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v.

² David Mallet's second wife. She was Lucy Elstob. Her father was Lord Carlisle's steward. Gibbon did not like her, although he says she was not destitute of wit and learning.

³ Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He annoyed Bute by standing.

⁴ Simeon Stuart succeeded his father as 3rd baronet in 1761; he died in 1782.

In April 1760 he had fought a duel with the Duke of Bolton at Marylebone; he was wounded in the arm and the duke fell down.—*Walpole* iv. 372.

⁵ Probably Sir Fitzgerald Aylmer, 6th Bt., 1736-94.

April 28 1760. I went down to Beriton. I there read M. de la Bletterie Dissertations upon the different magistratures of Emperors, as Imperators, Princes of the Senate and perpetual Consuls as also M. de la Bastie's four Memoirs upon their title of Pontifex Maximus.

May the 10th. The King's sign manual passed for embodying the South Battalion of the Hampshire Militia from which time we entered into pay.¹

June 2d. I went to Alton to put my company in proper order to march.

3d. I marched my company to Alresford, where my father's joined us.

4th. Our two Companies marched to Winchester where the Whole Battalion assembled.

5th. M^r Thistlethwayte our Colonel² thinking himself superseded by an act of parliament, resigned his commission and left us under the Command of Sir Thomas Worsley our Lt-Colonel, which gave rise to a long dispute between him and the D. of Bolton whether our Corps was an independent Battalion commanded by Sir Thomas as Lt Col: or part of a regiment of two Battalions commanded by the Duke as Colonel.³ We opposed his command. 1st Because the Duke as Ld. Lieutenant could not command more than one regiment or Battalion and 2^{ndly} Because the supposed Hampshire

¹ They asked to be embodied before the Whitsun holiday, 'as the decrease of pay by coming after that time may create a disturbance.'—Letter from Bolton, 2d May.

² Alexander Thistlethwaite was colonel-commandant in 1741.

³ Charles Paulet, 5th Duke of Bolton, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire. He was succeeded in this office in 1763 by Lord Carnarvon. Gibbon writes ironically from Lausanne to his stepmother: 'I had the mortification of seeing in the paper that the Duke of Bolton was turned out (I mean had resigned) and that the Marquis of Caernarvan was appointed in his room. I hope it is not true.'—*Letters* I. 39.

regiment would have been an illegal one as consisting of more than twelve companies.¹

June the 14th. Having a route for Blandford the Battalion marched in two divisions the Lt. Col.'s to Rumsey the Major's (in which I was) to Stockbridge.²

15th. Being a halting day I went over to dine with the Rumsey division at Lt Bernard's of the North Battalion.

16th. The two divisions met at Salisbury.

17th. After a long and sultry march of 24 miles the Battalion marched into Blandford about 7 in y^e evening.

July. The dispute between the Duke and Sir Thomas broke out, by the agent's writing to Abbot our acting Adjutant to return the Battalion under the Duke's command. Abbot would not do it which the Duke resented. Our stay at Blandford was very agreeable, the weather fine, the quarters as good both for the officers and men as cheapness plenty and pleasantness could make them; the Battalion coming on every day under the care of Abbot. The Gentlemen of the County shewed us great hospitality particularly Mssrs. Porteman Pleydwell, Bower, Sturt, Brain, Jennings, Drax and Trenchard, but partly thro' their fault and partly thro' ours that hospitality was often debauch.

Aug. 23d. We marched from Blandford for Hilsea Barracks and got to Winbourne. At the same time the D. applied to Sir W. Boothby Lt Col. of Loudon's to have Abbot ordered to the regiment.³

¹ Introduction, p. cix.

² The Major is Gibbon's father, and is constantly so referred to.

³ Sir William Boothby, Bt., d. 1787. He was colonel of Loudon's, the 30th. In July he had been made Master of the Horse to the Duke of York.

But my father persuaded him to stay and wrote to the D. of Richmond in his favor.

August the 24th. We halted at Winbourne.

25th. We marched to Ringwood.

26th. After a long march thro' the New Forest we arrived at Southampton where we found very bad quarters, the D. of York being there, we mounted a Captain's guard upon him,¹ S^t W. Bennet, Ballard, & Smith.

27th. We marched to Fareham.

28th. We halted at Fareham.

29th. We marched into the Barracks.

30th. Colville's marched out for Salisbury.²

31st. Abbot having received a fresh order to join, my father and I went up to Sandheath Camp to apply to the D. of Richmond,³ and not finding him there went on to Cobham.

Sept. 1st. We saw the D. of Richmond who wrote a very strong letter to S^t W. to let Abbot stay with us. We dined and supped at the Duke's with General Campbell⁴ (the D. of Argyle) Lady Aylsbury⁵

¹ Prince Edward Augustus, second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, created Duke of York 1st April 1760. He was born 14th March 1739, and died at Monaco 11th September 1767.

² The 69th Regiment.

³ Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond (1735-1805), succeeded 1750. As Lord March he had been at Westminster when Gibbon was there. In 1757 he married Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of the last Earl of Ailesbury by Caroline his third wife, daughter of John Campbell, later Duke of Argyll.

⁴ General John Campbell (d. 1770) succeeded as 4th Duke of Argyll 1761.

⁵ Caroline Countess of Ailesbury. Her husband had died 1747. She then married Henry Seymour Conway, retaining her title. Walpole, writing in June 1759, says: 'I shall say (a thousand years hence when he begins to grow old) women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings.'—*Walpole* IV. 269.

M^r and M^{rs} Fitzroy¹ and Lady George Lenox.²
We lay at y^e Duke's.

2d. We went down to Beriton and in our way saw the three regiments³ at Sand Heath Camp viz. Lord Loudon's Lord Rob. Manners' and the D. of Richmond's reviewed by Lord Ancram.⁴

3d. We got back to the Barracks.

6th. I went upon a Command to Portchester to relieve Capt. Mildmay of our North Battalion in the guard of the French prisoners there. My detachment consisted of four subalterns (Harrison Ballard Smith and Soden) seven sergeants nine corporals and 214 private to guard about 3200 prisoners.

The place was agreeable for the officers who boarded in a neat private house and lived very well. I had it even in my power to give a very elegant entertainment to the principal officers of both Corps from the Barracks. But it was very bad for the men as we mounted 69 private every day, besides the piquet, and they were half that time on Sentry.⁵ The prison was very loathsome and the men's barracks not much better.

¹ Probably Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzroy. He was a grandson of the 2nd Duke of Grafton, and was created Baron Southampton in 1780.

² Lady Louisa Kerr, daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, eloped with Lord George Lennox to Edinburgh in December 1758. She was a noted beauty. See *Walpole* v. 342. Altogether Gibbon was in brilliant company.

³ The 30th, the 36th, and the 72nd.

⁴ William Henry Kerr (1710-1775), Earl of Ancram, succeeded as 4th Marquis of Lothian in 1767. He served at Fontenoy and Culloden. He was the father of Lady George Lennox mentioned above.

⁵ 'The picquet-guard as it is called, is a body of men who are to be always ready to march at a moment's warning, either to sustain outposts, foraging escorts, or, in case the enemy should endeavour to surprise you in your camp, to march out and attack them, in order to give the army time to draw up.'

'Every Battalion has for the picquet-guard, a Captain, two Subalterns, three Sergeants, two Drummers and fifty men.'—*Bland*, pp. 245 sqq.

13th. I was relieved by Captain Dacre of the North and marched back to the Barracks.

17th. McCombe an Ensign in the North being talked of for our Adjutant,¹ Serjeant Firth of our Battalion said publickly McCombe had been a prize fighter and an alehouse keeper, and that when they had been in General Murray's ² regiment, McCombe was broke at Fareham for having cheated his Captain as Paymaster Serjeant. This story coming to McCombe's ears, he confined Firth and demanded a Court martial upon him. It sat this and the next day at the Barracks, I was President with Brander Thresher Hackman and Lacy for the Members.

18th. Upon considering the whole evidence, which was on the Serjeant's side the most creditable people of Fareham who all attested the report of McCombe's misbehaviour to have been general when he was discharged: and on McCombe's a discharge in which his service is not qualified with the usual epithets of Honest and faithfull, and a letter very general and cautious in his favor which had just been drawn from General Murray; We without entering into the truth of the story acquitted Firth of being the Author of it. As to the imputations of prize fighter and alehouse keeper McCombe tacitly acknowledged them before us.

19th. We wrote to the D. of Bolton and Lord Ligonier to which last we sent the tryal to apply against this man's being made our Adjutant. Lord Ligonier's answer was that the Duke and not him-

¹ McCombe's commission was dated 16th September 1760. Bolton had written the day before from Grosvenor Square: 'On the Vacancy of an Adjutant to the South Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, I beg recommend Mr. John Mackoom who is perfectly qualifd for that employ.'

² James Murray, 1719-1794, fifth son of the 4th Lord Elibank.

self had recommended him; the Duke's that our letter had made no manner of impression on him, and that to shew his approbation of M^r McCombe in the strongest manner instead of an Ensign which he had made him at first, he had now appointed him a Lieutenant.

Sept. 23d. McCombe's commission of Adjutant came down.

26th. Abbot was finally recalled by an order from the Commanding officer which was signified by the adjutant in a very harsh way.

29th. My father went up with Abbot to the camp to make his excuses, and I went over to Goodwood where I dined and lay.

29th. I returned to the Barracks.

Octob. 1st. Sir Thomas Worsley, Sutherland and I went over to the isle of Wight and lay at Newport.

2nd. We went to see general Holmes¹ and know of him what was to be done relative to a Court of Enquiry upon our Court martial which we were threatened with, but he either knew nothing of the matter or would say nothing. We lay this and the following night at Jemmy Worsley's.

4th. We dined and lay at Newport.

5th. We returned to Barracks.

7th. Went to Winchester quarter session.

8th. Dined at Portchester in my way to the Barracks.

9th. McCombe was put under arrest by Sir Thomas for disobedience of orders in making out the returns under the Duke's command, and a general court martial applyed for by Sir Thomas.

¹ General Holmes commanding the militia at Southampton. He was colonel of the 3rd Foot and Governor of the Isle of Wight. He died in August 1762.

18th. I went to Portchester as a Subaltern with Capt. Lt. Godfrey.

26th. We heard the news of the King's death which put off the court martial.¹

27th. We were relieved at five in the afternoon by Capt. Brocas of the North and marched thro' a dark night and heavy rain, not to the Barracks which the Battalion had quitted some few days before but to Fareham and Titchfield our new quarters. The head quarters were at Fareham and only the Major's company and mine at Titchfield. I went no farther than Fareham.

The Barracks had been very fatal to us. We were engaged in those disputes which proved so fatal to the peace and discipline of the Corps. Our duty (we with 700 men did that of two regular regiments) was so hard that we could never have a field day, and finally we discharged and lost by sickness a great number of our men.

Octob. 29th. I went to Titchfield.

Novem. 3^d. I retired to Beriton in the design of spending some days in solitude and quiet.

4th. Sir Matthew Fetherston called on me ; and carried me to Up Park.²

8th. I went over to Fareham.

9th. I set out for London with Sir Thomas to take advice about our general Court Martial, which was now fixed. We lay at Godalming.

10th. We got to London.

11th. We saw the King's funeral.

15th. We went down to Fareham.

¹ George II. died of heart failure about 7 A.M. on Saturday, 25th October 1760.

² Sir Matthew Featherstonhaugh, Bt., F.R.S., M.P. for Portsmouth, d. 1774. He bought Up Park in 1746 from the Earl of Tankerville. He married a Miss Lethuillier of Red Rice.

16th. We employed it at Kingston in preparing for the Court martial.

17th. The Court martial met at Portsmouth. It was comprised of the Hertfordshire and Leicestershire Militias. Colonel Sabine of the Hertfordshire was President. Lt Colonel Rycaut of the Marines (who acted with the most notorious partiality) Judge Advocate. McCombe was supported by Stanley who had recommended him to the Duke:¹ he appeared in person in his favor, gave him the strongest and best character both from his own knowledge and general Paterson's. The first tryal before this court was an appeal from our sentence upon the Serjeant who was tried again on the same charge. The proceedings took nearly the same turn as to McCombe's evidence to his Character and Firth's proofs of the notoriety of his report.

18th. The Court being met again continued the trial upon the Serjeant.

19th. The Serjeant's tryal ended. After which Sir Thomas brought his charge against McCombe for disobeying his orders. McCombe in a very elaborate speech (probably composed by Counsellor Wedderburn² whom Stanley had brought down on purpose) pleaded the Duke's orders, the disputed command and his own ignorance. The Court seemed to wave the question of the right of command

¹ Hans Stanley of Paultons near Romney, M.P. for Southampton, a Lord of the Admiralty 1757-65, *charge d'affaires* in Paris in 1761. He was an associate of the Duke of Bolton in the disputes concerning the militia, and when he became Governor of the Isle of Wight in 1764 Lord Carnarvon, who had succeeded the Duke as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, resigned. Stanley held some other diplomatic and Court appointments: he committed suicide at Althorp in 1780.

² This was probably the future Lord Chancellor, 1st Baron Loughborough and 1st Earl of Rosslyn. In later years Gibbon knew him well.

and went only on the fact of disobedience to the Commanding officer upon the spot.

20th. I had staid at Kingston from the Court Martial and saw this morning the Scotch Fusileers embark from South Sea common for the expedition and afterwards dined with Gen: Holmes¹ who told us we had a route for Salisbury.

22^d. Dined with Gen. Holmes again with Col. and Commodore Keppel² and Lt. Col. Draper.³

23^d. Saw a battalion of the guards and Loudon's march into the barracks.

24th. Saw them embark from South Sea Common. We were relieved at Portchester by y^o Old Buffs.⁴

25th. Left Kingston, went to Portsmouth and saw Bourgoyne's horse embark from the dock,⁵ crossed to Gosport, dined at Fareham and lay at Titchfield.

29th. Sir Thomas sent for me to Fareham. We

¹ A secret expedition under the command of Lieut.-General Kingsley with 8000 men had been designed by Pitt to create a diversion in support of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. In consequence of the disastrous action of Kloster Kampen in October, the expedition was cancelled in November after the troops had been embarked. They were mobilised again in the following January, and in April were sent under Major-General Hodgson to Belleisle.

² Colonel William Keppel, brother of the 3rd Earl of Albemarle. Commodore Keppel was his brother Augustus (1726-86), the 1st Viscount Keppel. The colonel was one of Kingsley's brigadiers, and the commodore commanded the fleet for this expedition.

³ Sir William Draper (1721-87). He had seen service in India, and raised the 79th Regiment at the siege of Fort St. George. According to Walpole, he offered himself for this expedition and had been accepted. Walpole speaks of it as the new Quixotism, and sings a very comfortable Te Deum because his friend Conway had not been accepted to command it.—*Walpole* iv. 438, 14th October 1760.

⁴ The 3rd Foot.

⁵ Burgoyne raised the 16th Light Dragoons, and was gazetted Lieut. Col.-Commandant 4th August 1759.

had just received a route for Sisinghurst which we sent Thresher and Perkins to the War Office to beg off. He had also received the sentences of the Court martial, which were a publick reprimand for the Adjutant and a fortnight's suspension for Firth.

30th. I went back to Titchfield to get things ready.

Decem: 1st. After McCombe had been reprimanded by the Major at the Head of the Battalion, we marched from Fareham and Titchfield to Petersfield.

2^d. We marched to Godalmin, Perkins & Thresher came back with the news that we must go on but should soon be relieved.

3^d. We halted at Godalmin.

4th. We marched to Epsom.

5th. . . . to Greenwich.

6th. . . . to Dartford. Stuart came to us there and a scheme was formed for S^r William Bennet the Sherif to advertise a meeting for an address from himself.

7th. We halted at Dartford.

8th. We marched to Rochester. Some difficulties having arisen about the advertisement, I set out from Rochester at ten a clock at night.

9th. I got to London about three in the Morning, & saw Stuart and Lord Caernarvan.¹ The Battalion marched to Maidstone.

10th. I joined them at Maidstone where they halted.

11th. We marched to Cranbrook thro' a most dirty deep country.

12th. I relieved the guard of Trapaud's at Sissinghurst. This prison, a strong large old Seat,

¹ James Brydges Chandos, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards 3rd Duke of Chandos.

situated in the middle of a Park contained about 1750 prisoners. The duty was harder than at Portchester, the dirt most excessive thro' which the men from their wretched barracks had two miles to march everyday, & the officers three, from a Country town almost as miserable.

16th. I mounted my second guard at Sissinghurst.

20th. I mounted my third guard there. There was a great meeting at Winchester in which Stuart & Legge were unanimously declared candidates for y^e county.

21st. As soon as I was relieved I went up to town and met my father and Sir W. Bennet.

24th. We went up with the address and kissed the King's hand, who knighted young Harry St. John and Bennet.

25th. The battalion was relieved in the Sissinghurst duty and marched to Ashford.

26th. They marched to Hythe.

27th. They marched into the town of Dover.

Jan. 8th. 1761. My father, M^r^s Gibbon and myself set out for Dover and lay at Rochester.

9th. We arrived at Dover.

11th. Sir Thomas went up to London. In these seven or eight months of a most disagreeably active life, I have had no studies to set down, indeed, I hardly took a book in my hand the whole time. The first two months at Blandford, I might have done something ; but the novelty of y^e thing, which for some time I was so fond of as to think of going into the Army, our field-days, our dinners abroad, and the drinking and late hours we got into, prevented any serious reflexions. From the day we marched from Blandford I had hardly a moment

I could call my own, almost continually in motion, if I was fixed for a day, it was in the guard-room, a barrack, or an inn. Our disputes consumed the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell to my share ; and our evening conferences were used to hear all the morning hours strike. At last I got to Dover, and Sir Thomas left us for two months. The charm was over, I was sick of so hateful a service, tired of companions who had neither the knowledge of scholars nor the manners of gentlemen. I was settled in a comparatively quiet situation. Once more I began to taste the pleasure of thinking.

Recollecting some thoughts I had formerly had in relation to the System of Paganism, which I intended to make use of in my *Essai*, I resolved to read Tully *de Natura Deorum*, and finished it in about a month. I lost some days before I could recover my habit of application.

Feb: 9th. I went upon a command to Deal with a detachment of two subalterns (Ballard and Lacy) and 100 men. The duty which was a few sick sailors and French prisoners was very easy, but the place very dull, at least, at that season of the year. I had a good deal of Company at Deal and as I paid for them all, the fortnight cost me eighteen guineas.

16th. One day, besides our own corps, I had Captains Meard, Carey, Whitfield, etc., of the 14th with their wives to dinner, supper and breakfast.

18th. And another day the men only. We drank very hard both days.

Feb: 23rd. I was relieved by Capt. Sharrock upon my return to Dover. Having finished Tully *de natura Deorum* with d'Olivet's remarks, I under-

took to read Beausobre's *Histoire du Manichéisme* as the most ample and candid account of the ancient Philosophical Theology both in itself and as blended with Christianity.

March 8th. I and Harrison went to meet Sir Thomas at Canterbury.

9th. We returned with him to Dover.

14th. I wrote some reflexions upon the method of making critical abstracts of books.¹

20th. Having received a letter from my father to come away directly, I set out and got to London.

Before I set out I had read the four first books of M. de Beausobre.

21st. I waited on Lord Fitzmaurice with a letter from Sir Thomas.²

22d. I got down to Beriton where I was to Engage in a contested election. Some freeholders of Petersfield had persuaded my father to stand against Jollife's interest, upon the supposition he could not transfer any of his votes having settled them upon his wife. My father declined in my favor. I had never any opinion of the affair and was only comforted by the reflexion that it cost hardly any thing. One Barnard of Alresford, made me lose the Election or rather gave me an opportunity of giving it up with honor.³

¹ These will be found in *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v. 209-13.

² The statesman best known as Earl of Shelburne. He succeeded his father as 2nd earl in 1761. In February 1762, when the South Hampshire were quartered at Devizes along with the Black Musqueteers, and there was considerable rivalry between the two corps in getting recruits, Gibbon suspected Shelburne of using his influence to get the militia out of the town. See letter to his stepmother 14th Feb. 1762, *Letters* i. 26; and see below, p. 45.

³ See Appendix II for Gibbon's speech on this occasion, reprinted by a local printer after his death. Petersfield returned two members. Gibbon's grandfather had acquired an interest in this borough in 1719,

April 1rst. The Election came on. I, in a set speech, thanked my friends, abused Barnard and declined a poll.

3d. Having read Bouhier's Critical remarks upon Tully de natura Deorum I made some critical extracts from them.

8th. I went to Winchester to the General Election when Stuart and Legge were unanimously chose.

9th. I returned to Beriton.

10th. Ballard, who was commanding officer at Dover, had a route for Sissinghurst.

14th. The route for Sissinghurst was altered and we were allowed to stay at Dover. Having thought of several subjects for an Historical composition, I chose the expedition of Charles VIII of France into Italy, I read two memoires of M. de Foncemagne in the Acad. of Belles Lettres, Tom. XVII p. 539-607 upon that subject & abstracted them. I likewise finished to-day a Dissertation in which I examined the right Charles VIII had to the Crown of Naples and the pretensions of the houses of Anjou and Arragon. It consisted of 10 folio pages besides large notes.¹

23d. Being at length, by my father's advice determined to publish my Essai, I revised it with great care, made many alterations, struck

but he never sat for it. His son was elected at the general election of 1735. Gibbon says that his grandfather 'alienated this important property'; but it must have been his father who did so, if the date 1739 when the Jollifes acquired it is correctly given in Woodward's *History of Hampshire*, III. 320. This seems more likely. Gibbon often refers to Jolliffe in his letters, always to his disparagement, calling him Lord Petersfield. Jolliffe was a member of the Commission of Trade and Plantations, but left it before Gibbon joined it. Appendix 4 in *Hill* contains some interesting information on Petersfield.

¹ *Misc. Wks.* 1814, III.

out a considerable part, and wrote the chapters from 57-78, which I was obliged to copy out fair myself.¹

27th. I set out from Beriton with my father and M^{rs} Gibbon and lay at Godalming.

28th. We got to London.

29th. I saw Maty, who promised to correct the sheets of my Essai.

30th. I settled with Mallet about the printing my Essai, which he was to give Becket. My father and M^{rs} Gibbon went as far as Rochester.

May 1st. I set out for Dover and lay at Sittenbourn.

2^d. I got to Dover after having seen my father at Canterbury.

3^d. My father and M^{rs} Gibbon got to Dover.

7th. The greatest part of the Corps of which I was one went upon the water in Capt. Blyke's Yacht. We went to see the harbour at Ramsgate and came back to Deal, where we supped with Capt. Sharrock and lay.

8th. We sailed back to Dover where Jemmy Worsley came to spend some days with us.

18th. We sailed again with Capt. Blyke, only S^t Thomas, the Major, Harrison, Jemmy Worsley a M^r England and myself. We went aboard the Newark in the downs but being becalmed we were very late in getting round the north Foreland.

19th. We got to Margate about two in the morning where we dined, and the weather proving rough, returned to Dover by land thro' Sandwich. I read severall odes of Horace and compared them critically with Dryden's translations.

¹ His father thought it might help him to obtain a diplomatic post.

22d. Sir Th. & Jemmy set out for London.

25th. Stanley went thro' Dover on his way to France. He behaved civilly to us.

28th. The Major received a letter from Sir Thomas that we should encamp in a very few days.

29th. We had an express from the War Office with a route to march June the 1st and encamp near Winchester the 15th.

30th. M. de Bussy landed at Dover ; most of the Officers of Both corps, with Lt. Col. Napier and Major Gibbon at their head waited upon him.¹

I finished the vth & vith Books of M. de Beausobre.

June 1st. We marched from Dover to Canterbury.

2d. We marched from Canterbury to Feversham. Having sent Ballard to London.

3d. We marched to Maidstone.

4th. Being the King's birth day the Officers of the three Corps, the Kentish, the Surry and the Hampshire, dined with Lord Romney,² and in the evening fired three vollies. Finding Godstone and Oxstead the next places in our route were 35 miles from Maidstone, the Major sent an express to have it altered, but could get no business done to-day.

¹ The Abbé de Bussy, private secretary to Richelieu. Stanley and de Bussy were to open conversations for peace in Paris and London respectively. According to *Walpole* v. 58, the French proposed that de Bussy should come in the man-of-war which brought Stanley. 'This was flatly refused, and an *Irish* arrangement is made ; the one is to be at Dover, the other at Calais, on the 22nd, and if the same wind can blow contrary ways at once, they will sail at the same moment ; if it cannot, I am persuaded the French weathercocks will not blow east till ours have been four-and-twenty-hours in the west.' M. de Bussy was not a happy envoy : see *Walpole* and *Grenville Correspondence passim*.

² Robert Marsham, 2nd Baron Romney, colonel of the West Kent.

5th. The Major was determined to halt at Maidstone, & send me up to London, but just as I was going off an Express came with our route altered to Sevenoke, to which place we marched. We took a Walk to Knowles the D. of Dorset's seat, a noble pile, very much upon the plan of Sissinghurst; the park finely wooded and the ground disposed by nature but the place wants prospect and water.

6th. We marched to Rygate.

7th. We halted there.

8th. We marched to Dorking, where we went to see a whimsically pretty place of Jonathan Tyers in the style of Vauxhall.¹

9th. We marched into Guilford as did a Battalion of the Suffolk militia, the Bedfordshire, who made a fine appearance, marched out for us.

10th. The battalion marched to Farnham. Finding the printing of my book went on slowly, I went up to town where I found the whole was finished except an introductory letter from D^r Maty, who shewed me what he had wrote of it. I gave Becket orders for the presents, 20 for Lausanne, Copies for the D. of Richmond, Marquis of Caernarvan, Lords Waldegrave, Litchfield, Bath, Granville, Bute, Shelbourn, Chesterfield, Hardwicke, Lady Hervey, Sir Joseph Yorke, Sir Matthew Fetherston, M^r. Mallet, Maty, Scott, Wray, Lord Egremont, M. de Bussy, M^{de}. la Duchesse de l'Aguillon and M. le Comte de Caylus, great part of these were only my father's or Mallet's acquaintances.

11th. I joined the Battalion at Farnham.

¹ Jonathan Tyers (d. 1767) was the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, which opened in 1732.

12th. We marched to Alton, where we had leave to halt until we had our new Cloaths.

23d. We marched to Alresford where I received a Copy of my book.

25th. We marched into Winchester Camp where we found the Wiltshire, Dorset, south Gloucester and Berkshire. We had just formed a Company of Grenadiers with caps, swords and buff accoutrements, I was appointed Captain & Harrison Lieutenant, the motto, *Falces conflantur in enses* was mine.

I finished the 7th, 8th, and 9th Books of M. de Beausobre which compleated the work.

July 3d. Went with Sir Thomas to Pilewell upon militia business, a charming place.

4th. The north Gloucester marched into camp.

8th. Sailed with Sir Thomas from Pilewell to Portsmouth, dined at Hilsea Barracks, with the Suffolk Militia, and got to camp in evening. About this time my book became publick.

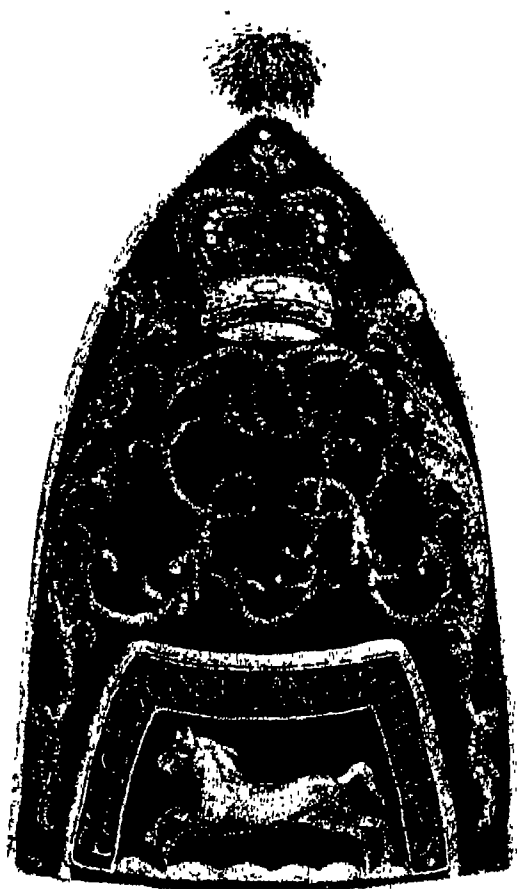
20th. I went a second time to Pilewell with Sir Thomas upon Militia business. M^r. Holt, member for Suffolk was with us.

22d. The whole line was out and fired a feu de joye upon the taking of Pondicherry.¹

23d. Sir Thomas, M^r. Holt and I went from Pilewell to Southampton where we dined with Lord

¹ Pondicherry was surrendered on 15th January 1761.

A *feu-de-joie* was performed just after sunset. The fire ran from file to file throughout the troops, beginning on the right of the first line and returning from the left of the second line to the right, 'which finishes the first fire of the whole army; after which they are all to give three huzzas, then load and shoulder.' On these occasions they fired three times, and care had to be taken to prevent the fire running too quick.— See *Bland*, p. 99.



THE GRENADIER CAP
OF THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE MILITIA

Cahier, and in the evening Sir Tho. and I returned to camp.

July 25th. The line was out a second time and fired a feu de joye for the battle of Tellinghausen in Germany.¹

August 4th. The detachment from the North Gloucester and us, relieved the Dorsetshire at Gosport. It consisted of a Captain, three subalterns and two hundred men. They gave the Captain (Captain Lee) one subaltern and 92 private. We furnished two subalterns (Brander and Smith) and 108 private. Godfrey left us upon this occasion. Doubts had arisen as to his commission. 1st. Whether Captain Lieutenant was a militia commission. 2d. Whether it could take place where there was no Colonel, and 3d. whether he could be posted to a Captain's Company. Godfrey to avoid disputes had consented to pitch and do duty as subaltern, but when our turn of the Gosport duty came, he refused going as a lieutenant, and upon its being insisted on resigned his commission.

¹ The battle of Vellinghausen, 16th July 1761. 'The victory was in fact trifling except for its moral effects.' See Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II. 527-31.

MY JOURNAL

PART II

AUGUST 4th 1761. I went over to Beriton with my father in harvest time.

During my stay there, after having long revolved subjects for my intended historical Essay, I rejected the expedition of Charles VIII, I had first thought of, as too remote from us, & rather an introduction to great events than great in itself. I successively chose and layed aside, the Croisade of Richard I, the Barons wars against John, & Henry III, the history of the Black prince, the Lives and comparaisons of Titus and Henry V, The Life of Sir Philip Sidney, and that of the Marquis of Montrose. I at last fixed upon Sir Walter Raleigh for my hero, and found in his life a subject important, interesting and various, with such a quantity of materials as I desired, and which had not yet been properly made use of. I entertained no thoughts of executing it at present, great leisure, and the opportunity of consulting many books, both printed and manuscript are as necessary as impossible to be obtained in my present way of life. However, to acquire a general insight of my subject and resources I read the life of Sir Walter by D^r Birch, his long article in the General Dictionary by the same hand and the 2d. volume of Hume's history of England which contains the reign of Elizabeth.

August 10th. My father and I were recalled to Camp by a new shape our dispute with the D. of Bolton had taken. It had been referred by the

Secretary of War, to the Attorney and Solicitor General who had just given their opinion in the strongest manner in favor of Sir Thomas. The Duke, either before or soon after he received their opinion, resigned the command of the North regiment, and appointed his Lieutenant Colonel Cope,¹ Colonel of the Hampshire regiment of militia consisting of two Battalions. Cope had just sent his commission to Sir Thomas and he sent for us to know our advice. As the opinion was clear there could be no regiment of militia consisting of two battalions, Sir Thomas by our advice, acquainted Cope with it and disclaimed his command.

August 11th. Having just received the XXVth and XXVIth volumes of the Academy of Belles Lettres, I read the Memoire of M. de Bougainville upon the Voyage of Hannon T. XXVI p. 10-47, well wrote and exact in the comparaison of the ancient and modern geography, but very conjectural, and the Life of Stephen Count de Sancerre in the XIIth century very uninteresting. I dined with Colonel Pitt² and the Dorsetshire at a great entertainment given Lord Shaftesbury,³ he seems good natured but weak and without the least dignity.

August 12th. I dined at Colonel Berkeley's with

¹ Sir John Mordaunt Cope, Bt., 1731-70. There is a portrait in uniform in Lloyd-Verney, *Militia Battalions of County of Southampton*.

² George Pitt, later 1st Baron Rivers, 1722-1803, M.P. Dorsetshire 1747-74, Colonel of the Dorsetshire. From 1761-68 he was Envoy Extraordinary Plenipotentiary at Turin, where Gibbon met him again in April 1764.

³ Antony Ashley Cooper, 4th Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. Gibbon's remarks about him are consistent with Walpole's reference to him in a letter to Mann, 22nd June 1759. He was active in the cause of the militia. In 1758, when the *Gent. Mag.* is full of the general apathy towards the movement, the Dorsetshire are conspicuous for being keen and well advanced, and there is a reprint of a stirring address to the county on the importance of the service.

the same company.¹ Sir Thomas received a letter from Cope, that the Command was not of his seeking, and that he was going to London, to have advice as to the dispute.

August 13th. We returned to Beriton. I read the reign of King James I in Hume; 1st volume of the Stuarts with a view to Raleigh, and afterwards perused the VIth Book of Virgil, and the System of Warburton upon it in the 1rst volume of his Divine Legation and found many things to say, to explain the one and destroy the other.

18th. Our detachment was relieved at Gosport by the Berkshire from camp.

23rd. We got back to Camp.

I am now arrived at the 24th of August 1761 from which day I proposed to begin to keep a regular journal. The circumstances and dates I have hitherto set down (tho' I believe them to be pretty exact) are only such as I could recollect. Indeed I have recollected them so much better than I imagined I could, that instead of four or six pages, which I at first thought of, they have filled between forty and fifty. The consequence has been that I could not bring myself even with the world before the 10th of September. The following is a sketch of what happened in the intermediate time.

August 24th. I read M. Bonamy's reflexions upon the Geographical errors occasioned by Alexander's historians, xxv. 4. p. 40-54; *very solid*:

¹ Norborne Berkeley, for whom the title of Botetourt was called out of abeyance in 1764. He was M.P. for Gloucestershire 1741-63, and Lord-Lieutenant 1762-66. In 1768 he was made Governor of Virginia, where he died unmarried in 1770. He was about the Court, and is often referred to as a man of wit and high spirits. He had served abroad at the beginning of the war, but was now colonel of both the North and South Battalions of the Gloucestershire.

and M. de la Bletoric's Mem. upon the Tribunitian power of the Emperors, xxv. Mem. p. 392-400 ; much inferior to his former dissertations.

To-night the piquets of the line were drawn out in the afternoon and exercised by the Brigade Major, they went thro' the manual and platoon and wheeled upon the centre. The difference between the several corps tho' very great, did not much appear.

25th. I read M. de la Nauze's Dissertation upon the ancient Roman Calendar, Mem. xxvi. p. 219-257 ; *most excellent* : I never understood the Roman Calendar before. I was upon the Picquet to-night. They were joined the second time.

26th. I read M. de la Nauze a second time, and meditated him thoroughly.

27th. We had a most wretched field day. Major, Officers, and men seemed to try which should do worst. I was invited to M^r Denton, the Mayor of Winchester's feast, but did not go. I wrote the 12 first pages of my journal.

28th. I read M. de Guigner's memoir upon the destruction of the Greek Monarchy in Bactriana, Mem. xxv. p. 17-34 ; *singular* : and M. d'Anville's upon the nation & the religion of the Getæ, Ib. p. 34-47 ; *judicious*.

I dined in town with Sir George Saville upon an invitation to all the field officers and Captains of the line.¹

29th. I wrote the 20 next pages of my journal.

30th. I wrote the 10 next pages.

31st. I dined with Lord Tracy at the Glou-

¹ Sir George Savile, 8th Bt. (1726-84), the well-known politician. At this time he was colonel of the first battalion of the West Riding Militia. He wrote an anonymous pamphlet on the militia which was published in 1762. 'In town' of course means in Winchester.

cestershire Mess house ; there were present Sir George Saville, Sir Willoughby and Lady Aston,¹ Lt. Col. and Lady Harriet Conyers,² Lord and Lady Tracy,³ the Braggs,⁴ the Pentons, Major & M^{rs} Blackwell,⁵ Miss Scott and Miss Chetwynd. The last, tho' perhaps not perfectly handsome, had something so pleasing to me in her person and manner, and won upon me so much that I felt some uneasiness at the moment we broke up, and some desire of seeing her again. An idle fear of appearing too particular prevented my enquiring who she was.

Sep^{ter} 1st. I read the first Dissertation of the Count de Caylus, upon ancient Painting.

William gave me warning.

2^d. I read the C. de Caylus's 2^d Dissertation.

3^d. I begun M. de la Nauze's Memoire upon the Manner Pliny has treated of antient painting.

4th. I finished it.

5th. I read the C. de Caylus's 3^d Dissertation. Tho' Caylus has a much higher reputation, I should myself prefer de la Nauze ; in French I should say, celui-ci a écrit en homme de lettres amateur, celui-là en amateur homme de lettres. de la Nauze is learned, methodical, full of taste, perhaps sometimes not precise enough. Caylus's observations are without any plan, too minute, and sometimes, when stript of their technical dress, injudicious. However, his comparaison of the ancient and modern

¹ Aston was lieut.-colonel of the Berkshire.

² John Conyers of Copt Hall, Essex, married Henrietta Fermor, daughter of Thomas 1st Earl of Pomfret. He was lieut.-colonel of one of the Essex battalions.

³ Charles Viscount Tracy of Rathcoole (1719-92), lieut.-colonel of the North Gloucestershire.

⁴ Charles Bragg, major of the South Gloucestershire.

⁵ S. Blackwell, major of the North Gloucestershire.

painters shews a knowledge of the beauties and masters of his art. They are both contained in Tom. xxv. Mem. p. 149-302. I read the 1st Memoire of M. de Caylus upon ancient Sculpture.

In the evening I went to the play at Winchester, where I saw Miss Chetwynd ; I bowed but did not speak to her.

6th. I read the 2d. Memoire upon Sculpture, Tom. xxv. p. 302-368. They are much superior to those upon painting ; as the Author probably never practised sculpture, he attaches himself less to the manual operations of the art. I dined with Major Bragg ; I had great hopes of meeting Miss Chetwynd but was disapointed. However, I found means to drink tea with her in the evening at Lord Tracy's tent, the evening exercise of the piquets suspended.

7th. I read M. de Caylus upon the Mausolæum, Tom. xxvi. p. 321-335.

In the evening I went to the Assembly and saw Miss Chetwynd ; but I bought that pleasure very dear. The disagreeable figure I must have made to her by not dancing, and the necessity of resigning her to her partner, make me determined to seek other occasions of seeing her. This girl grows upon me. Tho' she has said nothing extraordinary, I am convinced she is sensible, perhaps its an illusion of passion, perhaps an effect of that sympathy by which people of understanding discover one another from the meerest trifles. I cannot yet find out who she is, she is no relation of M^{rs} Blackwell tho' a companion and I am afraid an inferior one.

8th. I did little this and the next day, M^{rs} Gibbon being come over. However, I read four parts of the Bibliothèque des Sciences et des beaux

arts from July 60 to July 61, a plain sensible journal. In the evening the line was out to practice vollies.

10th. I finished my Journal to this day.

Upon the news of the King's marriage the line was ordered out at a quarter past 12 ; the field pieces in the Center fired twenty one rounds and the troops three vollies from the whole.¹

11th. We had a field day upon Flower-down and fired for the first time since our being in Camp. As we were exercised by the Dorsetshire Sergeant, under whom we all took post, the field day was very tolerable. I read M. Freret's Observations upon the marble of Paros, Tom. xxvi. p. 157-219 : the general remarks, interesting ; the enquiry into the date of the death of Darius, ingenious and satisfactory ; the whole very profound : and M. de Belley's explanation of a Camayo in the D. of Orleans' Cabinet very probable : Tom. xxvi. p. 475-486.

12th. I read Belley's Explanation of an Agate in the D. of Orleans' Cabinet ; *like the former* ; Tom. xxvi. p. 486-504 : and M. d'Anville's Enquiry into the source of the Nile, T. xxvi. p. 34-46, renders it as obscure as ever.

12th. I dined with the Dorsetshire and went to the play. I saw Miss Chetwynd. The house was so full that I could not speak to her ; she seemed to take notice of my assiduity in looking at her.

16th. The piquets ordered to be out again.

19th. The whole line was out for the first time but only with Sergeants and wooden snappers. As this was the only time I was a Spectator, I must say they made a very fine appearance.

¹ On the 8th of September 1761 George III. married Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

22*d.* The line was out with Officers but no powder.

26*th.* The line was out both with officers and powder.

28*th.* The line was reviewed by Lord Effingham.¹

29*th.* Was the day of our grand review by the Duke of York accompanied by the Duke of Bolton, Sir John Mordaunt,² General Brudenell,³ Sir William Boothby, Major St. John &c.⁴ The review was very simple; the manual and platoon exercise, wheeling upon the center, firing by grand divisions and battalions, standing, advancing and retreating; a volley and a charge.⁵ We were much commended, tho', I think we fell far short of the preceeding day. The Duke behaved very childishly, perplexed the men in their facings, by stopping when he came to the left flank; altering the method of the firings, and taking no notice of the officers, as we marched by to salute him. Phelps, the Brigade Major, appeared likewise very little to his honor. He made many mistakes this day as well as the others: in particular he spoiled the volley by keeping the

¹ Thomas 2nd Earl of Effingham, 8th Baron Howard, 1714-63. He married a daughter of Peter Beckford, Speaker of the Jamaica Assembly. Julines Beckford (see below, p. 50) was her brother, as was also William, the Lord Mayor.

² Sir John Mordaunt, 1697-1780, a general who had served in Scotland and Holland and commanded the unsuccessful Rochefort expedition.

³ Colonel the Hon. Robert Brudenell, an equerry or groom to the Duke of York.

⁴ Henry St. John, brother of Lord Bolingbroke, commonly known as 'the Baptist,' and referred to by Walpole as 'Captain Corydon.' He was a Groom of the Bedchamber and M.P. for Wootton Bassett. He went with the Duke of York to Italy, and was with him when he died at Monaco 17th September 1767. See *Walpole* VII. 135.

⁵ A grand division was the fourth part of a battalion, and was itself made up of two sub-divisions.

men too long upon the present. Our Battalion distinguished themselves by their dirty appearance and excellent fires far beyond the rest of the line : the last was the more particular, as in the battalion fires, they had the word from Sir Thomas, who had never given it till the day before. This review put an end to all the general business of the Camp.

October the 2d. By my father's direction, I presented my book to the Duke of York as he was at breakfast in Colonel Pitt's tent. He received it courteously, asked me whether I had wrote it since I was in the militia, & how long I had been about it ; promised to read it, and gave it to Sir William Boothby.

All this month till we broke up camp it was impossible to study. The Weather grew very wet and cold ; it was uncomfortable during the day-time to remain in our tents ; so that we were crouded from morning to night into the Suttling booth ; where reigned such noise and nonsense, as made it impracticable either to read or think. However I ran over M. le Beau's Memoire upon the Roman Legion, in Tom. xxvi. of the Academy, one or two Epistles of Horace, with Dacier and Sanadon ; and Soame Jennings's Enquiry into the Origin of Evil ; and perused for the second time, with infinite pleasure, M. de la Nauze's fine Memoire upon ancient painting.

17th. After a long expectation our routes came at last to Lord Effingham ; probably the alterations in the Ministry made them neglect us ; for the Camp the year before broke up ten days sooner ; a great difference in this season.

19th. The North Battalion of the Gloucestershire marched from Camp to Biddeford.

20th. The South Battalion of the Gloucestershire marched for Bristol, the first division of the Berkshire for Reading and Newbury, and the Dorsetshire to Chatham Lines. Upon their march they were to be reviewed by the King in Hyde Park.¹

21th. The Second Division of the Berkshire began their march ; and about nine in the morning we marched for the Devizes. Newbury had been first designed for us but the Berkshire got it for themselves ; my father then applied to M^r. Page for Chichester, and the Duke of Newcastle agreed to it, but clogged it with so many restrictions of dispersing the Battalion into Chichester, Arundel, Midhurst and Havant, that we declined the favor. At last Bradshaw, first Clerk in the War office, and an acquaintance of Sir Thomas, procured us the Devizes. Before We leave Camp, I must say something of it. It was a new and very lively scene, during the summer, a charming dry spot of ground, our tents convenient and agreeable by their novelty. Five counties assembled and living in a mighty free friendly way ; except some slight jealousies between the right and left wings. However, the long cold evenings of the latter part of the Campaign make you pay for the pleasantness of the former ; and the whole of this hurrying life and living upon a down is so unfavourable to repose and study that tho' I am not sorry to have been encamped once, I never desire to be a second time. As to the regiments of the line, I shall say what I think. The Wiltshire,

¹ 'Monday, 2nd November. His Majesty reviewed the Dorsetshire Militia in Hyde Park, and expressed his entire satisfaction at their behaviour. Some military gentlemen who were present, have declared, a finer regiment is not in the service. Their Colonel is the Earl of Shaftesbury.'—*Gent. Mag.*, 1761.

by the great attention and discipline of Lord Bruce,¹ the cleverness of their adjutant Peck, and the youth of their men, were everything troops could be, steady, active and susceptible of any form. The Dorsetshire were made to be reviewed by people who were not soldiers. Fine men, excellent appointments, soldier-like appearance; they had besides military merit; they knew many evolutions, and were extremely steady but fired very ill. The Berkshire were great unsteady bodies who fired well. The two Battalions notwithstanding Berkeley's puffs were very indifferent, the North Gloster who were just embodied, came on very little, and the South lost all the reputation they had acquired the year before. As to ourselves tho' when we came in, it was apprehended we could never appear in the line, yet by the assistance of the Dorset, who lent us Sergeants and Corporals we made great progress, learnt the double time, the slow manual and a variety of Evolutions, in a word, everything that was taught us, except cleanliness and steadiness. The men were willing and showed great emulation when we were out in the line. The officers too improved very much, Except the Major, Adjutant, and Captain Sharrock; the first from want of application, the second from natural stupidity, and the third from age and infirmities. I likewise saw the regiments in town, the Essex and the Yorkshire reviewed by Lord Effingham. The former, tho' finely appointed, were very bad and charged slow time with the Grenadiers' march. The latter were a very pretty regiment. After going thro' the Manual and the platoon (which they did without

¹ Thomas Brudenell and Baron Bruce, later Earl of Ailesbury, colonel of the Wiltshire. See also note below, p. 150.

Feugelman and very quick) and the common firings, they formed a column and marched double time with a short step down a very steep hill, at the bottom of which they performed a variety of evolutions of Sir George Saville's invention. They are in the style of light infantry without Grenadiers and very clean active young fellows. To return to myself, I let the Battalion go on to Andover and went down to Winchester with Sir Thomas, where he was to be chose Verdurer of the New Forest. After his election, I dined and supped with him.

22^d. Sir Thomas and myself joined the Battalion at Andover, where they halted. In the evening I went to see D^r Hooke, a young physician and fellow Collegian of mine at Magdalen College. To-day the Wiltshire broke up camp and marched for Salisbury. Thus ended the Camp.

23^d. Our first design was to march thro' Marlborough ; but finding on enquiry it was a bad road, and a great way about, we resolved to push for the Devizes in one day, tho' near thirty miles. We accordingly arrived there about three a clock in the afternoon.

Novemb: 2nd. My father left us and set out for Beriton.

Had I kept a regular journal day by day, I should have very little to say for this and the following month. Nothing could be more uniform than the life I led there. The little civility of the neighbouring Gentlemen gave us no opportunity of dining out, the time of the year did not tempt us to any excursions round the Country, and at first my indolence, and afterwards a violent cold, prevented my going over to Bath. I believe in the

two months I never dined or lay from quarters. I can therefore only set down what I did in the literary way. Designing to recover my Greek, which I had somewhat neglected, I set myself to read Homer, and finished the four first Books of the Iliad, with Pope's translation and notes; and at the same time, to understand the Geography of the Iliad, and particularly the Catalogue, I read the VIIIth, IXth, Xth, XIIth, XIIIth, and XIVth books of Strabo, in Casaubon's Latin translation. I likewise read Hume's history of England to the reign of Henry VII, just published. *Ingenious but superficial*; and the Journals des Savans for August, September, and October 61, with the Bibliotheque des Sciences, &c., from July to October 61: both these Journals speak very handsomely of my book.

14th. Major Fitzmaurice and Lt. Grosette came to the Devizes. They were just appointed Officers in a regiment ordered to be raised and called the Black Musketeers commanded by Lt. Colonel Commandant Barré.¹ The Devizes were appointed for their headquarters and the Major and Grosette came down to receive the men, their recruiting parties should send in. We behaved with great civility to them and lent them drums, fifes, serjeants and private for their recruiting. Their officers messed with us.

18th. Sir Thomas (about this day) set out for Pilewell and Sir William Bennet remained Commanding officer.

¹ Thirteen more regiments of the line were raised in August and October 1761. Barré's was the 106th.

Colonel Isaac Barré, 1726-1802, soldier and politician. He served with Wolfe at Rochefort and lost an eye. One of the many putative authors of Junius.

30th. Sir Thomas returned to quarters to sign the monthly returns.

December 4th. Ensign Kelly joined us. He was an Irishman and recommended by Clarke of Winchester to Sir Thomas.

23rd. Having obtained leave of absence for six weeks, I set out with Sir Thomas and Ballard and got to Salisbury.

24th. I went on to Winchester and lay there. Colonel Cope of the North Hampshire asked me to sup with them which I did. Brocas, Dacre, Sloane, Hunter and Bernard were there. They behaved politely, the Colonel only with his usual reserve ; and not a word of our disputes were mentioned.

25th. I got to Beriton about noon and found my father and M^{rs} Gibbon just returned from Up Park. Upon the road I read the first volume of Hurd's Horace.

When, upon finishing the Year, I take a review of what I have done, I am not dissatisfied with what I did in it, upon making proper allowances. On the one hand, I could begin nothing before the middle of January. The Deal duty lost me part of February ; altho' I was at home part of March, and all April, yet Electioneering is no friend to the Muses. May, indeed, tho' dissipated by our sea parties, was pretty quiet ; but June was absolutely lost, upon the March, at Alton, and settling ourselves in Camp. The four succeeding months in Camp allowed me little leisure, and less quiet. November and December were indeed as much my own as any time can be while I remain in the Militia, but still it is, at best, not a life for a man of letters. However, in this tumultuous year, (besides smaller

things which I have set down) I read four books of Homer, in Greek, six of Strabo in Latin, Cicero de Natura Deorum, and the great philosophical and Theological work of M. de Beausobre : I wrote in the same time a long dissertation on the succession of Naples, reviewed, fitted for the press, and augmented above a fourth, my *Essai sur l'étude de la littérature*.

In the six weeks I passed at Beriton, as I never stirred from it, every day was like the former. I had neither visits, hunting, or walking. My only ressources were myself, my books, and family conversations. But to me these were great ressources.

I 7 6 2

January. During this time, I turned my thoughts again to Sir Walter Raleigh, and looked a little closer into my materials ; read the Bacon papers, published by Dr. Birch, the *Fragmenta Regalia* of Sir Robert Naunton, the *Life of Lord Bacon* by Mallet, and the political works of that great man in the 1st Volume of his works, with some of his letters in the second ; Sir William Monson's *Naval Tracts*, and Oldys's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. My subject opens upon me, and in general gains by being considered more nearly.

Febr^y 2d. I set out from Beriton to the Devizes and lay at Winchester where, by Major Dacre's invitation, I supped with Barnard at the Guard room at the King's house.

3. I got to the Devizes. I read upon the road

best part of the second volume of Hurd's Horace. I found myself Commanding officer at a very disagreeable time, notwithstanding the civilities we had shown the Musketeers, a great coolness had arisen, from no fault of ours that I could find, but our too great success in recruiting. I attempted to reconcile matters, but in vain.

8th. Having finished Hurd's Horace, given a second perusal to two principall discourses, and thoroughly meditated the whole subject, I begun to make an *extrait raisonné* of it. At the same time, I employed my leisure moments in going through the famous *Argenis*¹ of Barclay, with which I was much entertained ; and, with a view to Homer, perused for the second time a very considerable part of Meziriac's Ovid.

17th. After settling it with McCombe, who had no objection to acting Adjutant in the field, under the Commanding officer, tho' only a Captain, I had the battalion out with officers, and 18 rounds. The Black Musketeers, who are now about 120 men at the Devizes divided the town with us, and drew for quarters.

19th. I exercised the battalion a second time with officers but without powder ; Ensign Smith having neglected to attend, and gone away to Bath without leave, I ordered him an extraordinary guard.

23rd. I exercised the Battalion a third time,

¹ *Argenis*, written in Latin by John Barclay and published in Paris in 1621, was a combination of political history and fiction. Under classical names are disguised real characters such as Philip II. of Spain, Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, Catherine de' Medici, Queen Elizabeth, and Calvin. Cowper enjoyed it, and John Hill Burton in *The Scot Abroad* says, 'every one is familiar with the *Argenis* of Barclay.' Nevertheless, the above note may be timely for some.

with officers but with powder. Ensign Hall had his commission. He is not above fourteen but very lively. Captain Sharrock found him out in Wiltshire.

24th. I received a letter from my father containing two proposals ; one to resign the Majority if the Duke would give it me ; the other, to add one hundred per annum to my annuity, and one hundred more for two years to be spent abroad ; in consideration of the 700 in H— hands.¹ After maturely weighing both proposals, I resolved to go over to Beriton and talk with him.

26th. I exercised the Battalion for the fourth time, officers and 18 rounds. These field days were of some service both to men and officers. I am sure they were of the greatest to me.

27th. I set out for Beriton, leaving the command to Perkins. At Winchester an Express overtook me with the news that a route was just come for Salisbury. I sent word of it to Sir Thomas, and continued my journey to Beriton where I arrived late in the Evening.

28th. I talked over both affairs with my father, and absolutely agreed to the second. As to the first we thought it necessary to see Sir William Bennet directly and know his intentions.

March 1st. My father went to Salisbury directly, while I went to Fareham, saw Sir William who promised the earliest intelligence of his resignation, and at all events disclaimed any thoughts of the Majority. From thence I went to Rumsey, where I took up Godfrey, and got to Salisbury about seven in the Evening. The Battalion came in about two. But I must say something about our late

¹ Probably Stephen Harvey. See *Letters* i. 95.

quarters the Devizes, which were never good, and at last very bad. The only pleasure of the Officers was very good eating at The Bear, and that with some falling off at last ; for as to civilities we received none. The strong beer and work made our men very disorderly and when the Black Musketeers, who had no discipline, grew numerous, produced continual quarrels and riots ; so that tho' We had an officers' guard and rounds, yet we were obliged to hold one and twenty Court Martials in four months, whereas at Dover we held only ten in five months. Numbers of our men married, and bad claps and a pestilential fever grew so rife, that we had hardly ever more sick. In a word the Devizes were quarters we were all glad to leave.

2nd. We paraded with Loudon's at Roll-calling. They are fine fellows but excessive ragged (as just come from Belleisle) and do not appear to be any great soldiers for parade.¹ They have a route for Hilsea Barracks. We saw a good deal of Major Ramsay, who is a rough old Scotchman, raised by merit and long service, and of Lt. Snell who was sent to assist us at our first embodying.

3d. Being obliged to march out of Salisbury upon account of the Assizes, we at first fixed upon Andover and Stockbridge ; but finding they were full of troops we determined to go to Shaftesbury. We staid so short a time at Salisbury that I can say nothing of it, more than that it is a pleasant town and the finest parade I ever saw.

4th. We marched to Shaftesbury, a pleasant town in Summer, bleak in Winter, and old and ruinous at all times. My father returned to Beriton.

¹ They returned on 14th January.

6th. We received a route to march from Salisbury (where the War-office still supposed us) on the arrival of Lt. Colonel Oswald's Battalion,¹ and go to Blandford. We were all very much pleased with the thoughts of seeing our old quarters again. M^r Kneller, (a neighbouring gentleman, formerly in the Dorsetshire Militia) called upon us and asked us to dine with him, Monday. The affair of the Majority had been talked over at Salisbury the last night, and Sir Thomas brought (tho' with reluctance) to agree to it. My father, before he went home, desired we would write a letter proper to be sent to the Duke of Bolton. I wrote one to-day, by which my father offers to resign, provided the Duke will promise me the Majority, and having communicated it to Sir Thomas, sent it away to-night.

7th. M^r Bower of the Dorset and M^r Ellis, a West Indian, came over and dined with us.

8th. Sir Thomas and I went over to Blandford to get lodgings and settle the quarters. From thence we went to Kneller's, who received us very genteelly. His house is but small, but he has some excellent pictures. This was our first step into Dorsetshire and the first invitation we had received for many months.

9th. We marched to Blandford, where I got immediately into a very good lodging. As soon as I was settled I continued my Abstract of M^r Hurd, of which I had done 18 pages.

Sir Thomas was very busy at this time about the new cloathing ; he thought the changing the black facings, would be attended with some difficulty, and chose therefore to enliven it only by a great deal of

¹ Oswald's Green Hunters.

lace and white wastecoats and breeches ; the men are to have three pairs of Breeches, one leather, for field days, the other two Russia Drab for common wear. They are to have likewise white gaiters and full Buff Acoutrements for the whole. Our regimentals are likewise to be altered.

14th. Sir Thomas received a letter from Sir W. Bennet that he *must* resign his commission ; upon which Harrison sent an express to Denton, to get him to apply for the company.

18th. I finished at last my abstract of M^r Hurd, which consists of thirty pages in folio. Tho' it took me up much more time than I imagined ; by running into so unexpected a length, yet I don't regret it, as it started a new train of ideas upon many curious points of Criticism. To get a little nearer to Homer, whom I have never lost sight of, I read the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*.

20th. Kelly left us to-day and ceased being a disgrace to us. We discovered that after having tryed various ways of life, he had been a private Dragoon in Bland's regiment, and that at this very Blandford he had been discharged in order to be sent to Dorchester jail and tryed at the Assizes for theft ; that his associate was transported, and he himself acquitted, tho' with strong circumstances against him. After he came amongst us, he continued to behave so evil, keeping company with Serjeants, private men and all sorts of blackguards, that after bearing with him as long as possible, he was offered his choice of resigning, or a general court martial. He preferred the former.

21th. We dined with Bower ; place and entertainment, both very bad. Before dinner, we saw

Julines Beckford's place,¹ unmeaning, expensive and unfinished, and M^r. Reeve's small but laid out and finished with the most refined taste and elegance.

22nd. Sir Thomas, having made a sort of truce with McCombe, the Battalion was out with the officers and did very well except in the evolution of passing the wood.²

23^d. Sir Thomas dined with M^r. Jonathan Pleydwell, with Ballard and Thresher. I was not very well.

25th. Having received the news of our success at Martinico,³ the Battalion was under arms in the evening and fired a feu de joye. There was some confusion at first, occasioned by McCombe's blunder in practising them differently from his orders, and the method followed in camp. However, the men were steady and fired extremely well. Several people of the town and Dorsetshire officers supped with us afterwards.

Notwithstanding my resolution, I had no sooner brought my Journal to the 10th of September 1761 than I discontinued it during six months. Having now brought it down thus far from memory, I begin it a second time from the 25th of March 1762. Shall I be more constant than the first? In looking over what I have wrote, I do not see I have omitted anything material; except our great success in recruiting at the Devizes where we got 40 fine

¹ Julines Beckford, M.P. for Salisbury 1754, died November 1764. He was the father of Peter Beckford the famous M.F.H., who had been admitted to Westminster in the same term as Gibbon.

² No specific evolution of passing the wood is mentioned in *Bland*; but on p. 143 he discusses the precautions which are to be taken when the march lies through enclosed or woody country. Some disposition in this connection is no doubt meant.

³ Martinique was taken on 12th February.

fellows very cheap and with money could have had any number. Of these I got 8, which compleated my company.

26th. We dined (Sir Thomas, Thresher and I) at Sir Gerard Napier's at Moor Critchell.¹ The day was dull and formal. He is a proud ill-tempered fool ; she is a very agreable woman. He proposed to make great improvements to his place which wants them very much. But I fancy they will be all a mixture of grandness and littleness with more expence than taste.

27th. At last I returned to Homer and beginning where I had left off, read L. v. 1-404. I shall make no resolution about the number of verses, I am to read daily, till I have let a week pass over. Jonathan Pleydwell dined with us to-day.

D. 28th.² Read of the Iliad L. v. V. 405-606. At the same time I resolved every day to learn, and write down, a certain number of the *Racines Grecques* ; and to-day went thro' the four first. Hemmings of the Dorsetshire dined with us.

29th. Learnt and wrote the *Racines Grecques*, Stanz. 4-8. Read of the Iliad, L. v. V. 606-909 ; and beginning, for the second time, the enquiry into the life and writings of Homer, and read page 1-56.

The Battalion was to have been out this morning at the request of Mssrs. Kneller and Bower, who were to come over ; but as it rained very hard we were not out, and only Kneller came to dinner. He talks of seeing us out Friday morning.

30th. Went thro' the *Racines Grecques* from

¹ Sir Gerard Napier, Bt., had married Miss Ogleden of the Isle of Wight in February 1762.

² From this point onwards D. is generally prefixed to Sundays in the MS.

8-12 but read no Homer ; my morning a good deal lost by a Court Martial. West of the Dorset dined with us.

31^{rst}. The Battalion was out this morning with officers and 12 rounds. I exercised them. As it blew a storm of wind the whole time, I went directly to the firings, which considering the weather they performed very well. I tryed for the first time firing them in the single column. In the evenings I read the *Enquiry*, p. 56-80, went thro' *Racines Grecques*, 12-16 ; and reviewed the first three hundred lines of the fifth book of the Iliad. Wallis of the Dorset dined and supped with us.

April 1st. Went thro' *Racines Grecques*, 16-20 and reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the fifth Iliad. I likewise read v. 215-295, of the XIth Æneid, in relation to Æneas and Diomedes.

2^d. Went thro' *Racines Grecques*, 20-24. The method I pursue is this. After reading them attentively, I write them down from my memory, looking in the book as seldom as I can. I then repeat them twice, first mentioning the French word that answers to the Greek, then the Greek word that answers to the French. At last I repeat the French of every Greek root of the present, and two preceeding days. I find this method, tho' dry, helps me very much.

I read the VIth book of the Iliad v. 1-325 and p. 42-52 of the 1st Volume of Meziriac's Ovid in relation to Tlepolemus and Sarpedon, as also the *Enquiry* p. 80-158.

We had a field day by M^r Kneller's desire, who came over to see us, and I never desire to see a better. The weather was charming and the ground good. After going thro' the manual which they

did with great spirit, I put them (besides the common sub and grand division firings) thro' a variety of evolutions ; the single column, double column, sub-divisions advancing out, forming the Battalion to the left, breaking and forming again, and passing the wood ; all which they went thro' with great steadiness, fired excellently well, and (both Officers and men) knew very well what they were about. At the volley I made them recover their arms, not a piece went off. We ended as usual by marching by to salute. Upon that occasion the men marched and officers saluted, better than ever I saw them.

3d. Went thro' *Racines Grecques*, 24-28. Read the VIth book of the Iliad, from v. 325-529, the end.

My morning was taken up with a tedious Court Martial which we were forced to adjourn till Monday.

D. 4th. Tho' I had all this morning to myself, yet a laziness and dissipation of thought, I could not surmount, prevented my doing anything.

5th. This morning was terribly broke into by the adjournment of our Court Martial which lasted 8 to 10, and a field day which I attended from eleven to one. However, as the greatest difficulties are those occasioned by our own laziness I found means to go thro' the *Racines Grecques* from 28-32, to review the whole VIth book of the Iliad, and to read the VIIth v. 1-123 in this busy day.

6th. I was upon another court martial this morning and the remainder of the day was taken up by our old Adjutant Abbot. He had been taken with part of Loudon's regiment, as they were returning from Belleisle, and carried into Dieppe.

After remaining there between two and three months, Abbot got leave to come home upon his parole, and arrived last night at Blandford with his wife. I only went thro' *Racines Grecques* 32-36 and read the VIIth Book of the Iliad v. 123-199.

7th. We had a field day with officers and 18 rounds for Abbot. We did nothing more than in the last except the firing in two Columns; but the men did nothing near so well, tho' this was very tolerable. Williams of the Dorset and Pleydwell saw us, dined with us, and gave us invitations for next Monday and Tuesday. I went thro' *Racines Grecques* 36-40, and read the VIIth Book of the Iliad v. 199-482.

8th. I received a letter from Swisserland from Mademoiselle Polier, who desires some information about Carolina for a family that wants to go and settle there. Sir Thomas and Ballard dined at Jonathan Pleydwell's. The Court martial of the sixth was upon Joyce of the Major's Company for desertion. We ordered him six hundred lashes. When he came to the Halberds, he appealed to a general Court Martial; his plea was, never having been sworn in. I went thro' *Racines Grecques* 40-44, reviewed the whole VIIth Book of the Iliad and read the VIIIth v. 1-40. I received a letter from Becket that my translation was finished, and that he should send it me, but that, as the season was far advanced, he did not think of publishing it till November.

9th. The Battalion was out; officers but no powder. As the day was cold we went to the Evolutions and firings directly, which they performed very well. We tryed for the first time forming the Battalion to the right, advancing by sub-divisions from the Centre,

and firing three ranks standing in which last the front rank makes ready as centre, the centre steps a little to the right, and the rear makes ready as rear. The men came very readily into these new things. Sir Gerard Napier dined with us. I went through *Racines Grecques* 44-48 but read no Homer.

10th. Was a very busy day and little like what they used to be at the Hulsea Barracks. In the morning Sir Thomas received a letter from the Judge Advocates office, to order our battalion to furnish one field Officer and one Captain to a general Court Martial to be held at Reading on the 16th instant, upon Lt. Colonel Dodd of the Berkshire, upon the complaint of Captain Prade of the same corps. Sir Thomas and myself are to be the people and to set out for Reading the 15th. Sir William Hanham¹ and Lt. Grierson (the last belongs to La Fausille's² regiment and is going with some draughts to Basingstoke) dined with us.

To-day Sir William Bennet's company was settled with the Duke's usual regard to justice. Ballard received a letter from him, that pursuant to his desire he had ordered Durnford³ to make him out a captain's commission. We were all infinitely mortified at it, except Ford who displayed a joy which laid open his true character, and Harrison and Thresher (whose junior Ballard is) seemed determined to resign. I wrote my father an account of what had happened and returned to supper to

¹ Sir William Hanham, Bt., of Dean's Court, Dorset, lieutenant-colonel of the Dorsetshire. He succeeded to the title in March 1762, and married Miss Lynch of Canterbury in June.

² Fausille's was the 66th.

³ Durnford was the agent, and was succeeded by Meyrick (see below, p. 98). In connection with getting recruits this year there is frequent mention of a Dr. Durnford, who is no doubt a different person.

the Greyhound with Sir Thomas, Thresher and Harrison. Talking over our affairs carried us to three o'clock in the morning. Just before the post went out Joyce desisted from his appeal and consented to receive his punishment.

In such a day it is almost needless to say I could do nothing except reading the *Enquiry* p. 158-216.

D. 11th. I rose late and felt the consequences of my debauch very severely all day. In the morning Sir Thomas asked us to supper, leaving out Ford, Atweek and Smith, Ballard was gone to Jonathan Pleydwell's. With much persuasion, Thresher and Harrison consented to stay with us, upon two conditions, the 1st of presenting a Memorial to the Secretary at War for the King, 2^d of forming a separate mess of the sound part of the Corps. I am to draw up the memorial and laws for our new society. We could not break from Sir Thomas before one in the morning. This day was as idle as the last.

12th. We had a field day. Officers but no powder. As I was a good deal out of order I only made them go thro' some evolutions, such as forming the battalion to the left, to the four different fronts etc. We could not go to Pleydwell's but sent Thresher, the two Harrisons, Lacey, Smith and Hall. Sir Thomas and I dined with Ballard and Ford, the one timidly dejected, the other gloomily furious. I wrote in the evening another long letter to my father, and went to bed early. Thus too was this day lost.

13th. Ballard went to London to settle things for our new cloathing. We were to have dined with Williams, but excused ourselves on account of busi-

ness and the Court Martial. I drew up a set of laws but we agreed it was better Harrison should meet us at Reading and talk to Harvey and other friends about the Memorial.¹ I read the VIIIth Book of the Iliad v. 40-561 the end.

14th. In the morning I reviewed the whole VIIIth Book of the Iliad, went thro' the *Racines Grecques* 48-52, and finished the Enquiry p. 216-335. Sir Thomas and I had a conference with Harrison and Thresher immediately after dinner; but they seemed a good deal altered; violent passion and a resolution to resign at all events. At last we brought them to this: Harrison when at Reading should abide by the opinion of our friends and act in consequence of it, both for himself and Thresher. About six in the evening we set out for Salisbury and got late to the three Lyons. Brander (upon our sending) came up to sup with us. He talks of a memorial, but not of resigning.

15th. I saw Oswald's green hunters on the parade, men and discipline equally bad. Their right and left hand companies drew up two deep. We then continued our journey and passing through Andover, Whitchurch, Overton, Basingstoke (at which last place we dined and saw Lt Grierson with his draughts) arrived at Reading about 7 in the Evening. We were the first members: about 9 came down Harvey with Gould; by his desire all the members supped together and were very merry. I heard a good deal of the affair but shall wait till I am more accurately acquainted with it.

16th. We sat at nine in the morning at the Assembly Room. The Court consisted of eight Field Officers and as many Captains from eight

¹ William Harvey, colonel of one of the Essex battalions.

different Corps. The following are their names, rank and regiments.

Colonel Harvey, W. Essex, President.

Lt Col. Duke, 2d Batt. Devon	MEMBERS.	Lt. Col. Sir T. Worsley, S. H.
Lt Col. Bulloch, E. Essex		Lt Col. Lord Tracy, N. Gloust.
Lt Col. Brocas, N. Hamp.		Lt Col. Wilkes, ¹ Bucking.
Major Buller, Cornwall,		Capt. Bush, N. Gloust.
Capt. Hunt, W. Essex	MEMBERS.	Capt. Alexander, W. Essex
Capt. Fell, E. Essex		Capt. Lowndes, Bucking.
Capt. Goddard, N. Hamp.		Capt. Gibbon, S. Hamp.
Capt. Borlase, Cornwall.		

The charge delivered against Lt. Col. Dodd was for having behaved in a manner unbecoming an Officer and a Gentleman divided into these three points :

- 1st. For having published a paper to the prejudice of Capt. Prade's character and subscribing it with the names of several officers of the corps without their consent and privity.

¹ John Wilkes. He was made colonel of the regiment in June 1762. But in May 1763 Temple was ordered to cancel his commission owing to his attacks on Bute, and was himself dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy two days later. See *Walpole* v. 323, and Trevelyan, *Early Life of C. J. Fox*.

2dly. For having misrepresented his character to Lord Vere and by that means prevented his having the Majority.

3dly. For having excited a confederacy against him among the officers of the Corps.

As the second charge was very distinct from the others we examined Lord Vere,¹ in relation to it.

It appears from his answer that he designed at first giving Prade the Majority, but was dissuaded from it by Vansittart chiefly and once by Dodd who on Lord Vere's asking his advice, mentioned Prade as no soldier and disagreeable to the Corps from his frequent quarrels.²

¹ Vere Beauclerk Baron Vere of Hanworth, Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire.

² Arthur Vansittart had been till recently lieut.-colonel, and John Dodd major. See Emma E. Thoyts' *History of the Royal Berkshire Militia*, Reading, 1897.

MY JOURNAL

PART III

APRIL 16th. The other two points (the 1st. and 3d.) were blended together and both related to an quarrel Capt. Prade had with Capt. Sexton of the same Corps at Winchester Camp 1760, in which many of the corps thought Prade had behaved very ill and wanted him to resign; this disposition Dodd was accused of having fomented and of showing to Vansittart a paper on which he set down several names of officers as for or against Prade. On these heads Vansittart was examined, this and the following day above five hours. The sum of his evidence was that Dodd had not fomented any animosity against Prade lately, but that he thought he had in Sexton's affairs.

17th. Prade, after having called several other witnesses, ended his charge. Dodd then delivered a paper to be read containing some very diffuse ill-expressed observations on Prade's evidence. He then produced the greatest part of the Berkshire officers, to prove that Dodd had not influenced their opinions as to Prade, that many notorious facts (or at least generally believed to be so) made them look upon Prade as a man of a bad character and a lover of quarrels, that in the affair of Sexton they were at first determined to write to Lord Vere, that they should resign if Prade did not; that Dodd dissuaded them from that step; that what quieted them at first and afterwards incensed them still more was a promise never complied with which Sr. Willoughby Aston, their Colonel gave them, that Prade should resign

within a month or six weeks ; and lastly, that in all these transactions Dodd never appeared to them to have behaved in a manner unbecoming an officer and a Gentleman, or against the rules of Military Discipline. Dodd observed as to the paper, that it only contained names with *for* or *against* affixed to them, that it was therefore without any meaning, unless he explained it, which he would do by saying that it was the names of Officers for or against Prade, which names he had their leave to set down. They all acknowledged he had.

Just before dinner Jemmy Worsley and Harrison came to us to consult about steps to be taken. Harvey who was spoke to, advised an application to Lord Bute, thro' Lord Caernarvan ; however, he expressed little hopes of success.

D. 18th. Sr Thomas, Major Buller, Fell, Hunt, Borlase, Jemmy, Harrison and myself made a very agreeable party to-day ; as it was Sunday and no business could be done. We spent the morning at Cliefden, the house ill-built and worse furnished. You go out from it on a terrace 25 feet high, as many broad and a hundred yards long. From it you command a most glorious prospect of the adjacent country, thro' which the Thames serpentine in a manner on purpose for this house. From the terrace you descend the sides of a hill which are laid out with elegance, and offer you at every turning prospects of another kind of beauty, less extensive but more distinctly pleasing. This place, which belongs to M^r O'Bryan by his wife, Lady Orkney, is very ill kept ;¹ the Duke of York talks of hiring

¹ Mary Countess of Orkney, daughter of the 4th Earl of Inchiquin, married her cousin, Murrough O'Bryan, afterwards 5th Earl of Inchiquin and 1st Marquess of Thomond and Baron Thomond of Taplow.

it. They ask him £200 a year, but it would require at least 140 more to keep the gardens in order. We went afterwards to dine at Marsh's at Maidenhead Bridge where we had a good dinner and a bottle of excellent claret each & so returned to Reading in the evening.

19th. Was the third and last day of our Court Martial; tho' Dodd continued his defence to-day, I threw most of it into the 17th; so shall only say that he closed it by a very virulent unmeaning speech, to which Prade replied with more fire than judgment. When the whole was finished we cleared the room to consider of the sentence; what it was I do not think my oath will allow me to set down till it is confirmed. Most of our members went away immediately after dinner. Upon the whole our meeting was an agreeable one. Harvey has good sense, good nature and entertainment. Wilkes has the last mentioned quality to a very high degree. Buller is a genteel, sensible man, and Gould a very clear head for business. I, in the evening wrote a letter to Lord Caernarvan, in Sir Thomas's name and by his desire.

20th. Hunt, Fell, Borlase, Harrison and myself agreed to take Windsor in our way to town. I saw the Castle with infinite pleasure, such an awful majesty in the old Gothic pile, and so many productions of the fine arts! The beauties are an agreeable collection; the picture gallery is a very bad room, but contains some fine pictures. That of the bargain between the two misers struck me particularly from the truth of character and exactness of representation. The Hall is very fine, and the triumph of the black prince pleases, both from the subject and execution. The cieling is chiefly painted by Verrio in a strain of very gross adulation

to Charles II. They are fine, but I think from their situation, an ungrateful species of magnificence. The prospect from the terrace is far more animated and extensive than that from Cliefden. After viewing Windsor we dined at Salt hill, and sitting pretty long at table, we did not get to town till 10 at night. We supped together at the Somerset Coffee-house and then separated. I lay at Pierrot's Bagnio.

21st. I saw Becket, who told me the translation of my book was finished and in D^r Maty's hands, desired I would take it down with me to examine it. I afterwards called on my Aunt Porten, and dined tête-à-tête with her, and then went to spend the Evening and sup with the Benazets,¹ where I met my uncle Porten.² Benazet has hopes of being Aid de Camp to Lord Effingham this summer.

22nd. I dined at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand with Borlase, Hunt and Harrison. Harrison had seen Penton, who appears dissatisfied at the Duke taking no notice of his application, nor even answering his letter. Lord Caernarvan is at Bath, Harrison must write to him; so that there remains hardly any hopes. After dinner I went to the Play, *The Mistake*. Garrick and M^{rs} Pritchard shine in it. I saw to-day Maty who gave me the translation and the Mallets who abused me for not writing and told me that Horace Walpole had sent me one of his books, *Anecdotes of Painting* in return for mine.

¹ Probably Claude Benezet, captain in the Horse Grenadiers; he married in 1761 Anne, daughter of Edward Allen, at one time acting British Envoy to the King of Naples. See *Record of Old Westminsters*.

² Stanier Porten was in the diplomatic service, and was at this time consul at Madrid. He was knighted in 1772, and died 1789. Gibbon at one time thought of adopting his daughter, and left the residue of his money to her and her brother.

23rd. I dined with Fell at his lodgings in New Bond Street. His wife is a very agreeable woman. He is a very mercantile character. Borlase (who is a pretty sensible young fellow) and Harrison were of the party. Hunt (who is a very honest stupid buck) sent his excuses. I went again to the play, '*the provoked wife*' Garrick, *Sir John Brute*.¹ In the morning I met Scot whom I consulted in relation to a design of improving myself in the Mathematics when I can find time.² He gave me some advice and promised to write to me more fully upon it.

24th. I waited upon Colonel Harvey in the morning, to get him to apply for me to be Brigade-Major to Lord Effingham, as a post I should be very fond of, and for which I am not unfit. Harvey received me with great good nature and candor, told me he was both willing and able to serve me, that indeed he had already applied to Lord Effingham for Leake, one of his own officers, and tho' there would be more than one Brigade-Major, he did not think he could properly recommend two ; but that if I could get some other person to break the ice, he would second it, and believed he should succeed. Should that fail as Leake was in bad circumstances, he believed he could make a compromise with him (this was my desire) to let me do the duty without

¹ Gibbon admired Mrs. Pritchard, and compared her favourably with Voltaire's fat and ugly niece for her ability in spite of advancing years to play the parts of the young and fair. She was born in 1711. See note above, p. 7.

² George Lewis Scott, an intimate friend of the Gibbons and an adviser in their affairs. He was a Commissioner of Excise, and at one time sub-preceptor to George III. when he was Prince of Wales. According to Boswell he was a friend of the poet Thomson when he was in London (see *Letters*, Tinker, p. 262). Several of his letters, including one on mathematical studies, will be found in *Misc. Wks.* 1814, II.

pay. I went from him to the Mallets, who promised to get S^r Charles Howard to speak to Lord Effingham.¹ I dined and supped with them.

D. 25th. I called on Harvey ; he was not up ; but I left a note acquainting him, that I was obliged to go out of town, and that I had applied to Sir Charles Howard, desiring him as soon as something was done to give me a line. From him I went to the King's Bench prison, where I had heard poor Patton had been sent for debt, to see whether I could not serve him.² He had been there but was discharged three weeks ago and was gone to Beriton. I dined at Mallet's, set out from thence at six in the Evening and lay at Stains.

26th. I continued my journey thro' Bagshot, Hartford Bridge, Basingstoke, Stockbridge and Salisbury and got to Blandford about 8 in the evening. We are very full of officers. The Major came the 24th. Only Ballard and Harrison absent. Upon the road I read great part of the 2nd volume of *d'Alembert's Melanges*, very sensible and well wrote.

27th. Upon talking to the Major, I found he was better reconciled to the Militia, and had neither sent the letter, nor taken any other steps abotu resigning. So that affair seemed over. S^r Thomas and I dined at M^r Ellis's with M^r and M^{rs} Bower. The place belongs to Julines Beckford, I gave its character the 21st of March this year. Ellis and his wife are very agreable easy people.

28th. We had a field day ; Officers but no powder. I had no manual nor anything new. The

¹ Sir Charles Howard, d. 1765, 2nd son of the 3rd Earl of Carlisle, colonel of the 19th Foot, the Green Howards.

² One of Mrs. Gibbon's brothers.

men did very well. McCombe behaved very oddly to-day.¹ In the morning he took his spontoon and insisted upon taking post. I told him to do as he had a mind, that I neither ordered nor forbid him to do it. He hesitated and desisted. At noon he came to S^r Thomas, told him he would make no further disputes, or insist about taking post, that anybody might exercise the Battalion, and that he should take M^r Stanley's advice and set down easy with his pay.

29th. I received a letter from the Judge Advocate, that our sentence was confirmed by the King. It was acquitting Lt. Col. Dodd with honour of the charge against him. Upon talking with the Major about Harvey's money affair, I find that fellow will not keep his word, or deliver up the money without an order from Chancery. I lose a £100 a year by this, but that is not a sort of misfortune I am very sensible to. I was a good deal out of order with a cold, & did nothing but read the *Bibliothèques des Sciences et des Beaux Arts*, for October, November, and December, 1761. I found in it an extract of my Essay: they speak very highly of it, and prophecy great things of me, p. 368-380.

30th. I read the IXth book of the Iliad 1-306. M^r Porteman, Ellis, Bower and M^r Wickham, an Oxfordshire gentleman, dined with us. Ballard

¹ On 17th February McCombe had agreed to act as adjutant in the field under a captain in command. But on this occasion he clearly intended to take the parade. The spontoon or esponton was a short halberd carried by officers. In the ordinary way the adjutant would have been on horseback with the major, and would not then have had his esponton. All the officers on foot would have their espontons, which they carried point downwards. It is especially enjoined that they are to have them in their hands when they exercise the battalion or any part of it. Presumably they then carried them in a different position. See *Bland*, pp. 13, 15, and 16.

came down from London, where he had settled everything about the cloathing. The Battalion was without officers, my cold preventing me from exercising them.

MAY 1762

BLANDFORD

May the 1st. Ballard showed his Commission to Sr Thomas and was put in orders ; so that I am now become first Captain.

D. 2^d. I read the IX Book of the Iliad, v. 306-542. Today we dined at Porteman's ; a very good dinner and only a little too much wine. We had a meeting of the Captains to-day, when it was unanimously resolved to displace Ballard and appoint Lacy Paymaster in his room.

3^d. I read of the Iliad, Lib. IX v. 542-709, the end and reviewed the first hundred lines of it. All the different patterns of the Cloathing which Ballard had ordered in London came down, and appear extremely good. In the evening I wrote a long letter to Lord Caernarvan by Sir Thomas's desire and in his name to engage him (instead of a Memorial which he recommends) to write himself to Lord Bute. How much time do I lose in these silly affairs ! I also wrote to Mallet to know what had been done in relation to the post of Brigade Major.

4th. Sir Thomas went home this morning to Pilewell with Bower. I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the IXth Book of the Iliad and read Book the Xth 1-7.

5th. Bad weather prevented me from having a field Day this morning ; but in return it was very

favorable to the Muses. I read the Xth Book of the Iliad v. 70-579 and reviewed the whole Book. D^r Golding Warden of Winchester and M^r Harris of Wimmering, one of the fellows going their progress to the estates the College has in the West, came to lye here.¹ My father and myself supped with them at the Greyhound. I still think the sensible the ingenious D^r Golding (as he is commonly called) a very awkward stupid fellow.

6th. I read the Æneid, L. IX. v. 126-502, in order to compare the story of Nisus and Euryalus related in it, with the night adventure in the Iliad. They have both beauties, but of a different kind. By his strong characters, and lively descriptions, Homer speaks powerfully to the curiosity and imagination of the reader. The amiable manners, tender friendship, and unhappy fate of Virgil's heroes, are truly pathetic, and make the deepest impression on the heart. I likewise read the XIth book of the Iliad, v. 1-542. As I go on with Homer, he becomes much easier to me: I am master of a greater stock of words, the turn of his style, his dialects, and his poetical licences, are become more familiar to me.

7th. We had a very good field day with officers. I never saw the Battalion do anything better than marching in battalion slow time down the hill, and halting to fire by subdivisions every ten or twelve paces. We tryed a new thing of my invention; firing six deep. When you are marching in battalion, the four center sub-divisions advance out, the two upon each flank incline inwards and form in their rear, the Grenadiers dress upon the right and left with the front subdivisions. On the preparative

¹ Dr. Golding was Warden 1757-63.

the Grenadiers make ready ; when they fire, the two right hand subdivisions make ready, that is to say ; the rear subdivisions make ready three ranks standing, and the front subdivision comes down, the three ranks as front rank. The moment the rear has fired, the front subdivision (except the front rank) rises. The two left hand subdivisions make ready in the same manner when the second subdivision of Grenadiers fires. In a word, each of the four front and rear subdivisions makes ready when the front subdivision upon their right or left fires. The order of firing, is, the Grenadiers, the rear subdivisions on the flanks, the front subdivisions on the flanks, rear subdivisions in the center, front subdivisions in the center. The battalion is formed again in the same manner as from the single column. I read to-day the XIth Book of the Iliad, v. 542-847 the end. In the evening Williams and Thresher came over from Dorchester to sup with us.

8th. Thresher left us, I am afraid, determined never to come again. This was the first day of the summer and the pleasure of rambling about that fine Cliff of Porteman's engaged me almost all the morning and prevented my doing any more than reviewing the first four hundred and fifty lines of the XIth Book of the Iliad.

This was my birthday, on which I entered into the 26th year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this enquiry, that my Character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones ; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according

to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing. My memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration ; but I want both quickness and exactness. As to my situation in life, tho' I may sometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the best adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniences of life, and I can command too that independence, (that first earthly blessing,) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my situation, I must exclude that temporary one, of being in the Militia. Tho' I go thro' it with spirit and application, it is both unfit for, and unworthy of me.

D. 9th. I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the XIth Book of the Iliad, and read the XIIth v. 1-309. I likewise consulted Meziriac's Ovid, Tom. i. p. 171-179, in relation to the omens from the flight of birds, in order to understand the speech of Hector to Polydamus. From the materials Meziriac laid before me, I conceived a much clearer notion of the subject than he had himself. I dined at Porteman's with my father and some few of the Corps.

10th. I received a letter from M^r Scott, in which, according to his promise, he lays down for me a course of studies, both in the pure and mixed Mathematics ; pointing out the merit and defects of the principal writers in every branch of them. I can hardly put any of his directions in practice before next winter. I read, to-day, of the Iliad, L. XII. v. 309-471, the end, reviewing the whole XIIth book ; and read L. XIII. v. 1-273.

11th. Read the Iliad, L. XIII. v. 273-837, the

end, and reviewed the first five hundred lines of that book.

12th. I reviewed the remaining three hundred & forty lines of the XIIIth Book of the Iliad and read the XIVth, v. 1-108. My diligence today was much inferior to the preceeding ones.

13th. I did nothing in the literary way. My father and I dined with M^r Edmund Pleydwell at Mibourne, between this and Dorchester, where we met young Porteman by appointment. Pleydwell's house is an old venerable structure, and as he did not chuse to build a new one, I think he showed taste in preserving the old chimneys and windows, suiting his new ornaments to the antique style, and not making a ridiculous mixture. His park is prettily laid out, but I think to make a fine lawn, he has thinned his trees too much and left himself hardly any shelter. He is a very good natured Country gentleman, affable to everybody, indifferent as to his company, and ready to do whatever they please. In a word, a most excellent candidate for a County. His wife is a little ill-natured thing that seems to torment him continually.

14th. I received from London two Volumes of *Memoires Militaires sur les Grecs et sur les Romains, par M. Guichardt*. The author, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian Service, proposes to correct the numerous mistakes of the Chevalier de Folard, and to explain the principal military actions of the ancients according to their best historians, and the true principles of their Tactics. This book drew me away for some time from Homer, I read, but in a cursory manner, the first volume. Porteman and his friend Parson

Hawker dined with us, and Lt. Briggs of the Wiltshire supped with us.

15th. I read, but in the same cursory manner, the 2.^d volume of *Guichardt's Memoires*.

D. 16th. I began to read the *Memoires Militaires* a second time ; but with more attention. I read the preface, which is very judicious, and the four first chapters. The first is on the Blockade of Agrigentum by the Romans in the first Punick war, and gives a clear idea of the superior advantages of the Roman intrenchments above our modern lines. The second is the Battle of Tunis, between Regulus and Xantippus. Folard explaining Polybius blames Regulus for the only thing his author had commended him for. The third is the battle of Macar, where the amazing manœuvres of Amilcar are displayed with great precision. The fourth, on the battle of the Adda, is a compleat treatise on the Roman legion, very satisfactory as to the times of Polybius ; very little so as to those of Cæsar.

M^{rs} Gibbon came from Beriton by M^{rs} Porteman's invitation who had asked her to come to stay at Bryanstone. I can't express the pleasure I had at seeing her, I love her as a companion, a friend, and a mother.

17th. I read the Vth, VIth, VIIth, & VIIIth chapters of the *Memoires*. The Vth is the Combat of the Ticinum ; many good remarks on the ancient cavallery : the VIth is the Battle of Trebia ; the Author illustrates still further the way of drawing up the Legion, and explains the several manœuvres of the two armies very clearly : the VIIth is a very insignification affair at Gerunium, but the VIIIth is the Battle of Cannæ, the masterpiece of Hannibal, of Polybius, and, perhaps, of M^r Guichardt. The

columns of Folard, and the impracticable manœuvres of the Gauls disappear, and the art of Hannibal appears refined, but rational. My father not being well to-day, M^{rs} Gibbon did not go up to Bryanstone. In the evening arrived a new officer, Ensign Thomas Sheppard from Winchester. As our subalterns are now, this is saying enough of any of them.

18th. I read the IXth, Xth, XIth, and XIIth chapters of the Memoires. 9th, a very insignificant affair at Caphyæ, between the weak Aratus and some Æolian freebooters, 10th, the battle of Mantinea, between Machanidas and Philopœmen, small numbers and refined art on both sides. 11th, the battle between Scipio and Asdrubal in Spain. M^r Folard's columns, generally ideal, were really employed by Scipio in a superior manner. 12th, the battle of Zama; the merit of the Generals, tho' great, being equal, left the victory to the bravest troops.

19th. The Battalion was out, Officers but no powder. It was the worst field day we had had a good while, the men were very unsteady, the officers very inattentive and I myself made several mistakes. My father and I were invited to dine with Williams, but as it was so far off (17 miles) we excused ourselves. My father and M^{rs} Gibbon went up to Bryanstone.

I read the XIIIth, XIVth, XVth, and XVIth chapters of the Memoires. 13th, the battle of Cynocephalæ. Philip had formed a good plan, but did not know how to alter it, tho' he might have gained the victory. 14th, the battle of the Granicus Alexander's impetuosity seems directed by more military skill than is commonly thought. the 15th,

the Battle of Arbela, a compleat practical lecture on the art of war ; but are we entitled for that lecture to Alexander or to Arrian ? the 16th, the blockade of Alesia : M^r Guichardt does honor to Cæsar by diminishing the extent and number of his works : we can now both understand and believe them.

20th. The corps was asked to dine at Bryanstone, but my father being taken worse it was put off to the next day.

I began the 2^d Volume of the Memoires, and read the Dissertation upon the attack and defence of places by the anciens ; very clear and accurate. Their real methods are well described, and M^r Guichardt proves, against the Chevalier de Folard, that they knew nothing of the modern trenches.

21st. We all dined at Bryanstone. We had a field day in the morning which made amends for the last, as both Officers and men did very well but nothing new.

I read in the Memoires the translation of the Military institutions of Onozander, full of that commonplace sense which every one can write, and no one can deny.

22^d. I read the Tactics of Arrian, translated in the Memoires. They are very curious and exact, and give a very clear notion of the nature, arms, and discipline of the Phalanx ; but it is very odd Arrian should rather compile these tactics from Greek writers, than write from his own knowledge an account of the Roman legions, which he had himself seen and commanded.

23rd. I dined at Bryanstone. Sir Simeon Stuart came to Blandford, partly upon his own business, and partly to meet Sir Thomas, whom he

imagined was at quarters. He dined and supped with the corps.

I read the Analysis of Cæsar's campaign in Africa. Every motion of that great general is laid open with a critical sagacity. A compleat military history of his Campaigns would do almost as much honor to M^r. Guichardt as to Cæsar. This finished the Memoires, which gave me a much clearer notion of ancient tactics than I ever had before. Indeed, my own military knowledge was of some service to me, as I 'am well acquainted with the modern discipline and exercise of a battalion. So that tho' much inferior to M. Folard and M. Guichardt, who had seen service, I am a much better judge than Salmasius, Casaubon, or Lipsius ; mere scholars, who perhaps had never seen a battalion under arms.

24th. My father was called away to Portsmouth to vote for a surveyor of the turnpike. I took that opportunity of seeing Beriton. We were besides to attend at a general meeting at Winchester. We sat out in the evening and lay at Salisbury, where we saw the Green Hunters return from exercise. They went to the right about with three flams and were dismissed with shouldered arms.

25th. We went from Salisbury to Winchester where we assisted at a general meeting of the Deputy Lieutenants. There were present : S^r. Richard Mill, S^r. Thomas Heathcote, Colonel Cope, Lt. Col. Brocas, Major Dacre, Captain Goddard, M^r. Bargus, my father and myself to settle things about raising the new men as most of their times are out in the summer. After some debate we determined to have new lists and to appoint four subdivision meetings throughout the County. We dined with the North who behaved very civilly

to us. In the afternoon we separated. I set out for Beriton where I arrived about nine in the Evening. My father lay at Winchester and went the next day to Portsmouth.

May 26th. I rose early and went into the Library where amongst a number of enquiries relative to my present studies, I read the Chevalier de Folard's¹ Supplement to his Polybius, v. Le Polybe de Folard, Tom. vii. p. 1-42. It shews the man of Genius in every line; it consists chiefly of curious anecdotes, mistaken quotations, and whimsically ingenious observations. I likewise read the third letter of *Les Sentimens d'un homme de Guerre*, in the same volume, p. 208-235. This homme de guerre was M. de Savornin, Major-General in the Dutch Service. He is certainly in the right that the Romans in general, and Cæsar at Pharsalia in particular, drew up their troops in three lines; but he has a most minute, heavy, and perplexed way of writing. I discovered a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, L. 1. C. 83, which is the key of the tactics of his age. Had M. Guichardt known of it, he might have avoided several mistakes.

When I had dined after taking leave of Patton whom I left abed, I set out for Portsmouth where I found my father, who had carried his election. I supped and lay there.

27th. In the morning my father and I crossed the water to Gosport and continuing our journey through Titchfield, Botteley, Rumsey

¹ J. C. de Folard, 1669-1752, contributed notes to Polybius with such strictures on contemporaries that the work had to be completed in Holland. He assailed Savornin fiercely, to the title of whose work '*sur le nouveau système de Folard*' should be added. See Cæsar, *Bell. Civ.* 1. 83.

(where we saw Godfrey) Salisbury (where we met M^r Barton) we arrived at Blandford at ten at night having been retarded by an accident. We found S^t Thomas at quarters, (I believe he came the 26th.) and Ensign Talmidge, a new officer of Ballard's finding out.

28th. Was spent very disagreeably. Sir Thomas is determined to go to Spa, and only came to settle things before his departure. So that I was entertained the whole day with a long detail of sensible schemes he will never execute and schemes he will execute which are highly ridiculous.

29th. We were all mortified with a route. It was for Southampton and probably for the Forton duty, as it is usually done from that place. I immediately went up to Bryanstone to acquaint my father with it. M^r Porteman and his mother expressed great regret at it, and indeed our acquaintance with that family was the more to be valued as it seldom can be expected. She is a very good sort of woman. As to him, his good qualities, good nature, generosity and honor are his own, his faults, ignorance, and quickness of temper belong to his education, which was that of a spoilt child heir to six thousand a year. It is only to be feared that his love of fox hunting, hatred to London, and constant court of dependant persons, may in time reduce him to the contemptible character of a meer country squire. His place (on which and the House) his father laid out £25000 is delightfull. His cliff is the side of a hill about a mile long laid out with great taste, cut out into a thousand walks, planted with great variety, and a river running at the bottom. The house is large and well fitted up, but inconvenient and ill-furnished. The prospects beautifull

but confined. The other gentlemen of the County, though not so intimate with us as Porteman, behaved with great civility to us. As to the men, they too found the quarters cheap, and pleasant, tho' they were crowded for room. They were sickly, but that was rather to be imputed to the season than to the place. I think, upon the whole, the Battalion gained very much this winter and spring, particularly as to steadiness in the men and knowledge in the Officers; this last was owing to their taking post so often. I dined with Porteman to-day.

30th. I dined with Porteman again and we settled a party for the next day; after dinner, I came down to Blandford to settle everything and take leave of Sir Thomas and then went up to Bryanstone, where I lay.

31st. M^r and M^{rs} Porteman, young Chafin, the Clergyman, my father, M^{rs} Gibbon and myself set out one way, the Battalion marched under Captain Eyer's command to Winbourn, and Sir Thomas went up to London. We first drove to Lord Shaftesbury's, as fine as a flat well can be, the winding river is beautifull, tho' the Chinese bridge is criticised as too high and too near one end of it. The house appears excessively large but very irregular. We did not see the inside. His Lordship came out to ask us in, but the invitation was so faint that we declined it. One of the great artificial beauties here is the Grotto, containing a vast variety of curious shells, disposed with great taste. From this place to M^r Sturt's, where we saw a artificial piece of water of two hundred acres, and an elegant turret a hundred and forty foot high; but such is the character of the man, that he keeps his place in no order, sells his fish and makes a

granary of his turret. From thence we drove to a pretty little place of M^r Fitch's, M^{rs} Porteman's brother. There we eat a very agreeable cold dinner at a seat in the garden just by a Cascade, and after we had passed a most agreeable day, they set us down at Winbourne and carried M^{rs} Gibbon back to Bryanstone.

Before I left Blandford I finished the first six Volumes of *Fontenelle*, which contain '*toute la force et toute la fleur de son esprit*.' I read them in my leisure hours with great pleasure, particularly *les Mondes*, *histoire du Theatre François*, &c. and the *Eloges des Academiciens*. The *Histoire des Oracles*, tho' excellent, is somewhat superficial. The Dialogues of the dead are (if I may speak French) *une debauché de raisonnement*, as the *Lettres du Chevalier D'Her . . . une debauché d'esprit et de galanterie*. I acknowledge all the defects of the Eclogues, but some of them are charming. I resolved to substitute for my leisure hours the *Bibliothèques of Le Clerc*, as an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction, and accordingly began with the first Volume of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.

JUNE 1762

RINGWOOD

June 1st. We marched from Winbourne to Ringwood, but I cannot say this was the most regular march we ever made. Indeed, the circumstances both of time and of place were very unfavorable to discipline. Perkins company was at home, Sir Thomas's very near it; besides the men had got a notion that as their time was almost out,

they should be punished for nothing. These disadvantages would have required all the care and severity of their officers to correct, but instead of that Ford gave 32 of his company leave of absence without the knowledge of the Commanding Officer.

2d. We marched from Ringwood about twelve last night to avoid the heat, and got into Southampton about seven in the morning, just as the Cornish were marching out. When I say we, I mean the Corps ; my father and I saw them march off, then went to bed and followed them in a post chaise about nine in the morning. We had some faint hopes of escaping the Forton duty, but on our arrival, we found an order to despatch two hundred and fifty men with commissioned and Non-Commissioned officers in proportion to relieve the Cornish at Forton and Fareham.

3d. Colonel Molesworth of the Cornish very obligingly offered to excuse us the duty till Monday, but as we had our old cloathing and no acoutrements (those of the Grenadiers were altering) we did not care to parade at Southampton on the King's birthday, for which reason we desired to go on duty the next day.

The Subalterns that go are, Lieutenants Ford, Lacy and Smith, Ensigns Atweek, Harrison, Hall, Shephard and Talmidge. Only Ballard and McCombe remain at Headquarters, which indeed are almost a farce as there is hardly men left to guard the colours ; for upon parading to make out the guard, we found that tho' we returned 350 effectives, the accountable and unaccountable deductions to which a battalion is liable, reduced us barely to the number of the Detachment. As to the Captain, Perkins is to

go. I excused myself from that disagreeable duty by two reasons, the 1st that as Captain of Grenadiers I did no duty upon detachment, and 2^d that my general Court Martial ought to excuse me since they were so uncommon that it would be very hard to make a separate Roster of them. However, Perkins made us very uneasy by not coming till eleven at night.

4th. The detachment went off early in the morning. My father and I resolved to go by water to Portsmouth. We set out by eleven and had a pleasant but slow passage, for we did not land before six in the evening. After stopping a few minutes at Portsmouth we took a post chaise and arrived at Beriton. Ολιγη δε τ'αναπνευσις πολεμοιο.

5th. Examining books in relation to my studies took up best part of the morning, and walking and lounging consumed the afternoon.

6th. Harrison and the Attorney Horner of Alton came over to dine with us, as did Hugonin and M^r Barton.

I formed a design, (but I doubt whether I shall find time to execute it,) to give part of my day to Homer and part to Quintilian, that is, to unite the exemple and the precept. Accordingly I began with Quintilian, in Burman's edition, read his article in Bayle's dictionnary, the preface of Burman; Burman was a mere Critic, without being (in my opinion a good one,) since a good Critic must reason well; and Burman never could reason at all. I begun likewise the *Annales Quintilianei* of Dodwell, and read c. 1-3.

7th. I continued the Annals, and read c. 3-20.

8th. I read the Annals, c. 20-47, which (including the *Synopsis Chronologica*) finished the treatise.

Dodwell's learning was immense ; In this part of history especially, (that of the Upper Empire,) the most minute fact or passage could not escape him, and his skill in employing them is equal to his learning. The worst of this author is his method and style ; the one perplexed beyond imagination, the other negligent to a degree of Barbarism.

9th. I read of the Iliad, L. XIV. v. 1-522, the end. It required all the eclat of Homer's poetry to reconcile us to Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep. To-day I received a letter of two sheets from my friend d'Eyverdun. I had never forgot him but was afraid he had me. He tells me he is now at Schewdt, a little town on the Oder, the residence of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Schewdt, as governor to one of the sons of Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, a Prussian General who had married a daughter of the Margrave. He gives me an account of his situation and way of thinking, and wishes he had accepted my offer of coming to England. He has read my book, is pleased with it in general, but makes some very sensible remarks upon it. I shall answer his letter very soon, but that is a poor correspondence. D'Eyverdun from his character and way of thinking is the only friend I ever had who deserved that name. I wish I could find out any scheme of our living together, but I am afraid it is impossible in my present state of dependance. In the evening M^{rs} Gibbon came to Beriton from Bryanstone.

10th. I reviewed the XIVth Book of the Iliad, and read the XVth, v. 1-220. The Scene of Jupiter and Neptune pleases me infinitely ; besides the natural greatness of the action and actors heightened by a most spirited narration, it gives a clearer idea

of the Greek Polytheism than the laborious researches of half our modern critics and divines.

11th. I read the XVth book of the Iliad, v. 220-746, the end. The remainder of this book is a continued and not very interesting battle. What distinguishes it chiefly, are some of the finest similies I have yet met with in the Iliad ; and a variety of short speeches, of a truly spirited and military eloquence.

June 12th. I reviewed the XVth Book of the Iliad. Miss Page and Miss Fanny Page dined with us, the eldest is that dangerous female character called a wit. Fanny is quite the reverse, a pretty, meek (but I am afraid) insipid Girl. She has been talked of for me, but tho' she will have a noble fortune, I must have a wife I can speak to.

D. 13th. I read the XVIth Book of the Iliad v. 1-113. At breakfast Harrison came over and went to Church with us. He is to stay three or four days.

14th. My father, Harrison and I went to see our Detachment at Forton. On our way to Portsmouth we overtook a young regiment, the Queen's Rangers, who were to embark for Belleisle. They marched in very good order, and considering circumstances were very tolerable men. Their Grenadier company indeed was but indifferent. From Portsmouth we crossed over to Forton. It was formerly an hospital for the Marines, but is now converted into a French Prison. It is very irregular and its great security proceeds from its weakness. What I mean is that the walls are so slight that it is hardly possible for the prisoners to work at them without being overheard by the sentrys ; of whom there is a great number, for the

whole detachment (a subaltern and forty five men are detached to Fareham) is divided into a Guard, picket and reserve ; so that every man is two nights on the reserve, one on the picket and one on the guard. When on the guard they are two hours on sentry and two hours off. The house where the Officers live, is in the prison ; decent but not pleasant. After dinner we saw the prisoners mustered. They are about two thousand in number. Notwithstanding the hurry of the day, I wrote a note on p. 30 of my *Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature* containing a passage of Florus and another of Propertius with observations on the latter.

15th. I could do nothing at all, civility, (tho' we were intimate,) would not let me leave Harrison, so that I was forced to lounge about with him all day ; and tho' Harrison is a young man of honor, and good nature, yet when our common topicks about the Battalion are exhausted, he has not sufficient acquaintance either with books or the world to find any other.

16th. Was an exact copy of the preceeding day.

17th. Harrison rode out with my father so that I had some moments to myself.

I finished the first volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque Universelle*. I shall just mention the most curious books that are abstracted in it. *Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ*, Amsterdam, 1686, p. 1-29, and 121-166, Curious and instructive. *Temporum Mythicorum Historia*, p. 245-280. I believe le Clerc himself is the author. It is an ingenious application of a common principle, viz. that the Heroic fables are only the Phœnician history corrupted, and their language misunderstood. *Clementis Galani Historia*

Armena Coloniae, 1686, a true Missionary's account, full of curious facts and religious prejudices. *Light-footi Opera omnia, Roterodami, 1686*. A Classical author on a subject very little so. Lightfoot, by constant reading of the Rabbies, was almost become a Rabbin himself. Harrison left us in the evening.

18th. After a long expectation I received a letter from Sir Thomas. He was got to Dover where the fourteenth regiment was still, and proposed embarking the next day.

19th. I read the XVIth book of the Iliad, v. 113-367, the end, and wrote a note on p. 79 of my *Essai*, containing some instances of the number, rarity, and variety of the Animals produced in the Amphitheatre of Rome, and taken from the writers of the Augustan history, with the remarks of Casaubon and Salmasius.

After dinner, my father and I went to Petersfield where we met D^r Durnford, and held our first Sub-division meeting to receive the lists. We came home about ten a Clock. I was excessively tired with the business and the company.

D. 20th. I did not rise early, and did nothing, but hear a most excellent sermon preached by M^r Barton. Brown Langrish, and M^r Barton and Heartfee dined with us.

21st. My father went to the Visitation at Wickam.

I reviewed the first hundred lines of the 16th Book of the Iliad. The fierceness and anger of Achilles softened by Friendship, the mild, amiable and yet spirited character of Patroclus are admirably described and contrasted. Homer never shines more than in these moral pictures.

22nd. My father went to Havant fair.

I reviewed the remaining seven hundred and fifty lines of the XVth Book of the Iliad. The description of the arms, leaders, &c. Achilles's speech to them, and his prayer, are solemn, and fill the mind with great ideas & expectations. They are fulfilled. Of all the heroes that fall throughout the Iliad, I pity none so much as Sarpedon ; he was as amiable a Character as Patroclus, and a much greater one. I read the XVIIth Book, v. 1-105. I likewise, to understand L. XVI, v. 294, consulted *Strabo*, L. VII. p. 327, 28 ; a memoir of M. de la Nauze, *Mem. de Litterature*, Tom. vii. p. 154-157 ; and one of M^r. Hardion, *Mem. de Littérature*, Tom. III. p. 138-141. Strabo is far from intelligible ; the two Frenchmen only treat their subject incidentally, and were misled by their erroneous, confined notion of the *Pelasgi*. However, from these and my own reflections, I formed a pretty clear idea of *Dodona* and the *Selli*.

23rd. I read the XVIIth Book of the Iliad v. 105-505. My father and I went to dine with Sir John Millar at Lavant and compliment Tom Millar upon his marriage. He has got the daughter and heiress of a Norwich weaver ; a great fortune, some talk of £40,000.¹ I hope that is not so much magnified as was her beauty. She was said to be very handsome, but I think is far from being so. She has coarse features and a very awkward manner. They give her likewise a very amiable and exalted character, which I think seems founded upon facts. M^r. Dormer dined with us and Sir Matthew and Lady Fetherston made an afternoon visit.

¹ 'June. Tho. Miller Esq. ;—to Miss Black of Norwich, 40,000*l*.—*Gent. Mag.*, 1762.

24th. A slight cold and queerness prevented my doing anything to-day but finishing the 2d. volume of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. I must defer the sequel till I have gone through some new journals I have just received.

This volume contains, p. 20-51, *P. Limborchi Theologia Christiana, Amstelod. 1686*; moderate and judicious, the general character of the Arminian Divines.—*Petri Petiti de Sybillâ, Libri tres, Lips. 1686*, p. 120-140. a strange mixture of learning and Credulity.—P. 154-184, *Historia Genevrina, par Gregorio Leti*. Leti is a most agreeable Historian, a little more regard to truth and exactness would have made him an instructive one.—*Life and Letters of Archbishop Usher, London, 1686*, p. 220-262. Accurate, as written by his Chaplain; but this Chaplain is both too long and too short.—*Méthode de dresser des Recueils communiquée par M. Locke*, p. 315-340.—The exactness and perspicuity of that great man are seen in that trifle.—*Description de l'Afrique traduite du Flamand, par M. Dapper*, p. 340-386. Very curious.—*Contra Aristew historiam de LXX Interpretibus Dissertatio, par Hum. Hody. Oxon 1685*; and *Isaac Vossii Observationum in Pomponium Melam Appendix, Lond. 1686*, p. 386-416. I think after having read these two disputants, that the question is far more perplexed than before.

25th. I read the XVIIth Book of the Iliad, v. 505-761, the end, and reviewed the first two hundred and fifty lines of it. The amiable Character of Patroclus had made every reader his friend whilst alive, and we interest ourselves in the fate of his remains, which are so obstinately disputed.

In the evening my father and I rode over to Alton and supped with Harrison.

26th. We held our 1st Subdivision meeting at Alton. We began late, S^r Simeon Stuart, who was our third Deputy Lieutenant, did not come till past one nor M^r Draper till two. We had no disturbances but a great deal of trouble. The present act exempts all poor men who have three Children and Alton is full of poor weavers and I think the most prolific town I ever knew. We had not finished before nine at night. S^r Simeon pressed us to go over to Hartley which we declined.

27th. We breakfasted with Horner, and from thence took a Chaise to the top of Stoner Hill, walked down the hill, and there mounted our horses and rode home thro' one of the hottest days I ever knew. In the evening I received a letter from Sir Thomas, who is got safe to Spa.

28th. I finished the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et des Beaux Arts*, for January, February, and March 1762. It contains *Œuvres du Chancelier d'Aguesseau, Paris, 1761*, p. 1-20. They breathe a noble spirit of eloquence and virtue.—*Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ, cum Notis varior. par Henric. Verheyk. Lugd. Bat. 1762*, p. 88-100. Superior to all other editions, even to that of Havercamp.—*Zimmermanni Opera Theologica et Philosophica*, p. 154-181. Moderate and sensible.

29th. I reviewed the Remaining five hundred lines of the XVIIth Book of the Iliad. It is a continued battle, but is yet very interesting, from the unity and importance of the action, the various turns of fortune, and the equality of the two parties ; the one depending on their natural courage, the other on the protection of Jupiter. I am particularly pleased with the sorrow of Achilles's horses, & the reflexion of Jupiter, v. 426, &c. I likewise read the



BURITON OLD MANOR HOUSE

XVIIIth book, v. 1-238, and consulted some remarks of *M. Galland, Hist. de l'Academ. des Belles Lettres*, Tom. i. p. 104-108, on the trumpets of the Ancients in relation to v. 219 of this book. My father went to Havant about some turnpike business.

30th. I read the XVIIIth Book of the Iliad, v. 238-478.

JULY 1762

BERITON

1st. I read the XVIIIth Book of the Iliad, v. 478-616, the end.

I was very much disposed for study but by one of those interruptions you are liable to in the Country, I was called down about half an hour after eight in the Morning to M^r. Page; he breakfasted, dined and spent the day with us, and as my father rode out I was obliged to attend him. He might be tolerable if he did not mistake solemnity for dignity, gravity for wisdom and a cautious reserve on the only subject he is qualified to talk, for ministerial prudence.

2^d. I reviewed the whole XVIIIth Book of the Iliad. Homer is never more thoroughly awake: the first part of it shews him a perfect master of the tender passions. Achilles receives the news of the death of Patroclus, with a mixture of fury and tenderness suitable to his character. We begin to love him; and the very excess of his rage, tho' terrible, pleases us, because it is only directed against the murderer of his friend. The second part, or the description of the shield, is a fine landscape. I read the Description of the Shield of

Æneas in Virgil, L. VIII. v. 369-454, and 597-731. Virgil's description is the finer piece of poetry; Homer's, the juster representation of a work of art. I read, with the same view, some remarks of the *Abbé Fraguier* on the origine of painting. *Hist. de l'Academie des Belles Lettres*, Tom. i. p. 75-89. elegant and instructive, but somewhat vague. I likewise read the whole XIXth Book of the Iliad, v. 1-424, the end, and consulted *Potter's Archæologia Graeca*, vol. i. p. 246-261, in relation to the ceremonies observed by the ancients in their oaths. I also finished, to-day, the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Memoires de Trevoux* for December, 1761. They contain little more than *De Inscriptione quâdam Ægyptiacâ Taurini Inventâ Decembre*, p. 334-345. M^r Needham pretended these Ægyptian letters were the same as the old chinese characters. The similitude is here contested.—*Observations sur les Systèmes des P.P. Hardouin et Berruyer*. The object is to prove, the society always disapproved the visions of those two writers. There is much artifice, and some curious anecdotes, in these Observations. I believe the Jesuits were innocent in this respect.

3rd. I could do nothing, as I was taken with a violent toothach which lasted me all day.

D. 4th. Though my toothach was somewhat better, it was still too troublesome to suffer me to do any thing.

5th. This was the third day, my toothach, tho' much better, and perhaps to-day a little laziness prevented me from doing any thing.

6th. Was the day appointed for our second general meeting at Winchester to which my father insisted on my going, which I did in company with M^r Hugonin. In our way we called at the Camp

which was completely formed by the arrival of the Essex on the 2^d instant. The Camp consists of the Berkshire on the right, the Wiltshire on the left, the Essex on the right, the Lancashire on the left, and the two battalions of the Gloucestershire in the centre. It fronts Winchester and the left flank extends to Magdalen hill-House, but the situation is much inferior to ours last year, the water is at a distance and the ground very uneven. I called on Col. Berkeley, who as usual was vastly delighted with his situation, and on Col. Harvey who acquainted me with some secret history. S^t Charles Howard had spoke to Lord Effingham, who was divided between Leake and me ; but when Harvey saw him again, he told him neither of us could have it, as Berkeley had put a Brigade Major upon him without his consent, by applying in favour of M^r Crawford, Adjutant to the North Gloucester. From camp I went to town where, after waiting some time for the great Durnford, we held our meeting, composed of the Officers of the North, Sir Thomas Heathcote and M^r Bargus. We settled our business very soon, and divided the County between the two Battalions as distinctly as we could. Indeed as the returns and quotas were altered by the exemptions of the new Act, we lost 28 men in the Forest and Alton divisions and gained them upon the Portdown ; this besides the confusion of companies is almost losing the men. I dined with the North who behaved very civilly except inviting McCombe which, tho' very disagreeable, I did not care to make an eclat about. In the evening I returned home much fatigued. My father and M^{rs} Gibbon dined and supped at Up Park. The dinner was for M^r & M^{rs} Millar.

7th. I finished the *Memoires de Trevoux*, and the *Journal des Savans* for January, 62. The Journal contains *Tragedies de Sophocle, traduites, par M. Dupuy de l'A. R. des I. et B.L. p. 3-15.* elegant, exact, and a great addition to French Litterature.—*L'Antro Eleusino, &c. par M. Bartoli, p. 49-58.* Ingenious, but very doubtfull. The *Memoirs L. Annæi Senecæ de Brevitate vitæ, p. 149-163.* One of the best extracts I ever read. *Les Pitture Antiche d'Hercolano, p. 216-225.* Ancient, and therefore curious.

8th. I wrote a long letter to Spa to Sir Thomas and part of a still longer one to my friend d'Eyverdun.

I reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of the XIXth Book of the Iliad. The generous character of Achilles raises him every moment higher in the esteem of the reader ; his care for the dead body, the spirited frankness of his reconciliation and his impatience for the combat. I finished the *Journal des Savans* and *Mem. de Trevoux* for February, 62. The journal contains *Thom. Hyde de Religione veterum Persarum, p. 289-301 ;* a new edition, with long and trifling notes on an excellent book. *Idylles de Gesner traduites de l'Allemand, p. 380-397.* Un Allemand ne peut-il pas etre bel Esprit ? The *Memoirs* contain *Explication d'un passage d'Hérodote, 405-427.* A happy solution of a difficult passage in L. ii. c. 142, only by explaining the word *Ἡλιος*, an annual revolution of the Sun.

9th. I finished my letter of eight pages to d'Eyverdun, it is a kind of pleasure I have not had a great while, that of pouring out my whole soul to a real friend. *Why* I deferred writing and the

Schemes I proposed to him are not to be trusted even to this paper.

I finished the *Mem. de Trevoux for March*. They contain little more than *La Bibliomanie*, p. 167-176 ; Severe and spirited ; and *Dissertation sur l'Ecriture Hieroglyphique*. Original. He pretends there never were any ; but I think his proofs too weak for such a paradox. In the evening we had our second Sub-division meeting at Petersfield with D^r Durnford. The quota of our division instead of 34 is now 39. We proportioned it on the parishes and discharged 8 men of the Major's company. In the evening M^r Scott of Antigua came down to pass some time at Beriton.

10th. Very early in the morning Henry, who had been yesterday sent express to London came down. He had a letter to Meyrick to desire him to make a stronger application to the War Office (for my father had wrote several times before) to get us relieved at Forton as in a few days we should not have enough men left to guard the prisoners. Tyrrwhit the Deputy Secretary (Townshend was in the Country) told him he had received a direction from Lord Ligonier, but if he had none by Saturday night he would himself write to the troops in Hilsea Barracks to relieve us Monday. My father and I went to-day to Alton to hold our second meeting. Sir Simeon Stuart and M^r Draper were out of the Country, but M^r Newman met us. The quota of the Division is 61 instead of 88. In the evening pretty early we returned home.

11th. I reviewed the Remaining two hundred and seventy lines of the XIXth Book of the Iliad, and think the long debate between Achilles and Ulysses might have been shortened, tho' the

speeches of the first are highly characteristic ; nothing can surpass the sublime description of his arming himself for battle. I likewise read the XXth Book of the Iliad, v. 1-258, and when I was at church, followed the second lesson with my Greek Testament in my hand ; it was the 23d. Chapter of St. Luke. I find this method both usefull and agreeable, and intend to keep it up whenever I go to Church. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, and *Memoires de Trevoux* for April, 62. The first contains *Aristophanis Comædiæ à P. Burmanno* ; good but inferior to Kuster's : and the *Grammaire Française Philosophique de M. d'Acarq*, truly deserving of that name ; the second, *Republique de Platon*. The translation appears good ; I am sure the Extract is so.

12th. I read the XXth Book of the Iliad, v. 258-503, the end. M^{rs} Langrish and M^r and M^{rs} Brown Langrish dined with us.

13th. I reviewed the whole XXth Book of the Iliad. The Battle of the Gods is worthy of every thing Longinus says of it. It would be difficult to find another exemple which reunites so thoroughly every part of the sublime both as to thoughts and language. The Combat of Achilles and Æneas is very animated and picturesque ; and the long speech of Æneas, tho' faulty, and even ridiculous upon the whole, does honor in its details both to the poet and the historian. I finished the *Journal des Savans*, et *Mém. de Trevoux* for May, 62, part the 1^{re}. The Mem. contain nothing : in the Journal there is *Callimachi Hymni ab Ernesti*. *Lugd. Bat.* The text is exactly reviewed, and the version is a new one.—*Vie de M. Bossuet par M. de Burigny*. exact and judicious.

14th. The XXth book of Homer, and particularly the speech of Æneas, drew on a variety of discussions. In order to understand the Genealogy of Dardanus, I read *Apollodori Biblioth. L. iii. c. XI. p. 205-215*, in Greek ; I then consulted Strab, L. xiii. p. 607-608 ; and some difficulties arising about the word *Πρωρεα*, as Platon explained it, the lower part of the hills, which were inhabited after the deluge, before men dared venture down into the plain, I read a dissertation upon the deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion, by the learned Freret, *Mem. de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, Tom. xxiii. p. 129-148*, who, from a chain of authorities, shews incontestably, that a deluge was unknown to Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus ; that the first who speak of it (Plato himself, Pindar, and Apollodorus) expressly confined it to Greece, and intimate that a great number were saved ; that afterwards, the Greeks mixing their traditions with those of the Jews and the Chaldæans, swelled the deluge of Deucalion into a universal one ; but that it never obtained general credit before the time of Plutarch and Lucian. Afterwards, to be well acquainted with Æneas, I read *Strabo, L. xiii. p. 692-693 ; Meziriac's Ovid, Vol. ii. p. 142-146, & 153-168 ;* and a dissertation upon the Julian family, by the Abbé Vatry, *Mem. de l'Academie, Vol. xvi. p. 412-424*. Meziriac, as usual, compiles without a thought of reasoning, but from the sensible Criticisms of the others, it appears Æneas's posterity probably reigned in Phrygia in the time of Homer, and that his voyage to Italy is a fable invented by the Greeks about the time of Alexander.

N.B. The Greek authors whom I consulted, I read in Greek. I likewise read the XXIst Book of

the Iliad, v. 1-135, and finished the 2^d part of May, *Journal des Savans*, & *Mem. de Trevoux*. The first contains a better extract of the *Dissertations sur l'Ecriture Hiéroglyphique* than the *Memoirs* had given. I now see that the new System is absolutely indefensible. The second speaks of *Histoire du Siècle d'Alexandre*, par M. Linguet: I suspect they speak too slightly of the Book. However that may be, the author is certainly a man of Genius, whom I should like to know.

We had a letter from Ballard that till they could find out a regiment, we were not to be relieved, but only assisted from the Barracks, but as yet we had neither been one nor the other. Sir M. and Lady Fetherston came to drink tea.

15th. I read only that most contemptible performance the *Vie du Maréchal Duc de Belleisle*, par M. de C. . . .¹

16th. I read the XXIst Book of the Iliad v. 136-611 the end. My father and myself went over to Hartley to Sir Simeon Stuart, where we dined, supped and lay. M^r Butler, (commonly called the Commodore), Parson Willis, and Harrison dined with us. Sir Simeon is an old friend of ours, but take him out of fox-hunting and country affairs he has nothing left to recommend him but his good nature, which is really great. His wife (a Miss Hook of Southampton,² whom he married privately in his father's life time) is a very pretty woman. Hartley, an old seat of the family with £3000 a year

¹ Writing at Lausanne, 21st August 1763, Gibbon says: 'Le Testament Politique du Maréchal de Belleisle. Ouvrage digne d'un laquais, mais d'un laquais de ministre, qui a entendu beaucoup d'anecdotes curieuses.'

² Sir Simeon married a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Hooke, Governor of Minorca.

round it was almost run to ruin thro' the total neglect of his father. He has with great expence made the house just habitable, but the park is still in a very abandoned condition. I had heard much of his library which is indeed a pretty good one for a man who never reads. No one science or language tolerably compleat with useful editions of the most valuable authors in it, but in return some curious things such as an Extract of that part of the Domesday Book which relates to Hampshire, a Manuscript history of Charlemagne in French beautifully wrote upon Vellum in the reign of Charles VI and finely preserved, etc.

17th. We held our Third Subdivision meeting at Alton with Sir Simeon Stuart and ballotted 61 men. The Deputy Lieutenants have suffered us to do just what we had a mind, and we made a pretty ample use of it, for tho' we had drawn several times upon the Country, yet now we drew for the whole number. But the good of the service justifies many things, especially when every body seems satisfied. I discharged about 20 of my men. Serjeant Waller left me, but Harding¹ and Carter stay with me for six pounds each. Upon our return home in the evening, we found Miss Fanny Page, who came yesterday to spend some days with M^r: Gibbon. What stories will this visit produce !

¹ An account made out by Sergeant Harding is still preserved among some of Gibbon's papers at Lausanne.

'BLANDFORD, *June 28, 1760.*

An Account of a Week's pay due To Captain Gibbon's Company of Militia, commencing the 28 day of June and ending the 4 day of July following, Both Days included.

	£	s.	d.
To One Sergeant a Week's pay . . .	0	6	10
To Two Corporals a Week's pay . . .	0	9	1
To Two Drummers a Week's pay . . .	0	7	0

D. 18th. I did nothing but go to church. The Lessons were the 12th of II Samuel, and the 5th of St. John's Gospel, both which I read in Greek.

M^r. Barton's sermon was on self-examination, good but too full of comparaisons.¹ At first I was very distant and silent to Fanny, but little by little towards the evening I began to open. Now she is from under her sister's wing she appears much better and seems not to want either sense or liveliness. I forgot to mention the sequel of our tedious Battalion affair. The 18th my father sent another express to Meyrick to complain of not having been relieved according to promise the 17th. We had an answer that upon sending an order to the troops in the Barracks they had remonstrated, that now another order was gone to our North Battalion at Winchester. We knowing their weakness wrote to their Commanding Officer and found by a letter we received to-day from Dacre that (as we expected) they had applied to Lord Effingham, who had wrote to get them excused. In consequence of all these

To 44 privat a Week's pay	7	10	4
To paying the Company	0	3	0
To a pr. of Breaches for Edward Druly	0	3	0

£8 19 3

Received the Contents of the A Bove Bill of Captain Gibbon
pr. me JOHN HARDING,
Sergeant.'

The following order was enclosed in the above account :—

'Mr. Smith
please to Let the
Bearer Thos. Jennings
Have a pr. of Shoes
JOHN HARDING, Sergeant.'

From Meredith Read, *Historic Studies in Faud,
Berns, and Sawoy*, ii. 373.

¹ See below, pp. 106, 163.

blunders my father was forced to write again to Meyrick.

19th. I sacrificed the morning rather thro' curiosity than any other motive to Miss Fanny's company. As she is under no constraint there, she is very chearfull and chatty, but discovers little understanding and less improvement. The education of both the sisters was totally neglected. All that the eldest is she owes it entirely to her own natural genius. She (I mean the eldest) in company with Miss Farrel and young Batten came in to dine with us. Batten is a proof how well an ordinary genius may go through the world. Without either parts, knowledge or address, His good nature, good humour, great spirits, and acquaintance with country affairs make him acceptable to every family round the country. Miss Farrel is a good pretty girl.

20th. Fanny was sent for home early in morning to meet some company who were expected at Watergate; but I fancy it was to avoid the Millers. They all (Sir John and Lady Miller, M^{rs} M. and the two Miss Millers) came to dine with us by invitation. M^{rs} Gibbon gave them a most excellent dinner of eleven and eleven with a dessert.¹ We are to dine with them Saturday.

21st. A Violent headach and dissipation of spirits prevented my doing any more this day then the former ones. In the evening we at last received the agreeable news that the Battalion was relieved at Forton about eleven in the morning by a detachment of the Berkshire and Essex from Camp commanded by Captain Osgood of the Berkshire. The Battalion marched back to Southampton after having been on this most unlucky duty near seven weeks.

¹ Two courses of eleven dishes each followed by dessert.

22d. Was perhaps the most disagreeable day I ever passed. It was fixed for our 3rd Subdivision meeting at Petersfield. D^r Durnford had excused himself as being obliged in quality of Sherif's Chaplain to attend the assizes, where Brown Langrish was likewise gone with letters both to the Doctor and to Sir Simeon to press one of them to come. My father and I went over at ten in the morning and waited till near eight in the evening with all the tediousness of lounging, the anxiety of expectation and the dread of disappointment. At last Sir Simeon came when we had almost given over all hopes. We had then soon done our business which consisted in balloting 39 men. It went off to the general satisfaction and the Member's presence gave a great sanction to our proceedings. Sir Simeon went over to Hartley that night, as he sets out Sunday morning for Scotland to shoot growses. He is to be back in about a month. My father and I returned home about eleven, most thoroughly fatigued.

23d. I finished the third Volume of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque Universelle*, which concludes the year 1686. It contains *Explication historique de la fable d'Adonis*. He thinks Adonis, or Osiris, was son of Hammon or Cham, and grandson of Cinyras, or Noah; & that the incest of Myrrah with her father, was the discovery of Noah's nakedness by his children. But this interpretation is very far fetched, and can only suit the followers of Euhemerus.—*Bibliothèque Universelle des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques, par Dupin*, curious and impartial.—*Life of Hai Ebn Yokhdan*. A fine, tho' irregular production of Arabian genius and Philosophy.—*The Works of D^r Barrow*. Barrow was as much of a Philosopher

as a Divine could well be.—*Commentaire Philosophique*. the most usefull work Bayle ever wrote, and the least sceptical.—*Puffendorfi Commentarius de Rebus Suecicis*. exact, heavy, and partial.

24th. My father and M^r^s Gibbon and M^r Scot went to dine at Lavant in the Landau and six ; a continuation of my head and no great inclination to go fourteen miles for my dinner, kept me at home.

In order to get a clear idea of those oracles so often mentioned by Homer, and so essential a part of the Grecian religion, I read three Dissertations of M. Hardion, inserted in the III^d volume of the Memoirs of the Academy upon the oracle of Delphi, p. 137-191 ; and some observations of M. de Valois, Tom. III. Historical part, p. 73-79 ; and drawn away by the Affinity of the subject, I likewise read two dissertations of the same M. de Valois, upon the Amphictyons, the guardians of this temple, Tom. III. p. 191-228, and Tom. V. p. 405-415.

D. 25th. I did not go to church but still pursuing my object I read the history M. de Valois has given us of the two Sacred wars, which the Amphictyons decreed to avenge the sacrileges committed at Delphi, Tom. vii. p. 201-239 ; Tom. ix. p. 97-113, and Tom. xii. p. 177-204. Besides the light that these pieces throw on the Greek religion, they are valuable by the knowledge they give us of that civil and religious bond of union in the Hellenic body, which for some ages rendered it invincible. M^r and M^r^s Shackleford dined with us. She married her footman and he very naturally has spent her fortune and uses her ill for it.

26th. This and the following day were rather taken up in forming plans for futurity than in any

real action or study. However, as these schemes were of the literary kind, I cannot help taking notice of them. When I look back in this journal to the fourth of August 1761, I see that desirous of chusing a subject for an historical composition, and dissatisfied with several that had offered themselves, I at last pitched upon the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, and that at that time and at Christmas I read several things relative to that subject. I don't look on that time as lost from the insight it has given me into our history, but as to the scheme which engaged me to employ it in that manner I believe I must give it up. The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Oldys, is a very indifferent work ; it is throughout a panygeric, or an apology, tediously full of insignificant circumstances and wrote in a most heavy affected style. However, the author was a man of infinite learning, who had read everything relative to his subject, and has disposed his collections in a pretty good method. I could hardly add anything to them except some few particularities out of the Sidney and Bacon Papers, so that my utmost ambition (exclusive of the uncertain merit of style and reflections) must be giving a good abridgement of Oldys. I have even the disappointment to find some parts of this copious life very barren of materials ; and unluckily these parts are some of the most characteristic ones, such as his settling Virginia, his quarrels with Essex, his conspiracy, and especially, his private life, so essential to a Biographical writer. All that was left for me was the General history of the age, so far as connected with the life of Raleigh and some digressions artfully introduced like the famous history of the Peripatetick Philosophy in the Life of Lord Bacon. But luckily for

the publick and unluckily for me no part of the English history has been so thoroughly studied as the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Something I might have added but it could have been but little to a subject, that has exercised the laborious diligence of *Birch*, the minute curiosity and acuteness of *Walpole*, the ingenious criticism of *Hurd*, the strong sense and bold imagination of *Mallet* and *Robertson*, and the original philosophic genius of *Hume*. Could I even surmount these objections, I should hardly chuse to write on this part of our history, where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or an enemy ; where a writer is supposed to hang out a badge of party, and is devoted to destruction by the opposite faction. The historian of Raleigh would meet with this treatment at home, and abroad he must expect to find an indifference still more disagreeable. Raleigh's story is indeed interesting, but his character has been so doubtfully handed down to us, his actions are of so subaltern a nature and his writings so confined to the language they were composed in that his fame can hardly ever pass the limits of our island. I must look out for some other subject. There is one I should prefer to all others, it is *The History of the Liberty of the Swiss*, which that brave people recovered from the house of Austria, defended against the Dauphin afterwards Lewis XI, and at last sealed with the blood of Charles. From such a subject, so full of real virtue, public spirit, military glory, and great lessons of government, the meanest writer must catch fire. What might not I hope for, who to some talents perhaps add an affection for the nation which would make me labour the composition *con amore*. But

the materials of this history are inaccessible to me, fast locked up in the obscurity of a barbarous old German language, which I am totally ignorant of, and which I cannot bring myself to study for that sole object.

I have another in view, which is the direct contraste of the former. The one is a poor, virtuous state which emerges into glory and liberty, the other, a republic rich and corrupt, which, by degrees, loses its independency and sinks into the arms of a master. Both lessons equally usefull. I mean, *The History of the Republic of Florence, under the house of Medicis*. I would after a proper introduction enter on the history of Florence about the year 1420 when John de Medicis began to make a figure in the Republic and conduct it to 1569 when Cosmo de Medicis sole master of his country and of all Tuscany confirmed his power by receiving from Pope Pius V the title of Great Duke. This period is a chain of revolutions worthy the pen of Vertot. The Medicis four times expelled, and as often recalled ; singular events singular characters, the Republic often asserting its ancient liberty and at last yeilding only to the arms of Charles V. and the refined policy of Cosmo. What makes this subject still more precious are two fine *morceaux* for a Philosophical historian, and which are essential parts of it, the Restoration of Learning in Europe by Lorenzo de Medicis and the character and fate of Savanarola. The Medicis (*stirps quasi fataliter nata ad instauranda vel fovenda studia*, Lips. *Epist. ad German: et Gall: Ep. VII*) employed letters to strengthen their power and their enemies opposed them with religion. This design I believe I shall fix upon ; but when, or how shall I execute it?

That is a thing I can say little to at present.
It is besides coming too near

Res altâ terrâ, et caligine mersas.

27th. Hugonin and Harrison dined with us upon a haunch of venison from Up-park. The reflexions which I was making yesterday I continued and digested to-day. I don't absolutely look on that time as lost but it might have been better employed than in revolving schemes, the execution of which is so far distant. I must learn to check these wanderings of my imagination.

28th. I read the articles of Jupiter and Juno, in Bayle's dictionary. That of Jupiter is very superficial. Juno takes up seventeen pages ; but great part of it, as usual, very foreign to the purpose. A long inquiry when horns began to be an emblem of cuckoldom¹; numberless reflexions, some original, and some very trivial ; and a learning chiefly confined to the Latin Writers. When he doubted if Juno was really worshipped at Carthage, why did not he quote Minucius Felix ? *V. Octav. p. 259, Edit. Gronov.* Upon the whole, I believe that Bayle had more of a certain multifarious reading, than a real erudition. Le Clerc, his great antagonist, was as superior to him in that respect, as inferior in every other. I reviewed the first two hundred lines of the XXIst Book of the Iliad. There is great dignity of sentiment, and a calm sternness, in the answer of Achilles to the moving prayers of the unfortunate Lycaon.

In the evening Miss Caryll made M^{rs} Gibbon a visit, her French freedom and manly courage make

¹ For the earliest mention of horns in this sense and the origin of the sign, see Norman Douglas, *Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology*, p. 36.

her appear more a man than a woman ; nothing boisterous but a very pretty genteel sensible man.

29th. I reviewed the remaining four hundred lines of the XXIst Book of the Iliad. The combat of Achilles and the Scamander is finely described. If Homer, when he speaks of the Gods, does not rise in his sentiments, at least he does in his language and poetry. I likewise read some very sensible and curious observations of the Abbé de Fontenu, *Sur le culte des Divinités des Eaux ; Histoire de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, Tom. xii. p. 27-49.*

30th. I read the XXII^d Book of the Iliad, v. 1-515, the end.

31st. We held our fourth Subdivision meeting at Alton to swear in. We swore in one and twenty, five for my father's company and sixteen for mine. Hardly any of our old men had taken on again. There appears to be a great unwillingness in the county to serve, but none to pay. Accordingly we received a great many nine guineas to hire substitutes. We fixed it at that sum, tho' a large one, as it seems to be the current price. To a great many who asked we gave further time and appointed the 14th of next month for another meeting and returned home about eleven at night, fatigued and jaded as usual.

AUGUST 1762

BERITON

D. 1st 1762. I was at church and heard a very pretty sermon preached by M^r. Louthum, a young clergyman who officiates while M^r. Barton

compleats his residence at Exeter for which place he set out last Sunday.

I read the lessons at church in Greek, viz. the 13th Chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, and the 21st Chapter of St. John's gospel. How very free a version the Septuagint is ! for I imagine ours is a very literal one.

2d. I reviewed the whole XXII^d Book of the Iliad, in which the whole interest of the preceeding books is wound up in the lives of Hector and Achilles. Notwithstanding the reasons given by M^r Pope, every reader of taste must be disgusted with Hector's flight. The true grounds of courage were not well understood, and poetry had not learnt the art of raising a Hero without debasing his ennemy. The fears and lamentations of Hector's family are beautifully pathetic, but I think Andromache is rather too much the mother, and too little the wife. As I am now entering upon the XXIII^d Book, which contains the Funeral of Patroclus, I read the eight first chapters of the IVth Book of Archbishop Potter's Grecian Antiquities, Vol. ii. p. 160-241, upon the Grecian funerals. They contain a great fund of learning, without any useless digressions.

In the afternoon we had our fourth Subdivision meeting at Petersfield. We only swore in nine men ; the country appeared still more backward than at Alton. Thro' my father's love of Petersfield, D^r Durnford's attachment to forms and Brown Langrish's interest in multiplying the meetings we have appointed three more to finish our business, the next is the 7th. M^r Scott had left us last Wednesday to visit M^r White, a West Indian who lives near Chichester. This morning we had

an invitation to dine with him Wednesday upon Turtle which we declined.

3d. I began M. de Burette's set of Dissertations in the Memoirs of the Academy, on the Gymnastics of the Anciens : they are learned and judicious, but too full of fruitless, and therefore frivolous, enquiries into the origin and etymology of every art. I only read to-day *Observations generales sur la Gymnastique, Hist. Tom. i. p. 89-104* ; and 1^r *Memoire sur la Danse, Mem. Tom. i. p. 93-117*.

4th. I read II^d *Memoire sur la Danse, Tom. i. Mem. p. 117-136* ; *Memoire sur la Sphœristique, p. 153-177* ; and 1^{re} *Memoire sur les Athlètes, p. 211-237*.

Swan, a young clergyman of Havant dined with us and as it rained very hard stayed all night. He is a very modest, pretty, young man.

5th. M^r Swan went away. I read II^d and III^{me} *Memoires sur les Athlètes, p. 237-291* ; and *Memoire sur la Lutte, Tom. iii. Mem. p. 228-255*.

6th. I read the several Memoires of M. de Burette, on *le pugilat, la course, le Pentathle, et le Disque, Tom. iii. Mém. p. 255-343*. Having finished these, I read three Dissertations of the Abbé Gedoyn, *sur les courses des chevaux et des chars, surtout au Jeux Olympiques, Tom. viii. p. 314-330* ; & 330-341 ; and *Tom. ix. Mém. p. 360-376* ; and a *Mémoire of M. de la Barre, on the same subject ; Tom. ix. Mem. p. 376-397*. Gedoyn is polite and curious, but somewhat pert and superficial, de La Barre is difficult to be understood, but is worth studying, for he is very ingenious as well as learned. There is a great dispute what was the length of the

Olympic course for chariots. Burette makes it 24 Stadia, or 12 revolutions of one Stadium, Gedoyn, 8 Stadia, or one revolution of 4 Stadia, de la Barre, 48 Stadia, or 6 revolutions of 4 Stadia, M^r West (v. West's Pindar, Vol. ii. p. 135.) 48 Stadia, or 12 Revolutions of 2 Stadia. I have not room for their reasons ; but I am of de la Barre's opinion. When one reads these dissertations, one admires the active spirit of the Greeks, sensible to every species of entertainment and glory ; who could at the same time, and with the same application, bring to perfection, dancing and Philosophy, boxing and poetry. I received a letter from S^r Thomas of the 29th last past. He is still at Spa but sets out very soon by the way of Holland, proposes to embark the 14th at Haelveltsluys, to be in London the 17th, and at Petersfield (where he desires I would meet him) the 20th, in his way to Pilewell.

7th. I read the XXIIId Book of the Iliad v. 1-257. In the afternoon we had a meeting with D^r Durnford to just as much purpose as I expected, for as we have another Tuesday everybody was postponed to it, except one poor farmer who paid nine Guineas. We saw my father's recruits (eleven in number) parade before the inn, they are very good young men. My father gave them another week. McCombe came to Petersfield to receive his orders. Every thing is as I expected at Southampton. Sharrock unequal to the command, the Captains quarrelling with one another, the men going just where they please, and not a stitch of the cloaths done. My father gave orders to begin fitting the cloaths immediately. M^r Scott came back from M^r White's.

D. 8th. I read the XXIII^d Book of the Iliad,

v. 257-897, & the articles of *Lemnos*, *Hercules*, and the greatest part of *Helena*, in Bayle. If Bayle wrote his Dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chose a better plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a Dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased on those articles. When I consider all that Homer says of the isle of Lemnos, and the extensive trade it carried on, both with Phœnicia, (*Iliad*, xxiii. v. 743.) and with the Greek army before Troy, (v. *Iliad*, L. vii. v. 467-475, and L. xxi. v. 40), I am amazed to see the more modern poets represent that habitation of the unfortunate Philoctetes as an island totally desolate and uninhabited.

M^r. Louthum gave us a very pretty sermon upon *Industry*, and I read the Lessons *I Kings XVIII* and *Acts VI*. As we have some thoughts of taking Sand-heath Camp in our way to Alton this week, I wrote to Meyrick to know whether Affleck's¹ Battalion of Suffolk Militia was there.

9th. My father, M^r. Gibbon, Captain Patton and myself went to Petersfield to see the prize money of the *Hermione* go thro'. It was a Spanish Register ship that was taken by two of our frigates near Gibraltar the 31st of May and the richest prize that ever came to England. The registered silver only (besides gold and unregistered silver) came to 2,740,000 Dollars or about £616,000 as one of the officers informed us ; but the idea of the treasure was all. The procession was only twenty Waggons without the least ornament what-

¹ John Affleck, lieutenant-colonel of the West Suffolk.

soever and guarded by forty Marines.¹ I finished *Helena*.

10th. I only reviewed the first hundred lines of the XXIII^d Book of the Iliad. The sullen grief Achilles sinks into, is not less expressive of his Character, than his violent rage in the preceeding books. The apparition of Patroclus is the opening a new world of Homer's creation.

In the afternoon we had a subdivision meeting at Petersfield to inroll two men and ballot for one : I am not sure whether we must not have another of these important assemblies.

11th. I reviewed the next two hundred lines of the XXIII^d Book of the Iliad. This day I finished the *Memoires d'Anne d'Autriche, par Madame de Motteville*, one of her greatest favorites. They are wrote in a natural, unnafeected style, and it is a proof of the author's sincerity, that tho' she had a very high opinion of her mistress, the candor which she relates facts with shew us Anne of Austria as she really was, a proud and silly woman, who abandonned herself to a favorite out of indolence,

¹ The *Hermione* had sailed with treasure from Lima before the declaration of war had been heard of, and was captured in May off Cape St. Vincent by two British frigates. About £500,000 was shared out in prize money, the two captains getting about £65,000 each, commissioned officers £13,000, and seamen about £500. The convoy of twenty waggons reached London on 12th August, and was escorted by cavalry and bands through Piccadilly, past St. James's Palace, where the Queen was got out of bed to see it, and then to the Tower. It served to heighten popular feeling against making peace.

Gibbon once more mentions the *Hermione*. Writing at Turin on 11th May 1764, he says : 'Le Roi pense à faire construire un beau port à Nice, et il a appelé d'Angleterre notre Capitaine Atkins pour l'employer dans sa marine naissante, qui n'est encore composée que d'un vaisseau de cinquante canons, et d'une frégate de trente. Tous les deux sont des prises Espagnoles, achetées des Anglois. La frégate est la fameuse *Hermione*.'

supported him thro' obstinacy, and began at last to hate him, when he began to affect an independency. There is perhaps no period of history for which we have better materials than for the Minority of Lewis XIV. The fashion of Memoir-writing was very prevalent, and many of all ranks and all parties have left us accounts, both of those troubles and of their secret springs. The Character of the French nation, neither sowered by religion nor constrained by slavery, appears with freedom and boldness, brave and inconstant, obsequious to the ladies, treating the greatest events with a careless gayety, running into Civil wars without principle, and supporting them without rancor or cruelty. None of these wars ever were founded on any settled plan of liberty; the princes and the Noblesse made it only in hopes of obtaining (as they commonly did) advantageous conditions in the treaty of peace. The honest part of the Parliament were affected only by present evils, and thought only of temporary reliefs. They inveighed against a new tax, and demanded the removal of a disagreeable Minister. The only law of a durable kind which they ever planned, was in the nature of a Habeas Corpus bill; that every prisoner in 24 hours after his confinement, should be interrogated by the Parliament as to the nature of his crime. But they supported this salutary proposal very feebly, suffered the Ministry to extend the term to six months, and at last neglected it so far as not to have it ratified by the peace of *Ruel*. V. *Mémoires*, Tom. ii. p. 139. 337. 363. and Tom. iii. p. 51, &c. These *Mémoires* are printed at Amsterdam, 1723, in five volumes 12°.

In the evening Lady Fetherston and M^r Batten,

M^{rs} Smith and M^{rs} Entwaezle came to drink tea with M^{rs} Gibbon. We had a letter from Meyrick that it was Lord Orwell's¹ Battalion of the Suffolk who were at Sand-heath ; upon which we dropt our Scheme of going there.

12th. I reviewed the remaining six hundred lines of the XXIII^d Book of the Iliad. It is a fine picture of the manners of the Heroick ages: the games celebrated at the Funeral of Patroclus contain a great variety of both their civil and religious customs, related with a clearness and a circumstantialness very disagreeable to the taste of a true Commentator. Indeed, more I read the Antients, more I am persuaded that the originals are our best commentators. In this article of ancient Gymnastics (for instance), when I have read with care Homer, Pausanias, and some few more ancients, M. Burette has little to teach me, excepting perhaps what he may have picked up from some obscure passages of some obscure Lexicographer. What I say is not, however, to proscribe the use, but to restrain the abuse, of modern Critics. As to the poetical beauties of the XXIII^d Book, they are great and various. I know of few better proofs of the fertility of Homer's invention, than the variety of natural incidents he has introduced into the Chariot-race. That of Menelaus and Antilochus is beautifull in the *Manners*. I wish I could say as much of the quarrel of Idomencus and Ajax. I think, however, that the Chariot race bears no proportion to the rest, which indeed appear to a disadvantage, both by being placed after it and a little *étranglés*. I answered Sir Thomas's letter.

¹ Presumably the East Battalion, of which W. Woollaston was lieutenant-colonel at the beginning of 1762.

13th.¹ I read the XXIVth Book of the *Iliad* v. 1-361. In the morning I rode to Up-park where I made a visit of two hours to Lady Fetherston,—Sir Matthew is at Lewis races. M^{rs} Lethuillier (her mother) was there, and a M^r. Otway.

14th. I think it was pretty well to read the XXIVth Book of the *Iliad*, v. 361-467, considering I was out from seven in the morning to ten at night.

It was to hold a Subdivision meeting at Alton where M^r Newman met us. I must observe both to his honor and that of the other Deputy Lieutenant and Justices of this Division that throughout the whole affair, they have behaved with the greatest politeness and good nature, and so far from starting any difficulties, or embarrassing us with any forms they suffered us to do just as we had a mind. We swore in five men and received a great deal of money at this meeting, which I hope will be the last, as we have accounted for all except one man, against whom we issued warrants. Harrison marches on Monday for Southampton with about forty recruits of two companies. Upon the whole, the affair is gone off better than I expected.

15th. I read the XXIVth Book of the *Iliad*, v. 467-805, the end & reviewed the first hundred and fifty lines of it. The saving Hector's body, and the appeasing Achilles's wrath, seem to be the great object both of heaven and earth, except of the implacable Juno. Indeed, the great attention of the Gods towards Achilles, seems rather a fear of

¹ After giving the sentence about the *Iliad*, Sheffield omits the rest of the entry and substitutes the entire entry for 13th August 1761.—*Misc. Wks.* 1814, v. 241.

offending him, than a desire to favor him. The last sentiment would exalt the Hero, the first would debase the Gods, and be highly ridiculous even in the Pagan Mythology. I likewise read in Bayle the articles of *Achillea*, *Achilles*, *Ajax Telamon*, *Ajax Oileus*, *Alcinous*, *Andromache*, *Amphitryon*, and *Alcemena*; all, except Achilles, very short ones. Bayle is as exactly circumstantial in these important trifles, as Meziriac himself. How could such a Genius employ three or four pages, and a great apparatus of learning, to examine whether Achilles was fed with marrow only; whether it was the marrow of lions and stags, or that of lions only, &c? Bayle does not, (in my opinion,) esteem Homer sufficiently.

16th. I reviewed the remaining Six hundred lines of the XXIVth and last book of the Iliad. The interview of Achilles and Priam is (in my opinion) superior to any part of the Iliad. It is at once the *Coup de Théâtre* and the *Tableau* of *Diderot*. Nothing can be a more striking *Coup de Théâtre* than the unhappy Monarch, who appears at once in the midst of the Enemies' Camp and at the feet of the murderer of his son. At the same time the various passions and the fine Philosophy that distinguishes the conversation between them, form a most beautifull *tableau*.

I have at last finishd the Iliad. As I undertook it to improve myself in the Greek language, which I had totally neglected for some years past, & never applied myself to with a proper attention, I must give a reason why I begun with Homer, and that contrary to Le Clerc's advice. I had two, 1st, As Homer is the most ancient Greek author (except perhaps Hesiod) who is now extant, and as he was

not only the Poet, but the Lawgiver, the Theologian, the Historian, and the Philosopher, of the Ancients, every succeeding writer is full of quotations from or allusions to his writings, which it would be difficult to understand, without a previous knowledge of them. In this situation, was it not natural to follow the ancients themselves, who always begun their studies by the perusal of Homer? ^{2^{dly}} No writer ever treated such a variety of subjects. As every part of civil, military, or œconomical life is introduced into his poems, and as the simplicity of his age allowed him to call every thing by its proper name, almost the whole compass of the Greek tongue is comprized in Homer. I have so far met with the success I hoped for, that I have acquired a great facility in reading the language, and treasured up a very great stock of words. What I have rather neglected is, the Grammatical construction of them, and especially the many various inflexions of the verbs. In order to acquire that dry, but necessary branch of knowledge, I propose bestowing some time every morning on the perusal of the *Greek Grammar of Port Royal*, as one of the best extant. I believe I read near one half of Homer like a meer schoolboy, not enough master of the words to elevate myself to the poetry. The remainder I read with a good deal of care and criticism, and made many observations on them. Some I have inserted here, the rest I shall find a proper place for. Upon the whole I think Homer's few faults (for some he certainly has) are lost in the variety of his beauties. I expected to have finished him long before. The delay was partly owing to the circumstances of my way of life and avocations, and partly to my own fault; for while every one looks on me as a prodigy

of application, I know myself how strong a propensity I have to indolence.¹

After a short dinner my father and I set out about two in the afternoon, changed horses at Alresford, where we saw Harrison with his recruits and arrived at Southampton about seven in the evening.

¹ Here Sheffield has inserted the following passage from another source (see *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v. 244): 'About the 26th or 33d Olympiad, Terpander of Lesbos composed the *nomoi*, the airs or tunes proper for singing to the cithara the verses of Homer in the public games. See the Treatise of Plutarch on Music, with the Remarks of Burette, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. x. p. 116, 213-224.'

EPHEMERIDES
or
JOURNAL OF MY ACTIONS
STUDIES AND OPINIONS

Volume the Second

Beginning August the 17th, 1762

EPHEMERIDES

AUGUST 1762 SOUTHAMPTON

17th. The first day of getting to quarters was necessarily employed in settling a variety of things. As Southampton is a very public place and our men infamously shabby, we ordered the Taylors to work with great expedition. They work all together under the inspection of Serjeant King, with a Sentry at the door. About noon Harrison marched his recruits into town in very good order. They are in general good men, all young, and seem very desirous of learning their duty. Sir Thomas's recruits, about thirty in number, are not so good ; tho' there are no old men amongst them ; so that our Battalion will be soon as numerous and (I hope from the youth of the recruits) much better than it ever was. In the Evening I went to the rooms. As Tuesday is the Ball night, they were very brilliant, and to me very disagreeable, so that I came away early, and after supping at the Dolphin, retired to very good lodgings I have hired in the High Street at a Guinea a week.

18th. I called in the morning upon M^r and M^{rs} Darrel. They are here this summer as well as the last two, for the recovery of their son, who, I am afraid, is a cripple without any hopes of relief. I found at their house a relation whom I had never seen and scarce heard of, before. His story is curious. When my father was upon his travels about thirty years ago, he was taken ill at Besançon & knowing that a young relation of his of

the name of Acton, studied surgery at Paris, he sent over for him.¹ After he was cured, M^r Acton fell in love with a Lady of the place, married her, changed his religion and settled at Besançon. He had several children ; two of them are in the French service, in Fitzjames's horse ; the third as soon as he grew up was sent for to Leghorn by his uncle Commodore Acton who, having passed from the service of our East India Company into that of the Emperor, Great Duke of Tuscany, commanded his fleet at Leghorn. This young Gentleman, now Captain of foot and Lieutenant of a man of war in the Austrian service is the person I am speaking of. He is come over to England for a few months to see his friends. As Sir Richard Acton, the head of the family, is now a Roman Catholic, has only one daughter and has expressed a desire to see him, we suspect he may possibly have some designs in his favor. I wish he may, for at first sight he appears a very pretty sensible young man. I finished my evening at the rooms which when there is no dancing I like extremely. There is play, conversation and a good deal of liberty. I fancy I shall usually go there of an evening.

19th. As my books were not come, and Madame de Motteville had left my head full of Lewis the XIV and his court, I took in hand my friend *Voltaire's* ²

¹ See *Auto. W.C.*, p. 18. Gibbon's father and Dr. Edward Acton were great-grandsons of Sir Walter Acton, 2nd baronet. The Commodore was Richard Acton. Gibbon visited him at Pisa on the 24th September 1764, and was sorry for him because at the age of sixty he found himself left by the English for having changed his religion, while he had settled in a country of which he had never been able to learn the language. The 'young gentleman' was John Francis Edward Acton. In 1791 he succeeded as 6th baronet. He was grandfather of Lord Acton.

² 'I cannot boast of any peculiar notice or distinction *Virgilium vidi tantum*.'—*Auto. W.C.*, p. 80.

Siècle de Louis XIV. It will employ some few leisure hours, and will afford me great entertainment.

Once more in possession of some necessary books, I returned to my present great object, the study of Homer ; but before I proceed to the *Odyssey*, I determined to read several things which might conduce to the better understanding him. I read this morning, *Sir John Marsham Canon Chronicus*, &c. p. 433-446, *Edit. Franequer, 1696*, where he treats of Homer & Hesiod, and in speaking of the first, explains, in a few words, all that is to be found in the ancients concerning his country, age, fate of his writings, and progress of his reputation. I cannot help wondering at the blind deference he pays to the oracular authority of the Parian marble : ‘ *De eâ re igitur* (the age of Homer) *non est amplius ambigendum.*’ I respect that monument, as an usefull, and especially as an uncorrupt monument of antiquity, but why should I prefer it’s authority to that of Herodotus, for instance ? It is more modern, it’s author is uncertain. We know not from what sources he drew his Chronology, nor how far he was qualified to draw it properly. However as to the age of Homer, I abide by his decision ; because I can (whatever diversity appeared to Sir John) reconcile it with several of the most approved authors. That learned writer did not consider, that in fixing the time when a great man flourished, several historians may differ from one another, without differing from truth ; because they fixed it from different *Æras* of his life. In that of Fontenelle, the fixing his date either from his birth (1657), or from his writing the *Worlds* (1686) ; from his reception into the French Academy (1691) ; from his being made Secretary to that of Sciences

(1699); from his resigning that post (1740); from his death (1757), would produce a difference of a century; so that we may establish for a rule of Criticism, that when these diversities do not exceed the natural term of human life, we ought to think of according them, and not of opposing them. In this instance, five of the most respectable authorities may be confined within the small period of sixty eight years. The eldest Apollodorus, who places Homer 250 years after the Trojan war, Ant. Chr. 934, must be naturally understood to speak of his birth: Cornelius Nepos the second whose date is 160 years before the foundation of Rome, A.C. 914, of the time when Homer then 20 was arrived at the years of manhood: the *Æra* of the marbles (643 years before the Archontat of Diognetus) A.C. 907, of the time when Homer, then 27, began to distinguish himself; perhaps when, according to the Colophonian tradition, he wrote the *Margites*, his first poetical work. When Herodotus places Homer 400 years before his own birth, A.C. 884, he may mean, that, being then fifty, he was arrived at the highest pitch of his reputation, and perhaps wrote the *Iliad*. Lastly, if Sosibius, the Laconian, brings him down to the 90th year before the first Olympiad, Homer might then die aged 68 years, A.C. 866. This calculation agrees very well with the vague reckoning of Pliny and Juvenal, and pretty nearly with the more precise one of Velleius Paterculus. There are, indeed, many writers it is impossible to conciliate, since they take in so enormous a period as 416 years, from the return of the Heraclides, A.C. 1104, to the XXIII^d Olympiad, A.C. 688. But besides they are of inferior note, this great difference amongst

them leaves the authority of each to stand singly by itself.

I likewise began to-day a Greek Life of Homer, or rather a Dissertation upon his writings, by an anonymous writer, inserted in the *Opuscula Mythologica, Physica, et Ethica*, published at Amsterdam 1688, by M^r Gale.* It takes up p. 283-404 of those *Opuscula*. As I intend to make an abstract of it, I shall only say here that I read p. 283-303.

20th. I read the *Life Of Homer*, 304-314. The Greek is easy, though I met with many words of the only species (perhaps) not to be found in Homer,—Grammatical and Metaphysical terms, which are the more difficult at first, because, as they are all metaphoricall, it is the litterall meaning which presents itself to an unexperienced reader.

In the evening My father, Ford, Hall, the two Harrisons and myself went to the Camp. We heard the line was to be out for the Cherookee Chiefs,¹ and wanted to see both it and them, but were disappointed in both for they came no farther than Bagshot to-night. However we drank tea with

* See an abstract of these *Opuscula* in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, tom. vii. pp. 97-116.—(Note by Gibbon.)

¹ A treaty of peace had been made with the Cherokees at Charles Town, South Carolina, towards the end of 1761. On 21st June 1762 three of their chiefs, near six feet high and dressed in 'their own country habit,' were brought to London. They could not 'speak to be understood,' and very unfortunately lost their interpreter in their passage. They were lodged in Suffolk Street and given English clothes. On 8th July they were presented to the King by the Earl of March. On 20th August they set out for Portsmouth on their way home. Although Gibbon did not see them, they visited the camp at Winchester and dined with Lord Bruce. 'The next day they were conducted to the French prison, which they viewed with uncommon curiosity, expressing in the strongest terms their detestation of a people from whom they had received so many instances of the most perfidious and cruel usage. In the afternoon they were shewn the college and were entertained with fruit and wine by the Warden. The next morning the Wiltshire Militia

Berkeley, whom we found (as usual) in great spirits, and surrounded with a numerous company. After seeing the Piquets we came to the Chequer, and supped with Abbot.

21st. I went up to Camp with the two Harrisons, and saw a field day (without powder) of the Wiltshire for the instruction of their Major (Young) who was just returned from the West Indies. They did extremely well, but I think have lost since last camp. They are not so steady and come down as front rank much worse. By their own account they are very incompleat, and indeed they must be so, out of a regiment of 800 men to be able to shew only 114 file under arms. My Lord Bruce and most of the officers seem much displeased with an order they have had from Lord Effingham to return to the old Chequer firings, advancing out. However they practise these aukward firings just enough to fit them for a review, but in their own field days, they attach themselves chiefly to their more modern and expeditious methods. We all returned to Southampton about noon, I mean all but my father, who chose to go to Beriton for a few days.

In order to save some part of this day for study, I passed the evening in my Lodging and read the *life of Homer* p. 314-341. I heard to-day by accident that Sir Thomas was come to England & even to Pilewell, but have had no letter from him.

D. 22^d. I went with Ballard to the French church, where I heard a most indifferent sermon

diverted them with an infinite variety of firings and evolutions for near two hours, which they beheld with remarkable attention and satisfaction. They were later shown over the dockyard.

'Their general observation on being shewn these great objects is that their English brethren can do everything.'—*Gent. Mag.*, 1762.

preached by M. Barnouin.¹ A very bad style, a worse pronunciation and action, and a very great vacuity of Ideas, composed this excellent performance. Upon the whole, which is preferable, the philosophic method of the English, or the Rhetoric of the French preachers? The first (tho' less glorious) is certainly safer for the speaker. It is difficult for a man to make himself ridiculous, who proposes only to deliver plain sense on a subject he has thoroughly studied. But the instant he discovers the least pretensions towards the sublime, or the pathetic, there is no medium; We must either admire or laugh; and there are so many various talents requisite to form the character of an orator, that it is more than probable we shall laugh. As to the advantage of the hearer, which ought to be the great consideration, the dilemma is much greater. Except in some particular cases, where we are blinded by popular prejudices, we are in general so well acquainted with our duty, that it is almost superfluous to convince us of it. It is the heart, and not the head, that holds out: and it is certainly possible, by a moving eloquence, to rouse the sleeping sentiments of that heart, & incite it to acts of virtue. Unluckily it is not so much acts, as habits of virtue, we should have in view, & the preacher who is inculcating, with the eloquence of a Bourdaloue, the necessity of a virtuous life, will dismiss his assembly full of emotions, which a variety of other objects, the coldness of our northern constitutions, and no immediate opportunity of their exerting their good resolutions, will dissipate in a few moments.

Captain Perkins dined with us to-day and led us

¹ St. Julian's, where services are still held in French. It was assigned by Queen Elizabeth to some Walloon refugees in 1567.

into an intemperance we have not known for some time past.

23rd. I could do nothing this morning but spew. I scarce wonder at the Confessor who enjoined getting drunk as a penance.

Abbot dined with us to-day but went away in the afternoon. Nothing but opposition could have made us like that man as we did ; tho' to give him his due he was a good Adjutant. Going to the rooms this evening, I made acquaintance with one, M^r D'Aussy, son to a French refugee. I had lent him my book which he seems to like and had a long conversation with him in French. I don't much admire him tho' he seems to be here *Le Bel Esprit du quartier*.

24th. I read the *life of Homer* p. 341-357 and dined afterwards with M^r Darrel, in the evening I came home.¹ The same reason that carried so many people to the assembly to-night was what kept me away, I mean the dancing.

25th. I read the *life of Homer* p. 357-374. Thresher came to quarters to-day and occasioned it being a very debauched one.

26th. I read the *life of Homer* p. 374-387. McCombe brought me to-day a commission of Ensign in our Battalion, signed by the Duke of Bolton for his son. The young man's head had been turned by Military ideas, and upon a promise from Stanley to get him a Commission in the Marines he quitted his original business of a Cabinet maker, to serve as a Volunteer in the Wiltshire till something should be done for him. As a year had now elapsed in fruitless expectation, he thought it much

¹ Robert Darrell married Mary Porten on 17th December 1724. They had a large family. Gibbon often mentions his cousins Edward, born 1728, and Robert, born 1734.

better to wait for promotion as a Militia officer than as a private man.

27th. I read the *Life of Homer* p. 387-394. I had a letter this morning from Sir Thomas that he was got safe to Pilewell and should dine with us to-morrow. Must I again set down that we drank too much to-day.

28th. I finished the *Siecle of Lewis XIV*. I believe that Voltaire had for this work an advantage he has seldom enjoyed. When he treats of a distant period, he is not a man to turn over musty monkish writers to instruct himself. He follows some compilation, varnishes it over with the magick of his style, and produces a most agreeable, superficial, inaccurate performance. But there the information both written and oral lay within his reach, and he seems to have taken great pains to consult it. Without any thing of the majesty of the great historians, he has comprized, in two small volumes, a variety of facts, told in an easy, clear, and lively style. To this merit, he has added that of throwing aside all trivial circumstances, and chusing no events, but such as are either usefull or entertaining. His method (of treating every article in a distinct chapter) I think vicious, as they are all connected in human affairs, and as they are often the cause of each other, why seperate them in History? The first Volume is much less interesting than the second; Arts and manners were a subject almost untouched; but so many writers had exhausted the battles and sieges of Lewis XIV's reign, that it was impossible to add any thing new, especially in so confined an abridgment. Besides, those detached particulars wanted less that art of narrating, which Voltaire never possessed, with all

his other talents. I mean in prose, for there are some fine narrations in his tragedies. That of *Ismène*, in the last act of *Mérope*, is equal to the famous ones of *Racine*. As to his hero, I think that he performed great actions without being a great man. France, (notwithstanding his wars and persecutions,) ought never to forget him. But when Condé, Turenne, Vauban, Louvois, Colbert, &c. have claimed their share of fame, little more will remain to the Monarch, than the having chose and employed these great men : I can hardly add that of persisting in his choice. A Prince diffident or inconstant may claim great merit for having persisted in a good choice. A Monarch, proud, vain, or obstinate, is only to be praised if he renounces a bad one. And every one must know to what a degree Lewis carried those last-mentioned qualities.

To-day Sir Thomas came to us to dinner. The Spa has done him a great deal of good, for he looks another man. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing till after Roll-Calling ; Sir Thomas assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely soberer he was grown.

About three a clock Perkins marched in at the head of forty one fine recruits. They are very good men, all young and active ; so that the Ringwood Company will be once more our best Company. It is amazing that throughout the county, they should have let us ballot for our whole quota.

29th. I felt the usual consequences of Sir Thomas's Company, and lost a morning, because I had lost the day before. However, having finished Voltaire, I returned to Le Clerc (I mean for the amusement of my leisure hours ;) and laid aside for some time his *Bibliothèque Universelle*, to look into the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, which is by far the better work.

1st. From the books he speaks of, he is more succinct in regard to that Theological and Polemical spawn which overflowed Europe upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; he speaks of no modern books but what deserve it, and often speaks of ancient ones.

2^{dly}. From his manner of writing. Delivered from his impertinent associate La Croze and accustomed to this kind of composition, his extracts are more copious, more free and more critical; he tells us more particularly what his authors think, and still more what he thinks himself. Tho' I began by the first volume, yet chusing to go thro' his account of *Erasmus* at once, I was soon obliged to pursue it into the following one. To-day Perkins's brother, a captain of Marines, and a most wrong-headed fellow and M^r Crop, the Mayor of Southampton, dined with us. Another drunken day.

30th. M^r Acton and myself went over to the Camp. We were very early. Tho' we breakfasted before we set out, we got to camp about seven. We first saw a poor remnant of the Wiltshire, for the Gosport Detachment and several other duties had reduced them to about forty files. They were besides only out with Serjeants and in a very careless way. However M^r Acton, who is a Military man, easily saw their merits thro' all those disadvantages. We afterwards breakfasted with Lt.-Colonel Northey¹ and then saw a very grand field day of the Lancashire. They are in generall very fine men and as they had about 190 file under arms they made a very noble line. Their discipline is far short of their appearance. After going thro' the common firings mighty aukwardly, they attempted to attack with their Grenadiers and three

¹ William Northey, lieut.-colonel of the Wiltshire.

grand divisions, the four field pieces which were guarded by the fourth grand division. After much ratling firing and many confused evolutions the battery was taken. The scheme was pretty but they wanted the Wiltshire to execute it. I have given some account of Sir Thomas's sobriety. As to his reformation in point of laziness, I must say that returning home about half an hour after one we found him getting up. M^r Acton dined with us. Too much wine again.

31st. Keate and Stephens dined with us and to our immortal honor be it spoken we sent them both pretty drunk to the assembly. This I must acquit Sir Thomas of, for he left us in the morning to go home for some days.

SEPTEMBER 1762 SOUTHAMPTON

1st. I asked young M^r McCombe to dine at the Mess. The young man bore an exceedingly good character in the Wiltshire and it would be unjust to make him suffer for the faults of the father. However, we invite him to the mess without admitting him into it. To-day we were very cool. I have not been so for six days past. As we were sitting at dinner a report which had prevailed in the morning of a negociation upon the carpet became certainty by a letter we saw in the papers. It was from M^r Wood¹ to the Lord Mayor and wrote by the Earl of Egremont's order, who thought it might be of advantage to the City

¹ Robert Wood (1717-71), Under-Secretary of State. The letter is given in the *Gent. Mag.*, 1762.

to be acquainted that in consequence of the nomination made by his most Christian Majesty of the Duke de Nivernois to come here to treat of a peace, the King had named the Duke of Bedford to go to Paris upon the same business. This news occasioned very different sensations in the Corps, pleasure to the few men of property who had been first cheated by the Government and then ill-used by a Lord-Lieutenant; grief to our young adventurers who either having no home or nothing to do at Home, looked upon the disembodiment of the Militia like the breaking a regiment of regulars. As to me, I shall once more be a free man, at liberty to pursue my studies, my travels, my connexions, no longer chained down to Company I despised or dragged from town to town by a route from the War office.

As we have now nearly renewed our corps, and as it seems tending towards its dissolution, I shall set down an abstract of our numbers at different times, first premising that our being so incomplete was owing to the discouragements given it by the Duke, the negligence of some deputy Lieutenants, the formality, the mistakes, and perhaps the arts of Sir William Gardiner and the unsettled state of the Portdown division.

State of the South battalion of Hampshire Militia

	Effectives.	Wanting to complet.
January 1 ^{rst} 1761	307	113
June 1 ^{rst} 1761	284	136
January 1 ^{rst} 1762	342	78
July 1 ^{rst} 1762	380	40
August 1 ^{rst} 1762	260	160
September 1 ^{rst} 1762	368	52

N.B. We lost in July 146 by discharge, 2 by death, and two by desertion ; in all 150 but as we likewise inlisted 30, our real loss was 120 men.

State of My Company

	Serjeants.	Rank & File.	Wanting.
July 1 st 1762	3	60	0
August 1 st 1762	2	32	29
September 1 st 1762	3	53	7

N.B. In July, I lost 3 Serjeants and 31 rank and file ; but two of the Serjeants took on again and I enlisted 3 men ; so that my real loss was 29. In August I enlisted 22, so that I only want 7 to compleat.

2d. A disagreeable accident happened. M^r Darrel complained that a Grenadier who was Sentry at the Assembly room had insulted his son. I immediately ordered a Court Martial ; but they did not find it at all clear that the Sentry was the man and acquitted him. I am afraid Darrel was not satisfied with me upon the occasion ; tho' I could do nothing more.

3rd. After having lost a week, the first part my Colonel's fault and the latter by my own, I returned to the *life of Homer* and read p. 394-404 the end. In the evening I supped with the Darrels and received a letter from M^{rs} Porten that her Brother and Benazet proposed visiting Winchester Camp and were resolved to meet me some where.

4th. I reviewed, but in a cursory manner, the *Life of Homer*, without having so exalted an Idea of it as M^r Gale, who, like a true Editor, calls it *Liber aureus*. I think it a valuable piece, wrote with art, and containing many ingenious, and some

usefull observations upon Homer. I then began to look into the *Greek Grammar of Port Royal*, that learned society which contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and Philosophical method. I began, contrary to the general method, with the verbs, and read with attention the first chapter of the III^d Book, which treats of the nature and proprieties of the verb. I think that method the most natural and Philosophical which begins with the operations of the mind, or the action or *passion* of the body, and passes from thence to foreign objects.

D. 5th. I read the 2d. chapter of the III^d Book, which treats of the Characteristic letter, and the termination of verbs, and to impress the several modifications of the active verb upon my memory, I copied them out. I finished to-day every thing in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, relative to Erasmus, *Viz.* *Tom. i. p. 379-397* ; *Tom. v. p. 145-283* ; *Tom. vi. p. 1-238* ; *Tom. xii. p. 1-57*. The first and last are very good reflexions, and exact judgements, upon Erasmus's works, but are too short. The others are long extracts of his epistles, which, translated in a very bad style, and unconnected method, have neither the agrémens of original letters, nor the merit of a compleat life. When I had finished them, (according to a maxim I have laid down elsewhere,¹) I began *Vie d'Erasme, par M. de Burigny* ; and so preferred the *suite* of my ideas to that of my books.

6th. I read the Grammar, L. iii. C. 3. which treats of the Augmentation, both Syllabick and temporal.

¹ See 'Reflexions sur les Extraits raisonnés à Douvres le 14 Mars 1761.' (Note by Gibbon : see *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v.)

6th. I dined to-day with the Darrels and supped there. I was obliged to-day to consult M^r. Andrews, a Surgeon of the place, in relation to a complaint I had neglected for some time ; it was a swelling in my left testicle which threatens being a serious affair. M^r. Andrews ordered me several things for it.¹

7th. I was blooded to-day.

I read the Grammar, L. iii. C. 4-14. I saw the various forms into which every verb changes itself, from the Indicative to the Participle, and from the Present to the second perfect. Indeed, I think the chain has too many links, as well as groundless exceptions without number ; but this last is the vice of all languages, none of whom have been the work of reason. Captain Gayton dined with us.

8th. I took Physick. This necessarily implies the loss of the morning as it excludes all application. In the evening I found means to look over, in a cursory manner, the passive and middle moods of the Barytone verbs in ω . They depend so much upon the active, that when one has a clear idea of it, the Genealogy is very easy to follow. I now see clearly the advantage of paying little attention to the grammar, till you have made some progress in the language. Instead of having both precepts and examples to learn, I need only attend to the general rules of what I have already seen a variety of particular instances. It is examining the map of a country I have before travelled thro'. Porten and Abbot from Winchester dined with us.

¹ Gibbon here mentions the trouble which he had for the remainder of his existence, which shortened his life and which he never mentioned to his closest friends.

9th. Designing to go for some days to Beriton, I breakfasted with the Darrels. I mentioned my hopes and intentions of going to Paris this winter which the almost certain approach of peace allows me now to talk of pretty publicly. Acton immediately said he should be very glad to go with me. I could not give him a positive answer, but his apparent character and foreign connections would make such a party far from disagreeable. I looked more closely into the passive and middle moods of the barytone in ω .^{*} If the *Vox media* is not very useful and ingenious, it is highly ridiculous. About noon I set out, eat a mouthfull at Winchester, and got to Beriton about six in the Evening.

10th. I read the Greek Grammar, L. iii. C. 21-27, containing a very clear account of the circumflex verbs in ω , and of the rules by which they contract themselves. I intended speaking to my father about going to Paris, but he prevented me by mentioning it himself and proposing my going there as soon as there was a Cessation of arms, and an immediate prospect of peace. This upon all accounts I was pleased with. However so many obstacles both of a public and a private nature may still intervene that without renouncing hope, I must moderate my joy.

11th. I read the Greek Grammar, L. iv. C. 1-5, which treats of the regular verbs in μ . I approve extremely of the intention of *M.M. de Port Royal*, who, to simplify things as much as possible, have reduced the thirteen Conjugations of the Greek grammar to two, or rather to three. But the variety of those conjugations is so great,

^{*} Gramm. L. III., C. 14-21.—(Note by Gibbon.)

and the differences so real, that the ancient division was, perhaps, clearer, in having many rules with few exceptions, than the modern one of few rules with many exceptions. For instance, in explaining the Barytone Conjugations in ω , there is hardly a tense without exceptions for the peculiar formation of the Liquids. At least I would have a separate Conjugation for them. Another defect I observed is, the Example they have fixed on for the Barytone Conjugation. 1st They pitch upon the verb $\tau\omega$, and make use of it in their table, but when they come to the detail of the modes and tenses, they then employ $\tau\upsilon\pi\tau\omega$. This alteration destroys the unity of their plan, and must breed some confusion, especially in a young head. 2^{dly} They boast in their preface of having chose (with Sanctius) $\tau\omega$ as a very simple verb ; but I own I think the choice ill judged. The great object should have been to have chose a verb perfectly regular, every one of whose different modifications should have been the example of the general rule, which they laid down for that mood or tense. $\tau\omega$ does not answer that character. In the first future passive (for instance), according to the general rule (1) of changing the ω of the first future active, into $\theta\eta\sigma\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$ $\tau\iota\sigma\omega$, would make $\tau\iota\sigma\theta\eta\sigma\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$. However, by a common exception of the verbs in ω pure (2), it drops the σ and makes only $\tau\iota\theta\eta\sigma\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$.¹

To-day I began the small but valuable treatise of Longinus, *περι υψους in the variorum edition of Tollius, printed at Utrecht, 1694, in 4^o*. The edition

¹ The tense is in any case only a grammarian's figment of a kind that abounded in the older books to satisfy the passion for completeness.

appears to be a very compleat one. It contains the Greek text of the author, with a Latin version by Tollius, and a French one by Boileau, with the notes of Robortellus, Petra, Portus, Langbænius, le Fèvre, and Tollius himself; and the French ones of Boileau and Dacier. I read the dedication of Tollius to the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia, and father of the present Monarch; the prefaces of Tollius, de Petra, Langbænius, & Boileau, with the list of *Testimonia*, and the greatest part of the first chapter of Longinus himself. Tollius, tho' a commentator, was a man of taste and genius; tho' the style of his dedication is somewhat tumid, yet there are pretty thoughts in it. He quibbles a little about *Victoria alata*, and *Fama pinnigera*, when he speaks of the great Elector; but his compliment upon the Battle of Ferbelin is just, and well expressed. When I reflect on the age in which Longinus lived, an age which produced scarce any other writer worthy the attention of posterity, when real learning was almost extinct, Philosophy sunk down to the quibbles of Grammarians and the tricks of mountebanks, and the Empire desolated by every Calamity, I am amazed that at such a period, in the heart of Syria, and at the Court of an Eastern Monarch, Longinus could produce a work worthy of the best and freest days of Athens.¹ I read with the sincerest regret the titles of the other works which are now lost; but none more than his *Odænathus*. I should have

¹ The identity of Longinus remains obscure. It is certain that he was not at Zenobia's court (c. A.D. 272). More probably the work belongs to the first century A.D. See Rhys Roberts' edition, Cambridge, 1899.

seen, tho' probably with some partiality, the Character and actions of that great man, and of the greater Zenobia, who both (contrary to the other tyrants) proposed less making themselves Roman Emperors, than detaching the East from the Empire, and erecting a new Monarchy upon quite different foundations.

D. 12th. I finished first Chapter of Longinus, with Boileau's translation, and all the notes. The Greek is, from the figurative style, and bold metaphors, extremely difficult : I am afraid it is rather too much for me ; but now I have entered upon it, *facta est alea* ; and I have nothing to do but to redouble my application to understand him correctly. Is it vexation at those difficulties, or reason, which makes me wish, that in the room of those poetical figures, he had given us a definition of the sublime ? Tho' Cæcilius had done it, < it > would have taken him but a few lines and been very necessary. I then read a Dissertation of M. le Clerc, inserted in the *Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne*, Tom. v. p. 237-290, *sur les Verbs moyens des Grècs*. As it is (which I did not know at first) in opposition to another of M. Kuster, I can decide nothing about the dispute till I have seen that, which I will do as soon as possible, for his idea is a very ingenious one. He thinks those verbs, as distinct from the active and passive ones, are made use of by the pure Attic Writers to signify, 1st An action which passes entirely within the agent, such as thinking, willing, &c. 2^{dly} An action which, tho' exterior, has the agent himself for object ; such as, I feed myself, I undress myself, &c. M. le Clerc, on the other hand, not only denies their use, but even disputes the existence

of the *vox media* ; which he treats as only a corruption of the active and passive. As to the pretended difference of sound and sense, He says, that the first are not greater than many occasioned by the dialects, or by poetical licenses, for which the Grammarians have never established new voices or moods. That by M. Kuster's own confession, the Deponents in Latin, and many verbs in Greek, have an active signification, with a passive termination, without belonging to any *Vox media* ; that this mystery is unknown to the best Greeks, and that many of them express those actions by an active verb ; nay, sometimes in the same period employ an active and middle verb. This he illustrates by a variety of examples.

I began to-day my *Extract of the Life of Homer, in French*, and wrote the first folio page, with a long note.

13th. About eight in the morning my father and I set out from Beriton. We got to Winchester Camp about Eleven where we breakfasted with Lord Tracey. Major Bragg, who was in the tent showed a very curious letter from Constantinople containing a particular and sensible account of the first audience of M^r Grenville, our new Embassador ; in which the English yielded for interest's sake a hundred things to the Ottoman arrogance. From Winchester we came to Southampton, where Captain Sharrock was Commanding officer. M^r Lawrence dined and supped with us. In the afternoon we saw the recruits ; they come on very well, but none so much as Perkins's, tho' the last, and that chiefly owing to a Serjeant, we had from the Wiltshire.

14th. I read the *second Chapter of Longinus*,

with the versions and notes as usual. As yet I read my author more as a man of Genius, than as a man of taste : I am pleased and astonished rather than instructed. I observed in this chapter a Licence more than poetical, into which the fire of his imagination hurried him, that of leaving the reader to supply one part of a first comparison, whilst he hastens to a second. There was an *Hiatus* at the end of the chapter, which Tollius supplied from a Manuscript in the *Vatican*. It is amusing to peruse the conjectural supplements of the Critics ; how various, how ingenious, and how distant from the truth. They are probably often as much so, tho' we have it not in our power to confute them in the same manner.

M. d'Aussy dined with us. I like him better than I did, and think him upon the whole a sensible man. He puzzled us all at the Coffee house by some games of chess (laid down in Hamma the Syrian's book) which when to all appearance desperate are recovered and won by some great strokes of art.

15th. I went thro' the whole series of the Irregular verbs in Greek. Some of them are defective by the want of some particular tenses or persons, and others are irregular, as forming their tenses not from their own natural theme, but from some other which bears some affinity with it, and is commonly either derived or contracted from it. These irregularities are necessary to be known ; but we should be cautious of erecting them too hastily into general rules, the first sort especially ; where the supposed defect may only arise from the Greek authors now extant not having had

occasion to employ that particular modification of the verb.

16th. At last our new cloathing tho' not entirely finished, was delivered out by the Major's order, who was tired of seeing our men parade in rags about so publick a place as Southampton. It was about Six months that our Cloathing was in agitation, and about three that it had lain at Southampton. So long a delay was however, compensated by the goodness of it. The Cloath is very good and the black almost totally concealed by the quantity of white lace; the hats which are plain are smartly cocked and the buff acoutrements as broad as those of the Dorset. In a word, from the extreme shabbiness in which we went out we are come, tho' by slower degrees than most other corps of militia, to be as well appointed as the Guards. However, as if a fatality attended us of being never compleat, the men have no black gaiters and only one pair of linnen breeches, both articles *forgot* by Sir Thomas.

17th. We had a field day without officers or powder. The men appeared in their new cloathing which occasioned their being very ill, partly by their being stiff and constrained, and partly because most of them had got drunk with joy.*

18th. I had some time since formed a scheme with Thresher to go to Sand-heath and Chatham Camps. We were to have set out to-day, but a variety of reasons prevented it; my servant's illness (who is laid up with the rheumatism) the

* I forgot to mention that the Corps dined to-day with Mr. Crop who gave a feast upon going out of the Mayoralty. The Members, Stanley & Dawkins, were there. The Company was numerous and noisy; the dinner expensive and bad.—(Footnote by Gibbon.)

approaching coronation, the bad weather and more than all the great disinclination my father expressed to it. *Heu taceo !*

19th. My father and I dined with the *Crops* in company of the Darrels. Crop is an honest fellow in the Tory sense of the word ; he drinks hard, rails against all ministers and keeps alive the small remains of Jacobitism at Southampton. Even Sir Thomas thinks him too violent. A *cela près*, he is most impenetrably stupid. His wife is a merry good natured woman, but one who, in her conversation, respects altogether as little the laws of truth as the patience of her hearers. In the evening we supped at the Darrels where I received a letter from Sir Thomas that he will certainly be with us Wednesday.

20th. We had a field day. As a good many of our recruits were come into Battalion we had for the first time these four months, Officers and 18 rounds. Tho' I had not exercised them so long, yet I found myself very clear and I believe made no mistakes. As to the men they would have done very well but for the recruits who had been too much hurried. We had formed them by themselves on the left and in every thing but the manual, they behaved very ill.

21st. To wipe off the disgrace of yesterday, we had another field day this morning with officers and 18 rounds again. We dispersed our recruits into the platoons of old men. This was McCombe's advise and the event shewed it to be preferable to mine. I was afraid the recruits would confuse the veterans, and that all the firings would be indifferent, which I thought was worse than having one very bad. It turned out differ-

ently. The old men instructed the recruits by their precepts and example and the whole did very well.

22nd. Being the anniversary of the King's coronation the Battalion paraded a little below the gate with white gaiters and full accoutrements ; when we had received the Colours, which was done very well by the whole Company of Grenadiers, we wheeled by grand divisions and marched down the street. We formed again opposite the Audit-house and fired three volleys. The two first were excellent, and the last would have been as good, had it not been for the Major's mistake, who shouldered the battalion the third time instead of firing them from the hand under the lock as he had done the two first. After the volleys we drank a glass of wine with the Corporation in the audit-house. Just before dinner Sir Thomas came to us.

23^d. Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamshire Militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas & myself had begun with him at Reading. I scarcely ever met with a better Companion ; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit, and humour, and a great deal of knowledge ; but a thorough profligate in principle as in practice ; his character is infamous, his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and bawdy. These morals he glories in—for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted. He told us himself, that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this noble principle he has connected himself closely with Lord Temple and M^r. Pitt, commenced a public adversary to Lord Bute,

whom he abuses Weekly in the North Briton, and other political papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day : we drank a good deal both after dinner and supper and when at last Wilkes was retired, Sir Thomas and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed.

24th. Sir Thomas went home. As we heard the Duke of York was at Winchester and intended coming over to Southampton to-day, a guard of a Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign with the King's colours and fifty men was ordered. I was the Captain, Ford the Lieutenant and Harrison the Ensign. We waited for him in vain till evening and then dismissed the guard. This evening I met an old acquaintance at the rooms ; Miss Roberts of the Isle of Wight, who with her sister is for a few days at Southampton.

25th. Having received certain intelligence that the Duke would come over to-day we ordered the same guard again with Eyer, Ford and Shephard. He came about one, passed our guard who received him very properly, and of whom he took very little notice, and went directly to the rooms, where he had ordered a publick breakfast and invited the company of the place. In the evening he gave an extraordinary ball, slipt away about ten, and went back with his company which was numerous, to sup with Lt. Colonel Conyers at Winchester.

D. 26th. I went once more to the French Church and heard another sermon of M. Barnouin, worse if possible than the former. We began to-day a new method of living. We had been so ill-

used by the Inns at Southampton that we resolved to keep house ourselves. We hired a house, took a cook and laid in our own provisions. This method promises being both cheaper and better than the former. Shephard is our Treasurer. That lad was really an acquisition, He is a very good tempered young man, sober, diligent and an excellent officer.

27th. I have not, almost this fortnight, set down any thing in the litterary way. Indeed, I was very idle. I only in that time, went thro' the *Life of Erasmus* ; which ought only to have been an amusement, and not to have broke in upon Longinus. To-day I finished that *Life of Erasmus*. It is a work of great reading. As M. de Burigny proposed connecting with his history, a general account of the sciences and religion during his time, he has looked very deep into his subject. His style and reflexions are suitable to a man of sense and modesty, who neither pretends to, nor possesses the least share of genius. Upon the whole, the book is a perfect contrast to most fashionable french ones, since it is usefull without being brilliant. If we consider the Character of Erasmus, we shall be immediately struck with his extensive erudition and that heightened by two circumstances : 1. That he was scarce ever fixed six months in a place (excepting at Basil) ; & that to this wandering life, which deprived him both of books and leisure, must be added, a continued bad state of health, and the constant avocation of a vast correspondance. 2. That his learning was all real, and founded on the acurate perusal of the ancient authors. The numerous Editions he published sufficiently evince it ; and besides, those

convenient compilations of all sorts, where a modern author can learn to be a profound scholar at a very small expence, did not then exist ; Every thing was to be sought for in the originals themselves. But besides this learning, which was common to many, Erasmus possessed a genius without which no writer will ever descend to posterity, a genius which could see thro' the vain subtilities of the school, revive the laws of criticism, treat every subject with eloquence and delicacy, sometimes emulate the ancients, often imitate them, and never copy them. As to his morals, they had the poor merit of being regular. In the nobler part of his character I find him very deficient. Delicacy of sentiment he had none. A parasite of all the great men of his time, he was neither ashamed to magnify their characters, by the lowest adulation, nor to debase his own by the most impudent solicitations to obtain presents which very often he did not want. The adventure of Eppendorf is another proof how much dearer his money was to him than his character. Notwithstanding these faults, never man enjoyed a greater personal consideration. All the scholars, and all the princes of Europe, looked upon him as an oracle. Even Charles V. and Francis I. agreed in this. If we enquire why this happened to him rather than to some other great men, of a merit equal, or perhaps superior to Erasmus, we must say that it was owing to the time when he lived ; when the world awaking from a sleep of a thousand years, all orders of men applied themselves to letters with an Enthusiasm which produced in them the highest esteem and veneration for one of their principal restorers. Besides, as the general attention, from piety, from curiosity,

from vanity, and from interest, was directed towards the religious disputes, a great Divine was the fashionable character ; and all parties endeavoured to attract or to preserve him. But to which of those parties did Erasmus adhere ? His writings, and even his conduct, were often equivocal. The Catholics claim him, tho' they acknowledge that he was often indiscreet. Le Clerc challenges him for the Protestants, tho' he blames him for not professing what he knew to be the truth ; and attributes his reserve solely to timidity and self-interest. Erasmus had certainly exposed all the grosser superstitions of the Romish worship to the ridicule of the publick, and had his free opinion been taken, I believe he was a Protestant upon most of the contested points. But many other motives might restrain him from a declaration. He was always persuaded, that any speculative truths were dearly purchased at the expence of practical virtue and publick peace. Besides, many considerations might often make him balance as to those truths ; prejudices of education, the authority of the fathers, and a natural inclination to Scepticism. Add to all this, that really disapproving many things in the Protestant Communion, tho' more in the Romish, by remaining in the loose situation of a man who was unwilling to quit the religion of his ancestors, he could blame many things in it with freedom ; whereas, had he deserted it, he must either have set up a standard himself, or else have enlisted blindly under that of Luther or *Æcolampodius*. It is surprising that Erasmus, who could see thro' much more plausible fables, believed firmly in Witchcraft.

September 28th. Sir Thomas came to quarters

again accompanied by Lord Dungarvan¹ and Neville Waters, the parson. By invitation we all dined with him at the Dolphin.

29th. My father went home to Beriton this morning. We had a field day for Lord Dungarvan, officers, white gaiters and 18 rounds.—The recruits are become pretty steady and got very well into the new evolutions so that I have great hopes of the Battalion. His Lordship seemed to like them, but he is no soldier. We drank a vast deal too much wine to-day and had a most disagreeable proof of the pernicious consequences of it; I quarrelled when I was drunk with my good friend Harrison (the Lord knows for what) and had not some of the Company been sober, it might have been very serious affair.

30th. As soon as I had slept off the fumes of the wine I settled everything in an amicable way with Harrison, and saw Sir Thomas and Lord Dungarvan go off. I then went with M. d'Aussy to make a visit to M^r. Moyle of this place. He is a very polite sensible man and reckoned a very good scholar. He offered me the use of his Library and lent me his catalogue. I perused it with great pleasure. It is almost solely confined to Classical learning but in that branch I never saw a compleater collection. There is not (I believe) a single author Greek or Latin of which you may

¹ Hamilton Boyle, younger son of the 5th Earl of Cork, whom he succeeded in November 1762. He had succeeded his elder brother Charles in the title of Viscount Dungarvan in 1759. He was born in 1729-30, and had been captain of the school when Gibbon went to Westminster. He died unmarried in 1764. His brother had married Susanna, daughter of Henry Hoare of Stourhead, Wilt., in whose house as a boy Gibbon had devoured the continuation of Eachard's *Roman History*. She subsequently married Lord Bruce of the Wiltshire Militia.

not find the best and in the most considerable, several of the best Editions. I only borrowed the *Ciceronianus* and *Colloquia* of *Erasmus* as two of the most original works of that great man. I spent the evening at home, began the *Ciceronianus* and read p. 1-80.

OCTOBER 1762

SOUTHAMPTON

1st. I read the *Ciceronianus*, p. 80-230, which finished it, and perused 47 pages of Extracts from *Erasmus's* Letters, which related to it ; and which turn principally upon the great scandal the comparison between *Ascensius Badius* and the great *Budæus* had given in France. The object of this Dialogue is to attack some blind admirers and copiers of *Tully's* style ; who, at the revival of letters, formed, especially in Italy, a very considerable sect, of which the principal leaders were *Bembo*, *Sadolet*, and *Julius Scaliger*. In this attack he employs every arm both of argument and pleasantry. It may be divided into three parts ; in the first, *Nosoponus* the *Ciceronian* is introduced ; and with that exquisite species of humor, of which the *Lettres Provinciales* offer so fine a specimen, ridicules his own party by a bare exposition of those maxims which he himself venerated and practised. His exclusive devotion to *Cicero*, his three indexes, his never writing but in the dead silence of the night, his employing months upon a few lines, his religious caution about the words, and his total indifference about the sense, are truly and highly comic. In the second, *Erasmus* himself appears under the

name of *Boulephorus* ; and entering into a great detail, establishes, victoriously, that Cicero, tho' worthy of our attention and imitation, is not the only one worthy of it, that so servile an attachment to any author, destroys all freedom and originality of genius, and produces only a set of tame writers, who, perhaps, will only copy the faults, but who will surely never attain to the perfections of their great model, and that finally, we should rather endeavour to speak as Cicero would do if he lived at present, than as he did in his time : that since words are made for ideas, and not ideas for words, it is infinitely more reasonable to coin new words to express a variety of things unknown to Cicero, than, out of a vain ambition of purity, to call ex-communication, *Interdictio aquæ et ignis*, and to express all the objects of Christianity by the terms of the Pagan rituals. It must be Confessed, that the Ciceronians laid themselves very open to ridicule, were it only by their looking on Tully not only as the best but as the sole model, and that of language as well as of eloquence. In a polite age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language ; and very often, genius and eloquence, instead of being companions to purity, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. Why therefore should we exclude all other writers of the Augustan age, and confine our imitation to Tully alone, who was not a native of Rome, and who, from the fire of his imagination, the variety of his occupations, and the multiplicity of his writings, could not always attend nicely to his expressions ?

Why is not Cæsar (for example) as safe a model ? A Ciceronian must believe Cicero's own account of him. *Cæsar autem rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque . . . ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi.** But the same Ciceronian, if he would condescend to admit the other Latin writers of that age into a partnership with Tully, would be much more formidable than Nosoponus. He would observe, that in all languages, rules and analogies are very treacherous guides ; that in modern tongues we see them give way every day to Custom. That in the dead ones, that custom is to be met with only in the most correct writers ; and that whenever we deviate from them, we risk offending against the idiom of the language. That the boldest moderns did not dare carry their privilege of making new terms so far as they ought, to have made it really usefull, since they express many modern ideas by very loose periphrases. That as they are themselves still fond of copying and alluding to the ancients, the writings of Erasmus himself are an incoherent mixture of Roman manners and expressions with Batavian ones ; a mixture not less ridiculous than their scrupulous antique idiom. Perhaps the natural conclusion from these various difficulties, where either freedom or correctness must be sacrificed, was, that instead of that ungratefull labor upon a dead language, it would be better to improve and cultivate the living ones. But this conclusion was too much for the age of Erasmus. The third part of the Dialogue, which contains Erasmus's opinion of the style

* Cicero, *de Clar. Orator.*, c. 75.—(Note by Gibbon.)

of the principal Latin authors, both ancient and modern, shews great learning ; but his judgments are too superficial, and not so much varied as the nature of the subject required. The style of the *Ciceronianus* itself is lively and easy ; but the spirit of the Dialogue is but indifferently kept up. Nosoponus makes no defence, and Hypologus is quite a useless personage.

Having received the glorious news of the taking of the Havannah,¹ the Battalion was under arms this evening and fired three feux de joye. They were fired by me as Commanding Officer, and tho' we had several file of recruits, fired extremely well. We went up to the Corporation when it was over and drank a glass of wine with them. The evening concluded with some tolerable fireworks. I mentioned last year ()² our Captain Lieutenant Godfrey's leaving us. He went home to Rumsey but having still a strong inclination for a military life, he is come amongst us again as a Volunteer. He pays to the Mess as a Lieutenant. To-night for the first time he was in the ranks and fired as right hand man of the Grenadier Company.

2d. After a long absence, I returned at last to Longinus, and read the 3^d and 4th Chapters, *περι Ύψους*.

After Longinus had, in the two former Chapters, opened his design, and shewn that tho' the true sublime is a gift of nature, yet nature may, as in other things, be assisted by art ; he treats of two vices different from each other, but equally opposite to it ; the one a turgid style and inflated figures,

¹ The Spaniards capitulated after the action of 10th August.

² Gibbon never filled in the reference. It was 4th August 1761.

springing from an exuberance of genius or a vain ambition : the other a frigid poor labour after puns and little affected beauties. I approve very much of this inverted method of shewing first what a thing is not, and then what it is. In these refined inquiries nothing contributes more to assist our imagination and dispell prejudices. I likewise like that noble freedom <with> which he discovers the faults of those Heroes themselves,* Plato and Xenophon. I went with M. d'Aussy to make a visit to M. Barnouin the French Minister. Tho' he is a poor Orator, he seems to be a very good kind of man. He offered me the use of his library which is tolerable.

D. 3d. I employed my morning very well, since I read the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Chapters of Longinus. The two first are inconsiderable ; the 7th, in which he points out the way to discover the true sublime is rather the work of a man of strong feelings than a clear head ; the 8th begins to enter deeper into the subject, and points out five sources of the sublime. The 9th chapter, which treats of the first of these, (the elevation of the ideas,) is one of the finest monuments of Antiquity. Till now, I was acquainted only with two ways of criticizing a beautifull passage ; The one, to shew, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beauties of it, and from whence they sprung ; the other, an idle exclamation, or a general encomium, which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shewn me that there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it ; and tells them with such energy, that he communicates them. I almost doubt which

* Οἱ ἥρωες ἐκεῖνοι Longin. περὶ Ὑψους, p. 32. Edit. Toll.—(Note by Gibbon.)

is most sublime, Homer's Battle of the Gods, or *Longinus's* apostrophe to *Terentianus* upon it. The Chapter concludes with some very ingenious observations upon the different character of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. I am sorry to criticise such a Chapter, but what would Longinus have said, had another made his observation upon that passage of Homer, where the Cœlestial horses leap at one bound the extent of the visible horison? One would think, says he, the world could not have afforded space another leap. To what faculty does the visible horison appear above half the world? To the eyes it appears the whole; to the understanding, and even to the imagination, a very small part.

4th. I read the 10th Chapter of *Longinus*, p. 72-88. It's subject is but obscurely marked, and appears at first to run into the former. The distinction however appears to be, the first treats of those great and simple ideas, which require only to be fully conceived and expressed; the second of such ideas as tho' not sublime in themselves, may be rendered so by the artfull introduction of accessory circumstances. But I hardly think the ode of Sappho was a proper example. It may be beautifull, it may be passionate; but surely there is nothing in it which elevates the mind: Longinus's own characteristic of the sublime. This morning M^r. Moyle returned my visit, and stayed nearly two hours with me. I have not yet seen any great proofs of his taste or genius, but he is certainly a scholar, and a very communicative one. Observing I had only *Hedericus's Lexicon*, he offered me *Scapula* as much better, and sent it me in the evening. It is in fact infinitely more copious; and I like much

the disposition of it by roots. It gives you a much clearer Idea of the language, by reducing it to a small number of primitives ; which, by their various compositions, produce all the riches of that copious tongue.

5th. I read the 11th and 12th Chapters of *Longinus*, p. 88-94. They treat of *Amplification* ; of that art in Poetry and Rhetorick by which things are made to appear greater than they really are. Perhaps, had he known the Magnifying glasses, he would have said that the merit of that art was, like those glasses, to increase the magnitude but preserve the proportions. He then draws a Comparaison between Cicero (who excelled peculiarly in it) and Demosthenes ; a comparaison framed with his usual eloquence, and with a candor for the Roman's merit very uncommon in a Greek.

To-day I was sworn in Burgess of Southampton.¹ Crop had named me and in consideration of my father's having represented the town, no objection was made.² As at the same time Crop had made me a present of a very fine turtle, I had engaged myself somewhat rashly to entertain the Corporation. I began now to be repent of it, both for the expence and the trouble ; but the latter, which was the principal, was removed by my father's coming to-day.

¹ 'Tuesday the fifth day of October 1762. Edward Gibbon Esquire of Berington in the County of Southampton is this day admitted and sworn a Burgess of the town. Gratis.' *Burgess Roll*, Southampton. Gibbon's father was admitted 17th April 1734 as Edward Gibbon, Jun., Esq., of Putney in the county of Surry, as was also the Reverend Williams Gibbon, Esquire, of London. He was the elder Gibbon's first cousin, being the son of Thomas Gibbon, Dean of Carlisle, who died in 1716. W. Gibbon was the vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and preacher at the Bridewell. He died in 1758.

² His father had been member for the town, May 1741-June 1747.

6th. My father, myself and almost all our officers except Shephard went over to Winchester Camp to the Review of the line by Lord Effingham; it was done chiefly for the entertainment of the Chevalier de Maisin the Maltese Minister who came there with Stanley.¹ The line was exercised by Major Young as first Major, and indeed he performed extremely well.² They first went thro' the manual with the same slow time but with much less steadiness than we had last year. Afterwards they went thro' subdivision, grand division and battalion firings; in general very well except the South Gloucester, who indeed are fallen below contempt.* The whole then attempted street firings which added nothing to their reputation.³ Then after a very good volley and charge, the whole in retreating broke, formed battalions again by their colours in different parts of the field

* 'Their fires were not bad; but they made such continual mistakes about them.'—(Note by Gibbon.)

¹ On 18th August 1762 the Chevalier de Masin, envoy-extraordinary and plenipotentiary from Malta, had an audience with the King. A dispute had arisen over one James Merryfield, captain of a privateer. He had become a naturalised Prussian and then taken some prizes under Turkish colours. The Maltese seized him and refused to release him at the request of a British naval captain, on the ground that he was no longer a British subject.

² William Young, major of the Wiltshire.

³ 'It is so called from your being obliged to engage in a street highway, or lane, or narrow passage, where no more than ten, twelve, sixteen or twenty files, can march in front.'

The leading sub-division fired and then marched down the flanks of those behind, reloading as they went, and took up position as the rear sub-division till the next came behind them, while they gradually worked their way back to the head of the column.

'The firing will appear more graceful when it is begun while the Regiment is in motion, than when it stands still. For as that which is performed in motion, carries a greater resemblance of real service than the other, it must therefore, by so lively a representation of action, raise the imagination to a higher pitch.'—*Bland*, p. 97.

and formed the line on the former ground. This evolution was prettily, and, for so long a line, well executed. The review, which lasted about three hours concluded as usual with marching by Lord Effingham by grand divisions. Upon the whole, considering the Camp had done both the Winchester & the Gosport duties all the summer, they behaved very well, and made a fine appearance. As they marched by, I had my usual curiosity to count their files. The following is my field return: I think it a curiosity; I am sure it is more exact than is commonly made to a reviewing General.

		Number of files.	Number of men.	Establish- ment.
Berkshire.	{ Grenad. 19 Battal. 72 }	91	273	560
W. Essex.	{ Grenad. 15 Battal. 80 }	95	285	480
S. Gloster.	{ Grenad. 20 Battal. 84 }	104	312	600
N. Gloster.	{ Grenad. 13 Battal. 52 }	65	195	360
Lancashire.	{ Grenad. 20 Battal. 88 }	108	324	800
Wiltshire.	{ Grenad. 24 Battal. 120 }	144	432	800
Total		<u>607</u>	<u>1821</u>	<u>3600</u>

N.B. The Gosport detachment from the Lancashire consisted of two hundred and fifty men. The Buckinghamshire took the Winchester duty that day.

So that this camp in England, supposed complete, with only one detachment, had under arms,

on the day of the grand review, little more than half their Establishment. This amazing deficiency (tho' exemplified in every regiment I have seen) is a very extraordinary military Phænomenon. What must it be upon foreign service? I doubt whether a nominal army of an hundred thousand men often brings fifty into the field.

Upon our return to Southampton in the evening, we found Sir Thomas Worsley.

7th. Was chiefly spent in preparations for my dinner to-morrow. We dined with Crop.

8th. Was the important day. The dinner was in the Old Assembly room and consisted of six dishes of turtle, eight of Game with jellies, Syllabubs, tarts, puddings, pine apples, in all three and twenty things besides a large piece of roast beef on the side table. The whole made a pretty appearance and (reckoning port, white wine and punch) cost me only thirteen pounds odd money. The Company 48 in number consisted chiefly of the Corporation and Corps: in the last I reckon McCombe whom my father and Sir Thomas made me invite: so that all distinction seems thrown down. They staid till about nine and then broke up seemingly well pleased. The turtle was said to be a fine one and well dressed but I could find nothing so exquisite in the taste of it.

9th. We had a field day in the morning, officers, white-gaiters and 18 rounds for M^r Taylor, a West Indian, and an acquaintance of Sir Thomas's. It was a pretty good one. I introduced several new rufes from the Camp exercise, particularly one for the rear rank to open after the charge and retreat. I likewise adopted in right-hand subdivision an improvement of McCombe's, viz. to

make them advance with their Bayonets at the low charge. I dined with M^r Moyle and spent a very agreeable day. I had a great deal of literary conversation with him and of military with Lt.-Colonel Welch, who is just come from Germany where he commanded a battalion of the British Grenadiers. Sir Thomas went home in the afternoon.

D. 10th. My father and I set out from Southampton and passing thro' Winchester and Alresford, got to Beriton to dinner with the design of spending a few days there. We found Billy Patton there, M^{rs} Gibbon's younger brother.

11th. I read the 13th, 14th, and 15th Chapters of *Longinus*, p. 94-118. The two first, which treat of imitation, are true pictures of the impetuous genius of the author. He enters on his subject by a quotation from Plato, which is very remotely connected with it. Then, tho' he recommends as a road to the Sublime, the imitation of the great ancients, yet imitation is too lame a practise to be agreeable to him. He first extends it to an advice to us to consider how Homer or Demosthenes would have expressed such an idea, not how they did express any one: then to think how they would approve of the manner we ourselves are going to express it; that is, to make them not our models, but our judges; and at last, disclaiming all particular imitation, he only advises us to catch their fire, and to imitate the noble confidence which they looked forward to the latest posterity. The 15th Chapter contains some fine examples of poetical figures, distinguishes them from Rhetorical ones, and observes that the mistaken taste of his age makes them be often confounded.

12th. I went with M^{rs} Gibbon and the rest

of the family a rabbit hunting; I had certainly exercise enough, for in the whole I walked near five miles. This employed the morning. In the evening I found means to exercise my mind a little, for I read the 16th Chapter of *Longinus*, p. 118-126. He speaks of the Phrase and elocution. This is his third source of the sublime. The *páthos*, which was the second, he has almost totally forgot. This Chapter is chiefly taken up by the example of the famous oath of Demosthenes, by the heroes of Marathon and Plataea. He examines it very nicely, discovers all the art and energy of it, and shews how much it differs from a similar expression of the Comic Eupolis. If the 9th Chapter shews Longinus the most as a man of Genius, he nowhere appears a more excellent critick than in this.

13th. Having neglected my Journal from the 14th of September, I was forced to bestow some days to put myself *au courant*. Tho' it has run into a great length, the number of literary remarks it is full of, make me think the time well employed. However, it is better to write it from day to day.

14th. I continued my journal. My father went to Petersfield and staid very late.

I began the *Colloquia of Erasmus*, and as far as I have gone, think them full of entertainment.

15th. I continued my journal. I like Patton the better the more I know him. He is very good natured, a most excellent companion, and no man's enemy but his own. A series of idleness and follies has made this azylum necessary to him. M^{rs} Gibbon's two brothers, tho' very different in their tempers are very much alike in their fortune. Never two young men began the

world with fairer prospects, disappointed them more and bear their misfortunes with more chearfullness.

16th. I finished my journal.

I read several chapters of *M. de Tillemont's histoire des Empereurs*, in relation to Longinus's Patrons Odœnathus and Zenobia, Tom. iii. P. 3 ; 947-952 ; 976-977 ; 983-988 ; 1039-1062 ; and 1078-1082. It is much better to read this part of the Augustan history in so learned and exact a compilation than in the originals, who have neither method, acuracy, eloquence, or Chronology. I think them below the worst monkish Chroniclers we have extant. We may observe that Odœnathus, who was an Arab, began to shew the superiority of his brave barbarians over the corrupted Romans, superiority which Mahomet improved by the additional spur of religion, but which he did not create.

Farmer Higgins dined and supped with us. We drank a great deal too much wine, near two bottles a piece.

D. 17th. Brown Langrish and his wife dined with us. I was not at church, but heard M^r Loutum preached. M^r Barton¹ overstayed his time at Exeter without writing a line to any one soul. I felt the usual consequences of debauch and was unfit for any application all day.

18th. I read the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22^d, 23^d, 24th, 25th, and 26th Chapters of Longinus, p. 126-154. He continues to treat of the various kinds of figures, which, when properly employed, give force and beauty to the discourse. The interrogation, the omission of copulatives, the mixture of figures, the transpositions of ideas, and the alterations of numbers and tense. This is perhaps

¹ Philip Barton, Rector of Buriton, Canon and later Sub-Dean of Exeter.

the least shining part of his book ; as it is the more mechanical part of Criticism. However, Longinus enlivens the dulness of it, by the magic of his style, and corrects the dryness by the clearness of his reasons, and the acuracy of his distinctions. I shall give an instance of each. Speaking of that Rhetorical figure by which a writer, addressing himself to his reader, employs the second person, he himself makes use of it in a most beautifull manner, in animadverting to Terentianus upon a passage of Herodotus.* The second is, where treating of the change of the singular into the plural He distinguishes, with great justness, between those words which, singular by their termination, by their sense may be considered as plural, without any effort of, or effect upon, the imagination ; and those which, in themselves strictly singular, are magnified and multiplied, when upon certain occasions, they are spoke of as plural.† I must just mention a mistake of *Tollius*. Herodotus makes use of the words Δουλοῖς δρεπετησι. *Tollius* owns that it signifies *servis fugiivis* ; but thinks it not elegant enough, and therefore renders it by the vague expression of *servitutem acerbissimam*.§ However, the other has certainly more elegance, as well as truth and propriety. The Ionians had revolted from the Persians ; if they were again subdued, they would not only be, as before, oppressed like slaves, but punished as fugitives.

This morning we received the unwelcome news that we had an order from the war office to send two hundred and fifty men to relieve the troops from camp upon the Gosport duty. This is the

* Longin., C. xxvi. p. 152.

† Longin., C. xxiii. p. 144.

§ Longin., C. xxii. p. 142, notaeq. Toll. in loc.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

very worst route they could give us. It will ruin the cloathing, the health and the discipline of the Battalion. It is besides far above our strength and highly absurd to order a detachment which can never be relieved and which allowing for deficiencies will hardly leave fifty effectives at headquarters. However, I think Sir Thomas might get us off, but I doubt his inclination.

19th. I read Longinus, *C.* 27, 28, 29, & 30, *p.* 154-168. He continues his enumeration of figurative expressions, and mentions that sudden transition from one person to another, which the poets and orators have left us some fine examples of. It may however be remarked, that as this figure is infinitely violent and abrupt, it is only suitable to the strongest passions, and therefore commonly suits better the poet's heroes than himself. Longinus then proceeds to the Periphrasis, and gives some very sensible rules about it. However, he has forgot to observe, tho' when well employed this figure gives light and grace to a discourse, yet in itself it is an enemy to the sublime, of which a Concise expression is always the best vehicle. If we enquire into the reason of it, we must say, that it presents the idea at once, gives as little as possible to the tediousness and deficiencies of language, and comes the nearest to the operations of thought. In the 30th Chapter, He enters upon the choice of words, which he has laid down as the fourth source of the sublime. There appears to be here a considerable chasm.

20th. I read Longinus, *C.* 31, 32, and 33, *p.* 168-186. The 31st seems to be very defective; however we see that he proves that the common expressions, when introduced properly, have often more strength and meaning than more elaborate

ones. I believe his position just, and his examples from Herodotus explain his meaning very well ; but I think that from Demosthenes ill chosen. The idea is indeed very *Idiotick*, but it is expressed by a very uncommon and Metaphorical word. The 32^d Chapter treats of the Multiplicity of Metaphors, which Longinus is a great advocate for, and admires very much a laboured description of the Human body by Plato. I wish I could admire it too. However, as Plato has certainly faults, our Critick examines in the 33^d Chapter, which is preferable, a Sublimity often faulty, or an unblameable mediocrity. He treats his subject with an eloquent and becoming enthusiasm. His decision is that of a man of taste. I likewise read a letter of Pliny on the same subject, *L. ix. Ep. 26* ; which is full of very pretty thoughts and expressions. I am of the same opinion with both these great writers ; but think neither of them have gone deep enough. I take the reason to be, not that we are more strongly affected with beauties, but that we are longer so : the pleasure we feel in the sensation prolongs it, by making us dwell upon it with satisfaction ; whereas the disgust we receive from faults shortens the sensation, by causing us to call off our attention immediately. There are, besides, two other collateral reasons, but I take this to be the principal, and I must not write dissertations in my journal.

21^{rst}. One of those impulses it is neither very easy nor very necessary to withstand drew me from Longinus to a very different subject, the Greek calendar. Last night, when in bed, I was thinking of a Dissertation of M. de la Nauze upon the Roman Calendar, which I read last year.* This led me to

* v. Journal August 25th & 26th 1761.—(Note by Gibbon.)

consider what was the Greek, and finding myself very ignorant of it, I determined to read a short, but very excellent abstract of M^r. Dodwell's book *de Cyclis*, by the famous D^r. Halley.* It is only 25 pages but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work. The Cycle of Meton had for object, to reconcile the course of the sun with that of the moon, which it accomplishes in a cycle of 19 Solar years, 235 Lunar months, and 6940 days. The years should be regularly 12 months, and the months 30 days; but as the first would not be enough, it is necessary to add 7 *menses Embolimi* in the 3^d, 5th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 16th, and 19th years of the Cycle; and as the second would be too much, 110 months are *cavi*, or of 29 days only, which is determined by leaving out every 64th day. The first Cycle begins with July 15th, Ant. Chr. 432.† To reduce them to the Julian account, you must observe the following rule. Collect the number of months elapsed since the beginning of the period, multiply them by 30; add the number of days elapsed in the current month; divide the whole number by 64; subtract the quotient from it; add as many times 6940 as there have been compleat cycles, with the constant number 196, and you have the whole number of days elapsed since the 1st of January, Ant. Chr. 434; which number you may easily reduce into Julian years, months, and days. This dissertation gives me a very clear, and, I believe, a very true notion of Meton's Attick Year. As to that of Calippus, it

* At the end of the second volume of *Life of Mr. Dodwell*, London, 1715.

† It was the first after the *Bissextile*.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

was only a reformation of that of Meton, who had reckoned the solar year too long by about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a day ; to obviate which, he added another *dies exemptilis* ; but as it is at the end of his period of 76 years, we need pay no attention to it in our Calculations : Otherwise it is the same months regular and Embolimi, and the same *dies Exemptilis*. We must only observe two differences in our reductions of it. 1. That instead of 196 days to be added, there are 552 always to be subtracted, being the number of days between the 1st July, Ant. Chr. 330, when the cycle begins, and January 1st, 328, being the 1st after Bissextile. Indeed, to perform the reductions exactly, we ought to have all our dates in Olympiads or Archontats, compared with years of the Cycles ; but if we meet with any modern author who reckons by Julian years anticipated, we may venture (after subtracting his number* from 432) to look upon the last year of it as compleat, if the date falls into the six first Attick months, or as commenced only if into one of the last six. Should we be mistaken, which may happen, our Calculation itself will discover our error. I say the same of the Cycle of Calippus. 2. In the last mentioned Cycle we need only attend to the current one, and pay no attention to those that are compleat, as every cycle answers exactly to 78 Julian years. I cannot say I received the same satisfaction as to the Macedonian Calendar. Far from being supported by the necessary proofs, M^r Dodwell's opinion is not even clearly laid down. D^r Halley owns himself, that there are great disputes about the order of their months, and the time when their year began. I know besides that

* If he reckons by years before Christ.—(Note by Gibbon.)

there is another very prævalent System of Archbishop Usher, who makes the Macedonian year not Luni-solar, but solar. I must, therefore, suspend my judgment till I have seen *M^r Dodwell de Cyclis*, and *Usher de Veteri anno Macedonum et Asianorum solari*. As to the Roman year, M. de la Nauze is still my master.

22*d.* Was an absolute blank. I did nothing. Indeed, I was not well.

23*d.* Continuing my study and meditation of the Greek calendar, I resolved to verify some remarkable date. I immediately recollected the Battle of Arbela, which, according to Plutarch, was fought eleven days after a total eclipse of the moon, that happened on the 14th of the Month Bœdremion. This eclipse answers to the 20th of September, Ant. Chr. 331. The battle was fought, therefore, the 1st of October. Now, according to M^r Dodwell's system, the 25th of Bœdremion answers exactly to that day. This is a strong presumption in it's favor. The calculation, tho' sure, is however so tedious, that I wish some way could be thought of to shorten it. I could construct a table, in which, marking the Olympiads, the Archontats, the years of the Cycle, and the month and day of the Julian, the beginning of each answers to ****.¹ The *dies Exemptilis* would be the most troublesome, as being not fixed to any months or years, but running regularly thro' the Cycle. However, by some trials I made, I found I could manage them.

D. 24*th.* I read *Longinus, C. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41, p. 186-222*. Our author continues his comparaisn of the sublime often faulty, & the mediocrity always irreprehensible, in

¹ . . . the reduction would be very easy.—(Note by Gibbon.)

the three first. His characters of Hyperides and Demosthenes are finely marked. He expatiates with pleasure on the various merits of Hyperides, & distinguishes them by Epithets always just and always different, which display both his own penetration, and the accurate fertility of the language he wrote in ; but all these encomiums are only garlands, which make him a victim worthier of the altar of his Divinity Demosthenes, who, inferior in every other respect to Hyperides, surpasses him infinitely by those sublime and terrible beauties with which his writings abound. This Chapter gives perhaps a clearer idea of the sublime than any other in Longinus ; since it is not only distinguished from the faults which are contrary to, but likewise from the beauties which are different from it. But still this is not enough. I wish that I had time < to > explain the fine poetical comparisons of the 35th Chapter, and to give a better reason than Longinus does, why the rule that greatness is preferable to exactness does not hold good in sculpture as well as in poetry. In the 37th I agree with Le Fevre and Dacier, that the common reading of Herodotus is highly absurd ; but if Longinus could praise that absurdity, why might not Herodotus write it ? In the 38th chapter he enters upon his fifth source of the sublime, the arrangement of words. We see something tho' a small part of the attention the Greeks paid to the harmony of their periods. That not satisfied with the judgement of the ear, they had established for prose a mesure of Dactyles and Spondees, less exact, but more varied than in verse, by which without confining themselves to the precise form of feet they could render the whole period abrupt

or flowing, slow or præcipitate. In the 40th and 41st. He blames the affectation of giving every period the same cadence ; or of making the periods too short, and disjointed from each other.

25th. I read *Cicero in Orator. C. 63-66*, in relation to the harmony of prose. Altho' the Latin tongue was not perhaps so susceptible of it as the Greek, yet we may discover how attentive the Romans were to it. The end was to give prose a harmony equivalent, but not similar to verse. The means employed were, 1. To consider syllables abstracted from feet, and to make long or short ones prevail in a period in the degree and manner they chose. Thus, in the famous passage of Demosthenes, we hear the sound of Dactyles, or of something still more rapid ; since out of twenty-nine syllables, twenty-one are short. 2. The ancient metre has this advantage over ours, that in modern tongues the harmony consists only in the composition of a verse, or at least of a *Hemistich* ; whereas, if you take an ancient verse to pieces, the feet of which it is composed give you, by their peculiar and distinct harmony, *disjecta membra poetæ*. The great variety of these feet furnished the Orators with innumerable ways of harmonizing their periods, without ever deviating into verse. I likewise read *Longinus, C. 42, 43*, which finished him. The 42^d Contains some examples of fine descriptions, degraded by one or two low words. In the last chapter of this small, but valuable treatise, Longinus examines the reason why no sublime writers were to be found in his age. He treats this question (which, taken in its utmost latitude, is perhaps a Gordian knot) with more eloquence than accuracy. It is, however, worth remarking, that he still con-

tinues to enforce his precept by his example. He appears pretty plainly to have been of opinion, that the true sublime, especially in Eloquence, could never belong to Slaves ; and that it could be found only in genius's nursed under a popular government, whose writings breathed the same liberty as their actions. These ideas are noble, and perhaps true ; but they were too harsh for the Court of Palmyra. Longinus was forced to enervate them, not only by the term *Δικαιωτατη*, which he takes care to apply twice to the present despotism, but by employing the stale pretence of putting his own thoughts into the mouth of a nameless Philosopher. I read on the same question Seneca, *Epist. cxiv. p. 646-651 ; Edit. Lips. apud Plantin.* He considers it in another, and, I think, a better light than Longinus. Both attribute the decay of taste to Luxury and its attendant vices, but the Greek considering < them > almost as passive, thinks that they only extinguish all emulation and application ; while the Roman looks upon them as very active, by accustoming our taste to relish only the tricks of novelty and affectation, and to despise genuine and simple eloquence. The Character of Mæcenas is a fine *Caricature*. How different is he from the Mæcenas of Virgil and Horace ! As to Longinus in general, after what I have observed upon almost every chapter, I have little left to say. It is certainly a fine performance ; the style is only faulty by being rather too poetical for a Didactic work. In general, I should adopt most of his decisions ; only I think that for want of having a clear idea of the Sublime, He has sometimes blamed passages for being deficient in that respect, or praised them for excelling in it,

whose nature and design neither had, nor required, kind of beauty. I could likewise have wished Longinus had not always confined himself to single passages, but would have pointed that sublime which results from the choice and general disposition of a subject. I think Longinus shews real taste and genius, by His indulgence to the sallies of a warm imagination, and his severity to the prettinesses of art, tho', like most genius's who have more force and elevation than delicacy, he may sometimes have confounded refinement and affectation. As to his commentators, Langbænius is ostentatiously pedantic, and learnedly absurd ; Le Fèvre is, as usual, vain, bold, and ingenious ; the notes of Tollius are full of taste, good criticism, and real erudition. There are number of corrupted passages in Longinus, which, by the help of manuscripts, or from his own conjectures, he has restored extremely well.

26th. I intended to have wrote a long abstract of that Greek life of Homer, which I finished September the 4th, and actually wrote a page of it ; but other things intervening, I went no further. As it is now too late, I shall take this occasion of giving a short account of it. It's title is improper enough ; after an history of Homer, comprized in a few lines, and full of blunders, the Author proceeds to his main design, which was to shew there was no art or science of which Homer was not the father and laid the foundations ; a design which proves the excessive veneration of the Greeks still better than the temples they erected to him. To support so vain an argument, much sophistry and false reasoning was necessary. The following are some species of them which struck me.

1. It is almost impossible to follow him thro' his innumerable divisions & subdivisions, which, instead of easing our attention, and fixing our memory, perplex the one, and overburthen the other. This is a sufficient inconveniency in this method, but another infinitely greater results from it. These divisions, by treating every minute part of a subject separately, often pass over the most essential notions of it, because they are common to the whole. Nay, as they are commonly the work of a trifling genius, they are sometimes founded only upon some very trivial and accessory ideas, without ever reaching the fundamental principles. Thus, when our Critick wants to prove Homer an historian, he accurately divides the requisites of history into the mention of person, cause, place, time, instrument, passion, action, and manner, proves that in some part of his works the poet mentions each of these, and then very accurately concludes that he was an historian. What a minute division of history, which forgets all the most important parts of it, accuracy, impartiality, and a hundred more !* 2. To prove Homer's knowledge universal, he is forced, in several sciences, to instance things hardly above the rank of self evident ideas, which no peasant in a civilized country is unacquainted with. Thus he is the father of Arithmetic, because by saying that fifty men guarded each of the thousand Trojan fires, he does not compute himself, but furnishes the occasion of computing the Trojan army at fifty thousand men.† 3. One would think it sufficient for Homer's honor, to have been the father of all known truth & that it was rather lowering, than

* Vit. Homer, p. 315-318.

† Vit. Homer, p. 360.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

raising his character, to make him acquainted with all the opinions of latter ages, however extravagant or contradictory to one another. The system of Thales, who makes water the universal principle ; that of Xenophanes, who to water adds earth ; & the general opinion which acknowledges four Elements, are all borrowed from Homer ;* tho' to have asserted all these opposite principles, implies more learning than judgement. Indeed, when he speaks of the Stoics and Peripatetics, he saves the contradiction very ingeniously. Homer was acquainted with both Systems ; but he looked upon the first as more exalted and conformable to reason : on the latter, as more practicable, and conformable to experience.† 4. When the plain text of Homer appears absurd, or at least furnishes no proofs of science, He has recourse to the Allegorical sense, where he discovers a thousand mysteries.§ I cannot here explain my sentiments on that head, nor illustrate and enforce a distinction which has not been enough attended to, viz. of what was Allegory to Homer, & what was indeed allegory in its origine, but, thro' various mixtures and length of time, appeared then in a quite different shape. I have the less occasion to do it here, as my author is much soberer on this head, than many others of the ancients ; some of whom (Heraclides for instance) have written whole books upon Homer's allegories. 5. My author, like many of the ancients, is very fond of drawing Philosophical conclusions from a resemblance of words and fancifull etymologies ; a method, which, with reason, would give one a poor opinion of their logic. Thus our author, from

* Vit. Homer, p. 324.

† Vit. Homer, p. 352-354.

§ Vit. Homer, p. 325-330.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

the resemblance of *Δεμας* and *Δεσμος*, would infer that Homer looked upon the soul as shackled and imprisoned by the body,* without ever considering that such grammatical conjectures want proof themselves, instead of being able to furnish it to other positions.¹ Indeed it is more excusable to employ such arguments for the existence, than for the truth of an opinion. 6. These two last faults are common to him with many; his reasonings about numbers are more peculiar to him. He runs, and carries Homer with him, into all the Pythagorean whimsies,† the perfections of the *Monade* and odd numbers, and the imperfections of the *Duade* and even ones. He quotes several passages of Homer where the *monade* is praised, such as the *Εἰς κοῖρανός εἶπω*, without once enquiring whether it is praised for an absolute or for a relative merit. Notwithstanding these Criticisms, I am far from despising this life of Homer. The author was a man of much subtilty and ingenuity; so that you are often pleased with the imagination, tho' you despise the reasoning. Nay, the reasoning is often more the vice of his subject than his own. When he treats of those arts of which Homer was really a master, Language, Rhetorick and Morality, he is very solid and instructive. You find many nice observations concerning Homer's style, his use of the various Greek dialects, his deviations from the common rules of Grammar, & the different figures he employs. One that struck me relates to the genders. He often, for the sake either of metre, or energy, employs a masculine epithet to a feminine substantive; but it is only speaking of those qualities

* Vit. Homer, p. 342.

¹ Propositions, Sheffield.

† Vit. Homer, p. 358-360.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

of the mind which are of no sex, or if of any, which appertain rather to the male, such as κλυτος Ιπποδαμεια.* In treating of Homer's rhetoric, he explains very well the artifice of the speeches of the second Iliad ; the various eloquence of the Embassadors to Achilles, and the gradations by which he gave way to them.† So much for the original. The Editor was mighty negligent in not distinguishing properly Homer's verses from the prose, which is full of them, and not referring us to the places where they are to be found. The translator, whom I can scarce believe to be D^r Gale, has committed numberless blunders. I shall mention a curious one. He translates this verse of Homer,

Αρνειον, ταυρον τε, συων τ' επιβητορα κτηνον
by *Arietem porcorum custodem*.§ Besides the nonsense of the expression, and the absurdity of making one animal only, where grammar and the sense of his author required three ; need I quote Constantine and Pollux to shew that Επιβητορα signifies *Ascensorem*, and is metaphorically applied to the copulation of animals ? Why not translate it at once,

Agnum, et taurum, suisque ascensorem aprum ?

27th. My father and I went to Portsmouth and from thence crossed over to Gosport to see our Detachment. We found Eyer, Harrison and Shephard. Thresher and Tho. Harrison, the other two subalterns, were gone over to Alton. The Duty is easy, they only mount an officer and 56 men out of the 250, but the dirtiness and disorder of the place will ruin us. There is already a

* Vit. Homer, p. 303.

† Vit. Homer, p. 371-377.

§ Vit. Homer, p. 359.—(Notes by Gibbon.)

considerable difference in the men's cloaths. We must get removed. In the evening we returned home.

28th. I looked over a new Greek Lexicon I have just received from London. It <is> that of Robert Constantine, Lugdun 1637. It is a very long volume in folio in two parts comprizing in the whole 1785 pages. After the great Thesaurus this is esteemed the best Greek Lexicon. It seems to be so. Upon a variety of words I looked for I always found an exact definition, the various senses well distinguished and supported by the best authorities. However, I still prefer the radical method of Scapula to this Alphabetical one. My father wrote to Sir Thomas in the strongest manner to get us removed from Gosport.

29th. I read Tollius's *Gustus Animadversionum Criticarum*, at the end of *Longinus*, p. 348-360. I cannot say they any ways answered my expectation. Tollius was not equal to such Critical parallels as they are designed for between some of the Ancient writers. The first is between a passage of Pindar and another of Horace. It results from his laborious enquiry, that the Greek tongue is more harmonious than the Latin. The second, between Theocritus and Virgil, teaches me, 1. That among the ancients, presenting or throwing apples was customary between lovers. 2. That Virgil is far inferior to the Greek poet, since his Polyphemus only boasts of having milk all the year, whereas the Cyclop of Theocritus boasts that he has both milk and cheese. The third is between Apollonius and Ovid. As the Greeks are always to have the advantage, and Ovid is very open to Criticism, Tollius talks rather more to the purpose.

30th. I read *Tollius*, p. 360-371. A com-

paraison between Virgil and a little poem of Petronius. Very bad indeed. However, I must now go thro' these comparaisons.

D. 31st. I went to church, heard a pretty good sermon from M^r Loutum, and read the 2^d lesson, the 4th Chapter of *St. Luke*, in Greek. Tom Smith dined with us. In the evening I had a letter from my uncle Porten.

NOVEMBER 1762

BERITON

1st. I read Tollius, p. 371-381, the end. He compares Homer and Virgil as to the manner of Turnus' and Hector's deaths. He reasons better than usual, but did not consider that Hector's not asking for mercy like Turnus, is no proof of his superior courage. Turnus was slightly wounded; Hector mortally. I began to-day, as a natural supplement to Longinus, a Philosophical Enquiry into the nature of our Ideas of the sublime and beautifull, and read the Introduction upon Taste, p. 1-40, which, like all other researches into our primary ideas, is rather loose & unsatisfactory. The division, however, of the passive impression which is common to all men, and relates chiefly to positive beauty or faultiness, and the active judgment which is founded on knowledge, and exercised mostly on comparaison, pleased me; perhaps because very like an Idea of my own.

2^d. I read the Enquiry, p. 40-95, which comprizes the first part. His object is to class our various passions and sensations, and to investigate our affections, in order to discover how we are and

ought to be affected. All those of the mind he refers to two classes ;—self-preservation and society. The former render us sensible of pain and terror ; the latter in their various branches, (of sympathy, imitation, and terror,) of pleasure, love, and joy. Their nature is eternally distinct ; and they never can run into one another. This naturally leads M^r Bourke to deny that the privation of pleasure ever produces positive pain ; and *vice versa*, The sensation produced by the absence of pain he calls delight, a solemn, awfull feel, very different from positive pleasure.

N.B. How vain are human resolutions ! I had, tho' with some little relaxations continued this journal during seven months, when having neglected it during some days, a succession of hurries threw me too far back to be able to recover it. I must however, endeavour to supply the chasm as well as I can ; tho' neither my memory nor leisure will allow me to be so particular as before.

4th. I finished the enquiry, which contains in all 342 pages. The author writes with ingenuity, perspicuity, and candor. His reigning principles are, that pain, when absent, and moderated to terror, is productive of that solemn delight which forms the beauty of the sublime ; this idea he pursues thro' its various shapes of Immensity either of time or place, power, darkness, &c. It is surprizing how much Longinus and M^r Bourke differ as to their idea of the operations of the sublime in our minds. The one considers it as exalting us with a conscious pride and courage, and the other as astonishing every faculty, and depressing the soul itself with terror and amazement. If it should be found that the sublime produces this double, and

seemingly contrary effect ; we must look out for some more general principles which may account for it, tho' we may adopt still many particular materials and observations of both writers in the investigation of it. This is M^r Bourke's System of the Sublime : his notion of the Beautifull is, that it is produced by whatever gives us pleasure. Perhaps his idea, confined as it is to the pleasure of sense, (heightened indeed by the Imagination,) is yet too general. What connection can he discover between the pleasures of the taste and the idea of beautifull ? However, he thinks, (and I believe with reason,) that any thing, to appear beautifull either to the sight or touch, must convey to the sense an Idea of softness and gradual variation, and to the imagination those of gentleness, delicacy, and even fragility. The ideas of beauty being in the least founded on those of order, proportion, or utility, he entirely explodes. I cannot help observing here, that in speaking of any thing beautifull, we consider the figure as so essential to it as not to be altered without changing the nature of it ; and the colour as an accessory quality which may be varied at pleasure. A proof that sometimes common feelings are conformable to Philosophical speculations, where we should the least expect it, M^r Bourke employs his last part in considering words as the signs of ideas. He remarks that they do not commonly, when pronounced, call up in the mind a picture of the idea for which they stand ; & that consequently in poetry or eloquence we are as often affected by the words themselves, as by Clear images of what they are designed to represent. I began to-day Ubbo Emmius' Geographical Description of Greece, (which will be very usefull

for all my Greek authors, but particularly for the Odyssey,) and p. 1-18.

5th. I read Emmius, p. 18-40.

6th. I read Emmius, p. 40-45. Lady Fetherston made us a morning visit, and pressed me much to come to Up-park.

D. 7th. I read Emmius, p. 45-54.

8th. I read Emmius, p. 54-194, the end. It is a short, and consequently a dry abridgment; but it is concise, clear, and exact. It contributed a good deal to confirm me in the contemptible idea I always entertained of Cellarius's. 1. In comparing this abridgment With the single map of Græcia propria, I found above 130 places omitted in Cellarius, and amongst them some of such note as Tiryus, Helos, Ithome, Pisa, the province of Acarnania, and the valley of Tempe. What would it have been had I entered into the minute detail of any one region?

9th. In consequence of Lady Fetherston's invitation I went to pass some days at Up-park, where I found at dinner Bonham¹ and young Batten.

10th. We received the agreeable news that the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain, France and Spain were signed at Fontainebleu on the 3d. instant. I rejoiced at it both on a private and publick account.

12th. We (I mean Lethuiller, Ironmonger, Harry Fetherston and his tutor, Starrack) dined with old Major Batten at East Marden where we had an excellent dinner without servants, and much entertainment without one grain of common sense.

¹ Presumably an ancestor of the Bonham-Carters who later owned Buriton.

D. 14th. Being Sunday we went to Up-park Chappel, a mighty convenient room with a very good fire. Our Chaplain was young Fetherston (about eight years old) who read prayers with the utmost grace, propriety and decency. Indeed, without making any allowances for his age, better than most divines I have heard. This is entirely owing to his mother, who takes most indefatigable pains about his education.

16th. We dined with young Batten at Longwood. It was a day quite different from his father's ; a bad dinner, a worse reception, and no amusement at all : The whole without any fault of poor Batten. He has married a virago of a wife whom he has purchased very dearly by receiving ten thousand pounds with her. My father came to Up-park and went to Longwood with us.

17th. I read in Sir Matthew's library *Les Observations de l'Abbé de Mably sur les Grècs*.¹ They are not ill wrote ; but I think a capital fault of them is attributing more consequences to the particular Characters of men, often ill drawn, than to the general manners, character, and situation of nations.

18th. My father came over to dine at Up-park.

19th. I went home to Beriton. Up-park is a very agreeable *séjour*. The situation is charming and everything that art or money can add to it, in point of building, furniture, and table is amply to be found there. Sir Matthew himself was laid up with the gout the whole time ; at first without our seeing him and at last well enough to receive us at a party of Loo in My Lady's dressing

¹ For Gibbon's encounter with the Abbé de Mably see *Auto. W.C.*, p. 183, and also the notes and appendix 38 in *Hill*.

room. He is a very good natured sensible man and taking him as a *Parvenu* very well behaved. Lady Fetherston has every *decent part* both of the heart and head to the highest degree. Those of the heart I believe she really possesses ; as to the head I think she has little knowledge, and yet I take it, she has more knowledge than natural parts. The brothers (from some intimacy) I pronounce to be quite different from what they appear. Neither have sense, but Lethuillier has real good nature without the appearances of it, and Ironmonger the appearances without the reality. Starrock (Harry's tutor) whom I sounded by my Lady's desire, has both parts and learning, but a thorough neglect of his pupil, except at the hours of Lesson, which suits much better the Usher than the tutor.

20th. I went up to town and upon my arrival supped with the Mallets.

D. 21st. I made a morning visit to the Darrels and then went to dine with M^{rs} Porten, where I found the Consul who wants me vastly to go to France, secretary to the Embassy.¹ I shall be very happy if I can go there any way. I then went to sup with the Mallets where I found Ramsay the painter and Bontems private Secretary to the Duke de Nivernois. The last is a good-natured genteel lad, *mais qui n'a pas inventé la poudre*.

22nd. I had the misfortune to dine *tête-à-tête* with M^{rs} Mallet ; from whence I hurried away as fast as possible to the play where I saw the Stratagem. Garrick acted Scrub indeed incomparably but what a part for him.

23d. I dined with the Darrels ; we had M^{rs}

¹ His uncle, Stanier Porten, consul at Madrid.

Jefferies and Lady Fitzroy.¹ In the evening I went to Lady Hervey's.

24th. I took a new servant for my travels, George Suiss, a native of Bern. He is to < be > out of livery and to have twenty Guineas a year and half a guinea a week board wages.

I dined at the Cocoa tree with Holt ; who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honor, good sense, and even knowledge than half those who laugh at him. We went from thence to the play (the Spanish Fryar ;) & when it was over, returned to the Cocoa-tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honor to be a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a Coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a Sandwich, & drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of Privy Counsellors and Lords of the Bedchamber ; who, having jumped into the Ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language, with their modern ones.²

25th. I dined at the Cocoa-tree with Baber late of the Berkshire Militia, and supped at Mallet's with Maty.

26th. I went with Mallet to breakfast with Garrick ; and from thence to Drury-Lane house,

¹ Lady Fitzroy was the daughter of William Cosby, some time Governor of New York. Her first husband was Lord Augustus Fitzroy, third son of the 2nd Duke of Grafton. She was the mother of the 3rd duke, and also of Charles Fitzroy, mentioned by Gibbon above, p. 14. She subsequently married James Jeffreys, a Commissioner of Customs.

² Bute's followers. By an extraordinary blunder Sheffield printed 'King's' instead of 'Privy,' and of course all subsequent editors have had to follow him.—*Auto. W.C.*, p. 122.

where I assisted at a very private rehearsal, in the Green-room, of a new tragedy of Mallet's, called *Elvira*. As I have since seen it acted, I shall defer my opinion of it till then ; but I can't help mentioning here the surprising versatility of M^{rs} Pritchard's talents, who rehearsed, almost at the same time, the part of a furious Queen in the Green-room, and that of a Coquette on the stage ; and passed several times from one to the other with the utmost ease and happiness.

I dined with Darrel, saw *The Way of the World* afterwards and finished the evening at the Cocoa-tree.¹ To-day was received in town the important news of the *RATIFICATION* of preliminaries the 22d instant at Versailles.

27th. I dined with Holt at his house in York Street, in company with Aylmer and went afterwards to the Opera.² It was a very fine one and tired me as usual. I supped with the Mallets.

D. 28th. My duty in the militia obliging me to take the command of our Gosport detachment, I went down to Beriton where I found Horner the Attorney and Harrison, who goes upon this duty with me.

29th. We went to Portsmouth and crossed the water to Gosport where we relieved Ballard and his officers. My detachment consists of four sub-alterns (Lts. Harrison, and Smith, Ensigns Harrison and Stanton, our new Surgeon's mate) non-commissioned officers in proportion and two hundred and fifty men. The officers are relieved every

¹ This production of *The Way of the World* is not recorded in the Nonesuch edition of Congreve. It would appear that Mrs. Pritchard had been rehearsing the part of Millamant in the morning.

² *Il Tutor e la Pupilla*, a comic opera by G. G. Bottarelli, was given at the Haymarket on Saturday, 27th November.

three weeks but the men remain as it is, in fact almost our whole battalion.

30th. I began the *Odyssey* of Homer and read i. v. 414 the end. My father came over to dine with me and lay there to be ready for the meeting at Fareham tomorrow.

December 1st 1762. I read the *Odyssey* ii. v. 1-128. My father went over to Fareham and from thence home. Thresher dined with us.

2^d. I read the *Odyssey* ii. v. 128-434 the end.

3^d. Thresher came to stay with us. In the evening we went to the play *The Inconstant*, miserably acted by the Portsmouth Strollers. I read Potter's *Greek Antiquities*, v. ii. p. 120-160, where he treats of the Naval affairs of the Greeks, in order to understand the voyages of Telemachus. As, while I was reading, I saw from my window some of finest ships in the world, I could not very much admire the small barks, with a mast set up and taken down occasionally, which they run ashore every night.

4th. I went to see the hospital at Hasler. It is a large convenient and plain structure capable upon an emergency of holding 2500 sailors, tho' it has seldom had more than 1100. This day the *SUSPENSION OF ARMS* was solemnly declared at Portsmouth and Gosport, to the great regret of their inhabitants, who find their account much better in War. Eyer dined with us.

D. 5th. Thresher went away. I read the *Odyssey*, L. iii. v. 1-497, the end, and finished some new Journals, the *Bibliothèque des Sciences et Belles Lettres*, from April to September, 62, and the *Journal des Savans combiné avec les Memoires de*

Trevoux, from June to September. There is a curious dissertation of M^r Beyer upon the Atlantick Island of Platon. He pretends it is Judæa. Some circumstances and etymologies are as usual favorable to him, others totally opposite. However, calling in Allegory and romance to support Allegory and Romance, he seems to think he has entirely confounded the infidels. The other is the Voyage of M. Anquetil du Perron to the East Indies, with the sole view of studying the language and religion of the ancient Persees.¹ He is just returned to France, with a prodigious number of manuscripts, which may perhaps throw some light upon one of the most obscure but most curious branches of ancient history.

6th. I read Potter's Antiquities, Vol. ii. p. 209-237, in relation to the Sacrifice offered by Nestor, and so exactly described by Homer.

To-day, as we were at dinner, I received a letter from Ballard as Commanding Officer at Southampton, by which he acquainted me that he had received one from the War Office to signify to him that as it might be thought expedient speedily to disembody the Militia, he should dispose the several companies of the Battalion in such places as he should judge most convenient for that purpose, and that in consequence of this order, he thought it most advisable that the detachment should return to Head quarters in order to settle our affairs before the Companies marched to their respective towns.

¹ In the *Gent. Mag.* for 1762 there is a translation of 'A brief Account of a Voyage to India undertaken by M. Anquetil du Perron, to discover and translate the Works of Zoroaster.' He made the first European translation of the Avesta, and published it in 1771. Its appearance was the signal for controversy, and Gibbon was among those who defended the genuineness of the document, which has since been generally accepted.

We approved of his scheme, and waited with great impatience for an order to be relieved which was necessary to put it in execution.

7th. We waited with great anxiety for our relief and sent (but in vain) to the Barracks to know if they had not received any orders.

8th. Lacy came over to settle the Oeconomical affairs of the detachment.

9th. Finding we had no news of the Detachment, I went over to Southampton myself, where I found my father and the greatest part of our officers assembled. By an odd caprice of the human mind, I found my father rather displeased with the speedy prospect of our dissolution, which he had so often and so sincerely desired.

10th. I paid a visit with d'Aussy to M^r. Barnouin. d'Aussy dined at the Mess.

11th. At last our detachment came in late in the evening. They had been relieved by Petitot's and Colville's from the Barracks. The reason of the long delay was the usual accuracy of the War Office, who sent the route to Plymouth instead of Portsmouth. I have already given an idea of the Gosport duty, I shall only add a *trait* which characterises admirably our unthinking sailors. At a time when they knew they should infallibly be discharged in a few weeks, numbers who had a great deal of wages due to them, were continually jumping over the walls and risking the losing it for a few hours amusement at Portsmouth.

D. 12th. We sent away young Hall, as he had contracted many debts he was unable to pay and must have been thrown into Jail if he had staid till our dissolution. Unhappy but necessary effect of our deviation from our first principals and

instead of men of property, taking raw boys without a shilling. I had borrowed of M. Barnouin a french moral and political Romance of the Abbé Terasson called *Sethos*. The beginning is fine, the descriptions of the manners of the court of Memphis is worthy of Tacitus and the System of the Egyptian Initiation is a very happy thought ; but unluckily the interest of the piece gradually diminishes in every book, till you arrive at the Catastrophe, which is very cold and unnatural. As to the style, it is pure and elegant, scarce ever elevated and never animated. The Abbé Terasson had too mathematical a head to excell in the language of description and too Stoic a heart to shine in that of the passions. His feelings, however, are just tho' not warm ! The whole work breaths a spirit of virtue and humanity which renders it very amiable.

13th. Sir Thomas came down from London. When he was absent we differred settling our affairs till he came, and when he came we found he was of no use to us. Indeed everything was in a strange confusion, our mess not divided, none of Lacey's accounts made up, and in hourly expectation of receiving our disembodding order before we had time to march the men to their several homes.

15th. We received a letter from the Speaker addressed to Sir Thomas desiring him to communicate to the Officers of his corps, the thanks of the house of commons for their seasonable and important service of their Country. We were advantageously distinguished from the regulars by their circular letter to the several Colonels, instead of a General one to the Secretary at War and first Lord of the Admiralty.

16th. We answered the Speaker's letter, that is, I answered it for Sir Thomas. After a long deliberation we resolved that the Major's Company and mine should march to Alresford tomorrow, in consequence of which the Battalion paraded to receive their orders. The Corps (by way of celebrating our dissolution) dined with Sir Thomas at the Dolphin. The day was drunken enough and what was still worse, disturbed by old Sharrock who quarrelled with McCombe, abused Sir Thomas, and made himself mighty ridiculous.

17th. Was the memorable day of our final separation. After taking leave of all the officers, we marched out of town about nine in the morning. I took a post chaise and went by Winchester, where I found my old acquaintance of the fourteenth Regiment. Their foot division was already come in and hearing Whitfield was Captain of the King's house Guard, I walked up to see him and chatted half an hour with him. From thence I went on to Alresford and marched our two Companies in. We found old captain Meard at Alresford, with the second division of the fourteenth. He and all his officers supped with us, and made the evening rather a drunken one.

18th. About the same hour our two Corps paraded to march off. They, an old Corps of regulars, who had been above two years quiet in Dover. We, part of a young body of Militia, two-thirds of our men recruits, of four months standing, two of which they had passed upon very disagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their side, & yet our superiority, both as to appearance and discipline, was so striking, that the most prejudiced regular

could not have hesitated a moment. At the end of the town our two Companies separated, my father's struck off for Petersfield, whilst I continued my route for Alton, into which place I marched my company about noon ; two years six months and fifteen days after my first leaving it. I gave the men some beer at roll-calling, which they received with great chearfullness and decency. I dined and lay at Harrison's, where I was received with that old-fashioned breeding, which is at once so honorable and so troublesome.

D. 19th. I took my leave of my Company, and returned to Beriton, where I found Tom Smith, who was to stay there as long as the Major's Company was at Petersfield.

22nd. We received a copy of the Secretary at War's letter to Sir Thomas. It contained some directions as to the manner of disembodysing. We are to acquaint the men with the King's sense of their services, to leave them their regimentals and to give them fourteen days pay to carry them to their respective habitations. A few hours afterwards we received an order from the Duke of Bolton in consequence of the King's sign manual, directing us to disembody immediately our several companies. As no more pay will be issued, and that our last month's expires the 24th, we resolved to execute our orders to-morrow and accordingly, I sent mine to Harrison.

23^d. Our two Companies were disembodied ; mine at Alton, and my father's at Beriton. Smith marched them over from Petersfield. They fired three vollies, lodged the Major's Colours, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner at the Major's expence, and then separated

with great cheerfulness and regularity. I was not present at the Ceremony as I was gone over to Up-park to make a morning visit to Sir Matthew and Lady Fetherston. Thus ended the Militia ; I may say ended, since our annual assemblies in May are so very precarious, & can be of so little use. However, our Serjeants and Drums etc. < are > still kept up, & quartered at the rendezvous of their Company, and the Adjutant remains at Southampton in full pay.*

As this was an extraordinary scene of life, in which I was engaged above three years and a half from the date of my commission, and above two years and a half from the time of our embodying, I can't take my leave of it without some few reflexions. When I engaged in it, I was totally ignorant of it's nature and consequences. I offered because my father did, without ever imagining that we should be called out, till it was too late to retreat with honor. Indeed, I believe it happens throughout, that our most important actions have been often determined by chance, caprice, or some very inadequate motive. After our embodying, many things contributed to make me support it with great impatience. Our continual disputes with the Duke of Bolton, our unsettled way of life, which hardly allowed me books or leisure for study ; and more than all, the disagreeable society I was forced to live in. No manners, no conversation, they were only a set of fellows all whose behavior was low and most of whose characters were despicable. Luckily, I was their superior in every sense, Myself, first Captain, my father Major and Sir Thomas (whose prime Minister I was) Lieutenant

* All our Companies disembodied the same day.—(Note by Gibbon.)

Colonel, in fact, I commanded the Battalion. I must however, except Sir Thomas and Harrison out of this society. The former is a man of fashion, sense and entertainment. I know his faults and cannot help excusing them. Harrison is a young man of honor, spirit and good nature. The virtues of his heart make amends for his not having those of the head.

After mentioning my sufferings, I must say something of what I found agreeable. Now it is over, I can make the separation much better than I could at the time. 1. The unsettled way of life itself had it's advantages. The exercise & change of air and of objects amused me, at the same time that it fortified my health. 2. A new field of knowledge and amusement opened itself to me, that of military affairs which, both in my studies and travels, will give me eyes for a new world of things, which before would have passed unheeded. Indeed, in that respect, I can hardly help wishing our Battalion had continued another year. We had got a fine set of new men, all our difficulties were over; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed; and, from the progress our recruits had made already, we could promise ourselves that we should be one of the best Militia Corps by next summer: A circumstance that would have been the more agreeable to me, as I am now established the real acting Major of the Battalion. But what I value most, is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of my own country in particular. The General system of our government, the methods of our several offices, the departments and powers of their respective officers, our provincial and municipal administra-

tion, the view of our several parties, the characters, connections, and influence of our principal people, have been impressed in my mind, not by vain theory, but by the indelible lessons of action and experience. I have made a number of valuable acquaintance, & am myself much better known, than (with my reserved character) I should have been in ten years, passing regularly my summers at Beriton, and my winters in London. So that the sum of all is, that I am glad the militia has been, and glad that it is no more.

I shall close the subject with the list of officers we had when we were disembodied and of those who had resigned. These resignations, from various motives, have been very common in the Militia, and most corps have gained in good officers what they have lost in men of property.

*A list of the Officers of the South Battalion of the
Hampshire Militia, December the 23d. 1762*

Rank.	Names.	Dates of Commissions.
Lt. Colonel	Sir Thomas Worsley Bt.	June the 12th 1759
Major	Edward Gibbon	ditto
Captains	Edward Gibbon Junior	June the 12th 1759
	Edmund Perkins	ditto
	Robert Sharrock	ditto
	Thomas Eyer	July 1760
	Robert Ballard	March 1762
Lieutenants	Charles Brander	June the 12th 1759
	John Butler Harrison	ditto
	Peter Thresher	September 1759
	John McCombe	September 1 st 1760
	James Ford	ditto
	James Lacey	August 1761
	Thomas Smith	March 1762

Rank.	Names.	Dates of Commissions.
Ensigns	Thomas Harrison	December 1761
	James Hall	February 1762
	Thomas Shephard	April 1762
	— Talmidge	May 1762
	John McCombe Junior	August 1762
	Richard Stanton	October 1762
Adjutant	John McCombe	September 1760
Quartermaster	John McCombe	February 1761
Surgeon	James Ford	July 1761
Chaplain	— Hawkins	June 1761
Agent	James Meyrick	March 1761

Officers who had resigned or died

Rank.	Names.	Time of Resignation.
Colonel	Alexander Thistlethwayte	June 5th 1760
Captain	Sir William Bennet	March 1762
Captain	Charles Godfrey	August 3d 1761
Lieutenant		
Lieutenants	Arthur Newman	August 23d 1760
	William Ouyatt	June 1760
Ensigns	Joseph Hackman	January 1761
	Thomas Soden	died April 1761
	Richard Chase	July 1761
	William Kelly	March 20th 1762
	Richard Atweek	August 1762

28th. My travelling schemes, so often disappointed by the Militia, were renewed with great ardor on my side and with less opposition than I expected, on my father's. He consented to let me go abroad for two years. As Paris was to be my first object, we went over to Goodwood to beg a letter of recommendation for the Amba-

sador, which he¹ promised with great politeness. We dined there and came back in the evening.

30th. We received the news of poor Tom Harrison's death which sincerely affected us. About ten days before I had left him at Alton perfectly well. He was taken a very bad smallpox which carried him off in a few days. He was a worthy brother of Jack Harrison. With a temper somewhat rougher, he possessed an equal fund of honor and probity.

Before I close the year I must balance my accounts—not of money, but of time. I may divide my studies into four branches : 1. Books that I have read for themselves, classic writers, or capital treatises upon any science ; such books as ought to be perused with attention, and meditated with care. Of these I read *the twenty last books of the Iliad twice, the three first books of the Odyssey, the Life of Homer, and Longinus περὶ Τύχης*. 2. Books which I have read or consulted to illustrate the former such as this year, *Blackwall's Enquiry into the life and writings of Homer, Burke's Sublime and beautifull, Hurd's Horace, Guichard's Memoires militaires*, a great variety of passages of the ancients occasionally usefull : large extracts from *Meziriac, Bayle and Potter* ; and many Memoirs and abstracts of the *Academy of Belles Lettres* : among these I shall only mention here two long and curious *suites* of Dissertations—the one upon the *Temple of Delhi, the Amphictyonic Council, and the holy wars, by MM. Hardion and de Valois* ; the other upon the *games of the Grecians, by MM. Burette, Gedoyne, and de la Barre*. 3. Books of amusement and instruction,

¹ 'he' is the Duke of Richmond. The Ambassador was the Duke of Bedford, who treated Gibbon very coldly in Paris.—*Letters* i. pp. 29-30.

perused at my leisure hours, without any reference to a regular plan of study. Of these, perhaps, I read too many, since I went thro' the *Life of Erasmus*, by *Le Clerc and Burigny*, many abstracts from *Le Clerc's Bibliothèques*, *The Ciceronianus*, and *Colloques of Erasmus*, *Barclay's Argenis*, *Terasson's Sethos*, *Voltaire's siècle de Louis XIV.*, *Madame de Motteville's Memoirs*, and *Fontenelle's Works*. 4. Compositions of my own. I find hardly any, except *this Journal*, and the *Extract of Hurd's Horace*, which (like a Chapter of Montaigne) contains many things very different from it's title. To these four heads I must this year add a fifth. 5. Those treatises of English history which I read in January, with a view to my now abortive scheme of the *life of Sir Walter Raleigh*.* I ought indeed to have known my own mind better before I undertook them. Upon the whole, after making proper allowances, I am not dissatisfied with the year.

The three weeks which I passed at Beriton, at the end of this and the beginning of the ensuing year, are almost a blank. I seldom went out, and as the scheme of my travelling was at last entirely settled, the hurry of impatience, the cares of preparations, and the tenderness of friends I was going to quit, allowed me hardly any moments for study.

* See January and 26th July 1762 in this *Journal*.—(Note by Gibbon.)

1781 January 17th 63 Brixton. London

Ephemerides or Journal
of my actions, studies, and
opinions.

1763

January

- 2th My father, and myself, set out from
Brixton about noon, and lay at Shelling
at Godalming. As I am not to see
Brixton till my return, I took leave of
Mrs Gibbon and the Paton, with the
mention of joy and grief which one al-
ways feels upon those occasions. My
father, accompanies me to London, to settle
every thing necessary for my departure.

- D. 3th We got to London about two in the after-
noon, and went immediately to our
lodgings at Murray's, where we dined
& passed the evening, and supped with
the Mallards, where I met young Bonden.

EPHEMERIDES OR JOURNAL OF
MY ACTIONS, STUDIES, AND
OPINIONS.

1763

JANUARY

8th. My father and myself set out from Beriton about noon and lay at Snelling's at Godalming. As I am not to see Beriton till my return, I took leave of M^r. Gibbon and the Patton¹ with the mixture of joy and grief which one always feels upon those occasions. My father accompanies me to London to settle everything necessary for my departure.

D. 9th. We got to London about two in the afternoon and went immediately to our lodgings at Murray's where we dined. I passed the evening, and supped with the Mallets, where I met young Bontems.

10th. We dined and passed the evening at M^r. Porten's it was her Anniversary dinner and supper immediately after the Christmas holydays, at which she regularly entertains a few of her old friends. We had her brother, the two young Darrels, M^r. & M^{rs}. Wray, and D^r. and M^r. Markham with a Major Markham, the D^r. brother.² We passed a very agreeable day.

¹ Both of Mrs. Gibbon's brothers are probably meant, as though Gibbon was writing in French '*les Patton*.'

² William Markham, head master of Westminster School 1753-65, ultimately Archbishop of York.

Enoch Markham, 1727-1801, third son of Major Markham, born at

11th. I called upon D^r. Maty in the morning. He told me that the Duke de Nivernois desired to be acquainted with me. It was indeed in that view that I had wrote to Maty from Beriton to present, in my name, a copy of my book to him. From thence I went to Becket, paid him his bill (fifty four pounds) and gave him back his translation. It must be printed, tho' very indifferent.¹ My comfort is, that my misfortune is not an uncommon one. We dined and supped at the Mallets.

12th. I went with Maty to visit the Duke in Albemarle Street. He is a little emaciated figure, but appears to possess great understanding, taste, and knowledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris. We dined at our lodgings. I went to Covent Garden to see Woodward in Bobadil,² and supped with the Mallets at George Scott's.

13th. We dined at Wray's. I staid there till near ten a Clock and then went to the Cocoa-tree, where I eat a mouthfull with Holt.

14th. We dined with the Darrels. I saw Acton who is just come out of Shropshire. I find we cannot go to Paris together, as he does not intend leaving England yet, or passing at all by Paris.

15th. We dined at the Star and Garter with Sir Thomas Worsley and yet drank very little. I supped at the Mallet's.

D. 16th. I dined with Lady Hervey who has Kinsale. He raised the 112th Regiment (Royal Musqueteers), and was the major-commandant.—C. Markham, *Memorials of the Markham Families*.

¹ Published by T. Becket and P. A. Houde in 1764. As Gibbon says, the translation is very indifferent.

² Henry Woodward, 1714-77, a well-known actor.

promised me letters of recommendation for Paris.¹ Our company at dinner was but indifferent. The Dowager Lady Gower,² M^r. Bateman,³ Ramsay⁴ the Painter, and myself: but in the afternoon it was very brilliant, Lady Albemarle,⁵ Lady Elizabeth Keppel,⁶ Lord Huntingdon,⁷ Lord Stormont,⁸ Admiral Forbes etc.⁹ I was not in spirits and had a very small share in the conversation. I supped at the Cocoa-tree.

17th. We dined with Sir Thomas at his own house which is a wretched one, and the < dinner > suitable to it. There is perhaps no consideration more pleasing for the nation, and most disagreeable for individuals, than the poor figure a man of two thousand pounds a year makes in London with great Oeconomy. Captain Blyke

¹ For the people Gibbon met in Paris, see *Hill*, appendix 28.

² Lady Gower, the widow of John Leveson, 1st Earl Gower, 1694-1754. She had been his third wife, married 16th May 1736, and was the widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, and fourth daughter of Thomas, 6th Earl of Thanet.

³ Probably Richard Bateman, son of Mr. James Bateman and brother of Lord Bateman. See *Walpole* v. 100.

⁴ Allan Ramsay (1713-84). He is said to have painted Gibbon.

⁵ Lady Albemarle, widow of the 2nd Earl of Albemarle, d. 1754; a granddaughter of Charles II., for she was the youngest daughter of the 1st Duke of Richmond. She was the mother of the Keppels mentioned p. 19.

⁶ Her daughter; she married Lord Tavistock, for whom see below, p. 204.

⁷ Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of Huntingdon, 1728-89, a leader of fashion and at this time Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber.

⁸ David Murray, Viscount Stormont, 1727-96, diplomatist; he was envoy-extraordinary to Austria 1763-72. In 1793 he succeeded his uncle as 2nd Earl of Mansfield.

⁹ Admiral Hon. John Forbes, 1714-96, second son of 3rd Earl of Granard. A Lord of the Admiralty 1756-63. He refused to sign the warrant for Byng's execution when the other three members of the board signed it, 1757.

dined with us, and after drinking three pints a piece we left the Baronet and the Captain at table about nine a Clock and went to sup with Captain Crookshanks, who had asked us at Scott's. The supper was so elegant and the wines so various and powerful, that I could but just walk home about four a Clock in the morning.

18th. Was consecrated to repairing the fatigues of yesterday; a dinner or rather a bason of broth at my lodging with my father. I went in the Evening to M^{rs} Porten, and as I was not to see her for some time, sat the whole evening with her and passed it in a very agreeable chat. She is far from wanting sense, but it is friendship, gratitude, and confidence which contribute chiefly to attach me to her. I saw to-day Chevalier de Masin who is going to Paris.¹ The Mallets want us to go together; but his time is so very uncertain that I shall hardly chuse to wait for him.

19th. I waited upon Lady Hervey and the Duke de Nivernois, and received my Credentials. Lady Hervey's are for M. le Comte de Caylus, and Madame Geoffrin. The Duke received me civilly, but (perhaps thro' Maty's fault) treated me more as a man of letters, than as a man of fashion. His letters are entirely in that style for the Count de Caylus and M.M. de la Bleterie, de Ste. Palaye, Caperonier, du Clos, de Foncemagne, & d'Alembert. I then undressed for the Play. My father and I went to the Rose, in the passage of the Play-house, where we found Mallet, with about thirty friends. We dined together, and went from thence into the Pitt, where we took our places in a

¹ The Maltese ambassador; see above, p. 158.

body, ready to silence all opposition. However, we had no occasion to exert ourselves. Notwithstanding the malice of a party, Mallet's nation, connections and indeed imprudence, we heard nothing but applause. I think it was deserved. The plan was borrowed from *de la Motte*, but the details and language have great merit.¹ A fine Vein of dramatick poetry runs thro' the piece. The Scenes between the father and son awaken almost every sensation of the human breast ; and the Council would have equally moved, but for the inconveniency unavoidable upon all Theatres, that of entrusting fine Speeches to indifferent Actors. The perplexity of the Catastrophe is much, and I believe justly, critisized. But another defect made a stronger impression upon me. When a Poet ventures upon the dreadful situation of a father who condemns his son to death ; there is no medium ; the father must either be a monster or a Hero. His obligations of justice, of the publick good, must be as binding, as apparent as perhaps those of the first Brutus. The cruel necessity consecrates his actions, and leaves no room for repentance. The thought is shocking, if not carried into action. In the execution of Brutus's sons I am sensible of that fatal necessity. Without such an example, the unsettled liberty of Rome, would have perished the instant after its birth. But Alonzo might have pardoned his son for a rash attempt, the cause of which was a private injury, and whose consequences could never have disturbed an established government. He might have pardoned such a crime in any other subject ;

¹ Antoine Houdart de la Motte, author of a successful tragedy, *Inès de Castro*. Mallet and he were acquainted.

and the laws could exact only a equal rigor for a son ; a Vain appetite for glory, and a mad affectation of Heroism, could only influence him to exert an unequal & superior severity.

D. 23d. After having taken leave of my father who went down to Beriton, I set out from London and lay at Canterbury.

24th. I got to Dover where I found the Duke of Bridgewater,¹ the Marquis of Tavistock,² and Lord Ossory,³ who had taken a yacht for the next day. They agreed to my going with them.

25th. We set sail about five in the morning and had rather a tedious passage since could not make Calais and only got to Boulogne about three in the afternoon.

26th. I set out alone as there were not horses enough for us all, and got to Abbeville.

27th. After having seen the Cloth Manufactory of *Van Robais*, I set out from *Abbeville*, went thro' *Amiens* and lay at Bertueil.

28th. I got to *Paris* about five in the afternoon.⁴

FROM THIS POINT THE JOURNAL
IS WRITTEN IN FRENCH.

¹ Francis Egerton, 3rd Duke of Bridgewater, 1736-1803, the canal-builder.

² Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, 1739-67, eldest son of the 4th Duke of Bedford. He married Lady Elizabeth Keppel (see above, p. 201) in 1764. He died in 1767 after an accident stag-hunting, and his wife died the following year.

³ John FitzPatrick, 2nd Earl of Upper Ossory (1745-1818), married in 1769 Anne, the divorced wife of Augustus Henry, 3rd Duke of Grafton, H. Walpole's correspondent.

⁴ In reviewing the year 1763 later, Gibbon records that on this journey he read Busbequius. In *Misc. Wks.* 1814, v., will be found a note on Busbequius where Gibbon says he was the familiar companion of his post-chaise.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I

CORRESPONDENCE

between GIBBON *and* SUZANNE CURCHOD

1757-1759

Date.		Reference.
I. n.d.	<i>from</i> Gibbon	H. 39.
II. 24 Oct. 1757	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M.
III. n.d.	<i>from</i> Gibbon	H. 42.
IV. n.d.	<i>from</i> Gibbon	H. 46.
V. 10 Jan. 1758	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M.
VI. 9 Feb. 1758	<i>from</i> Gibbon	H. 51.
VII. n.d.	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M. & H. 54.
VIII. 24 Aug. 1758	<i>from</i> Gibbon	H. 57.
IX. 7 Sep. 1758	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M.
X. 5 Nov. 1758	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M.
XI. 23 Feb. 1759	<i>from</i> Gibbon	B.M.
XII. n.d.	<i>from</i> Suzanne Curchod	B.M. ¹

H.=d'Haussonville, *Le Salon de Madame Necker*, vol. 1.

B.M.=British Museum, Add. MSS., 34,883 and 34,886.

LETTER I : *from* E. GIBBON

Mademoiselle,

— Eh bien, que ne commencez-vous votre lettre à mademoiselle Curchod ? Il y a une grande heure que je te vois devant ton pupitre, quelquefois levant

¹ Letters 1, 3, 4, 6, and 8 are reprinted from pp. 39, 42, 46, 51, and 57 respectively of M. d'Haussonville's *Le Salon de Madame Necker*, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Calmann-Lévy, of 3 rue Auber, Paris. The remainder are printed from the autographs in the British Museum, and have never appeared before, with the exception of letter 7, a variant of which is to be found on p. 54 of the book mentioned above; the text of the B.M. manuscript is followed here.

les yeux au ciel avec un sentiment de plaisir, un moment après faisant de grands éclats de rire. Qu'as-tu ? Ne sais-tu pas que lui dire ? — Arrête ; tu n'y entends rien (c'est à mon génie familier que je réponds). Tu vas voir qu'avec un objet aussi charmant (vous n'étiez pas présente, mademoiselle, ainsi cette louange ne doit pas choquer votre modestie), tu vas voir que je sais jaser comme un perroquet. Mais trouves-tu, butor que tu es, une heure, qu'il te plaît d'appeler grande, un temps bien considérable lorsqu'il est question de goûter, d'avaler à longs traits un bonheur comme celui de pouvoir réparer en quelque sorte les malheurs de l'absence et de pouvoir m'entretenir à mon aise avec une personne dont les appats suffisent pour charmer l'esprit, pour éclairer le cœur et pour rendre heureux l'univers entier ? Je me rétracte cependant quant au dernier article. Ce cœur, ce magasin de tendresse et de sentiment ne pourra faire le bonheur que d'un seul, mais aussi que ce mortel fortuné seroit ingrat s'il portoit envie aux plus grands rois !

Je ne sais cependant si je vous dois des remerciements pour la permission que vous m'avez accordée de vous écrire. Elle me fait sentir trop vivement ce que j'ai perdu en m'éloignant de vous. La douceur que cette occupation me procure est infiniment supérieure à tout ce qu'on nomme si fausement plaisirs. Quelle est la compagnie la plus aimable que je ne quitte avec plaisir lorsqu'il est question de penser à vous et à plus forte raison lorsque je puis espérer que mes pensées iront jusqu'à vous ? Mais je sens toujours quelle est la différence entre tracer de froides lignes dans la poussière de mon cabinet et épancher toute mon âme à vos pieds, entre vous avoir présente aux yeux et à l'imagination.

Je ne l'ai pas (cette imagination) des plus engourdies, mon cœur m'aide puissamment, et cependant je n'ai jamais pu réussir non à vous peindre tout entière, mais à me représenter un seul de vos regards. Encore si un seul sentiment régnoit dans ces beaux yeux, à force de s'y opiniâtrer, on pourrait peut-être faire quelque chose ; mais la tranquillité de votre âme y laisse paroître mille sentiments divers qui paroissent et qui s'évanouissent dans le même instant. Le moyen de vous peindre ?

Il y a dans ce moment cent une heures dix-huit minutes et trente-trois secondes depuis le commencement de mon exil. Vous m'entendez assez. La chaise part ; Crassy se confond avec les nuages. Quel fut mon état ! Figurez-vous un prince oriental qu'un revers imprévu a fait passer dans un moment du trône au cachot ; qu'il se voit privé à la fois de son sceptre, de sa liberté et de sa vue, environné d'esclaves impitoyables qui ignorent ce doux langage qu'il faut parler aux malheureux. Ou faites mieux (car aussi bien cette comparaison ne me plaît point), réalisez la description que fait Milton de l'état d'Adam lorsqu'il fut chassé du Paradis et que le monde entier ne lui offroit plus qu'un vide affreux. Encore Adam étoit-il bien moins à plaindre que moi. La compagnie d'un objet chéri pour qui il avoit tout sacrifié lui tenoit lieu de tout. Avec une pareille consolation on ne sent plus guère ses malheurs. Tout ce qui me consolait dans mes sombres rêveries étoit l'espérance de vous revoir à Rolle ; je me livrois tout entier à cette douce espérance. J'étois à vos genoux, je vous parlois d'amour et vous ne vous courrouciez point. C'étoit mon imagination qui m'a fourni ce dernier trait ; mais ne la grondez pas, ma raison lui en a fait sur-

le-champ une verte censure. Mon domestique voulut me faire sortir de ma rêverie en me demandant à quelle auberge je voulois aller. « Oui, lui répondis-je, au moins je la verrai avec moins de gêne qu'à Genève. On ne me fermera pas la porte à six heures du soir. » Je doute qu'à présent mon valet fît les éloges de ma douceur. Je ne lui ai pas encore pardonné d'avoir interrompu cette agréable rêverie. Réalisez-la, mademoiselle, si vous voulez sa grâce, c'est le seul moyen de l'obtenir.

J'aurois mille choses à vous dire du reste de mon voyage, des originaux qui m'excédèrent à Rolle, de mes occupations à Lausanne (qui sont telles, par parenthèse, que l'on me croit généralement fou) ; mais on a mauvaise grâce de vouloir parler toujours de soi-même. Voilà une lettre telle, que je serai bien content si elle vous paroît aussi courte qu'à moi. Je comprends, au reste, qu'il y a peu d'ordre, et autant de vérités que de ratures.

Adieu, mademoiselle ; assurez, s'il vous plaît, M. et madame Curchod de tout mon dévouement et faites bien mes compliments à tous nos amis à Borex.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une considération toute particulière,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur.

E. GIBBON.

LETTER II: *from* M^{LLE}. CURCHOD

Monsieur,

Votre charmante plume devoit me tracer une histoire assés raisonnablement diabolique, vous m'aviés fait l'honneur de me le promettre ; croyés

vous que cette flatteuse espérance ait été trompée ? c'est votre génie familier qui paroît sur la scène ; comme chacun peut avoir le sien, je trouve une légère différence entre le vôtre et celui qui fait mes délices. Pardonnés, l'un est un démon et l'autre un ange ; vous possédés sans doute le démon le plus malin, et peut-être le plus dissimulé de toute l'Angleterre, et moi sans contredit un des anges les plus doux et les plus francs de toute la Suisse. Vous pouvés me faire quelques objections sur mon amour-propre. Un moment je vous prie ; les louanges dont vous m'honorés dans une conversation très secrète ne devoient point *choquer ma modestie*, votre bouche exprimoit alors ce que vous pensiés, car je n'étois *pas présente*, et vous étiés sûr qu'elles ne me parviendroient jamais ; ne puis-je pas l'être aussi que les qualités que j'attribue à mon génie ne rejailliront point sur moi. Je trouve que le vôtre se pique beaucoup plus de bon sens qu'on ne pourroit le croire ; soit dit sans vous offensser, car j'imagine que ces gens-là (les démons s'entend) ne mettent pas une grande justesse dans leurs réflexions. Quoiqu'il en soit celui-ci me paroît une forte tête ; la réprimande qu'il vous fit est bien placée ; qui a jamais pû penser à une personne dont *les appas suffisent pour charmer l'esprit, et pour éclairer le cœur*, en faisant de *grands éclats de rire* ? Ce sont vos expressions, je fais cette remarque, parceque je ne saurois voir dans votre lettre autant de vérités, que de saillies. Pour en revenir à votre génie, je sai qu'il s'est plaint amèrement que le lieu qu'il habite est prodigieusement orageux, sujet à la grêle, aux brouillards, aux vents, aux tonnerres, et aux éclairs, pays charmant cependant, l'orsqu'il est tranquille, pays qui peut produire dans un instant

des fleurs d'une beauté surprenante, (ces contrées étoient précisément dans cet état enchanteur l'orsque vous composâtes votre lettre, la ridicule parenthèse!). C'est une perspective magnifique qui disparoit bientôt par le ravage que produit un torrent destructeur. Si j'osois faire parler mon génie, le portrait qu'il feroit seroit bien différent ; sa demeure pourroit être un climat doux quoique un peu aride, un petit nombre de fleurs toutes à l'abri de la tempête. Mais à quoi bon cette fiction ? il est clair que je voulois donner à nos génies des traits qui nous convinssent ; nous pourrions donc prendre tout d'un coup les noms qu'ils portoient dans ma lettre, mais votre modestie auroit beaucoup à souffrir, et quand à moi vous savés que le mot d'ange est un de ceux que j'avois retranché de la liste de mon ami. Je vai me servir d'une simple comparaison ; l'on sait qu'elles clochent toujours beaucoup ; supposons par plaisir que vous êtes Satan, ou Astaroth et moi, je serai si vous le voulés bien, Ariel, Gabriel, ou tel autre ange qu'il vous plaira ; j'ai lieu de m'applaudir de l'enchantement où vous allés être ; car, raisonnons un moment, vous aimés les exagérations, la distance est prodigieuse entre un Ange et moi ; vous aimés la justesse, ici vous ne trouverés la même difficulté que dans la comparaison d'Adam et d'Ève. C'est le chef des rebelles qui roule à travers le cahos, sans cette tendre compagne qui pourroit vous incommoder ; c'est Monsieur Gibbon qui roule dans sa chaise à travers les boues et les écueils qu'on peut rencontrer dans l'enceinte de Crassi, mais il est pourtant bon de vous ôter un titre odieux. Vous sentés que le commerce trop familier d'un ange avec un démon deviendroit épouvantablement suspect. Un peu plus de tems m'auroit sans doute bien fait

retrancher de ce verbiage. À présent Monsieur je vous prierai très sérieusement de ne point venir à Rolle ; ma mère n'en veut pas entendre parler. Elle m'a fait goûter ses raisons ; des circonstances assés particulières m'obligent de vous demander une visite quelque tems après mon retour. Je vous écrirai sans façon la semaine que je choisirai pour cela. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup de considération

Monsieur

[Signed SUSANNE CURCHOD, the name
cut off and given to Lady Louisa
Stuart, October 1st, 1820.]
ce 24 Octobre.

LETTER III : *from* E. GIBBON

Mademoiselle,

Vous dire que la semaine que j'ai passé sans vous voir m'a paru un siècle seroit vrai, mais seroit trop usé. Je me distingue trop avantageusement des autres amants par mes sentiments pour vouloir me confondre avec eux par mon langage. D'ailleurs, vous m'avez toujours dit que j'étois un grand original, un être unique dans mon espèce, etc., etc. Le moyen de renoncer à des titres aussi glorieux ? Cependant que faire et comment vous faire sentir la maussaderie de mon existence, depuis que je vous ai quitté à Borex ? Voici ce qui peut vous en donner une foible idée.

J'étois une fois à la campagne pendant trois semaines avec une dévote des plus rébarbatives, qui m'excommunioit vingt fois par jour à cause de mon peu de foi et surtout parce qu'il m'arriva malheureusement de bâiller à une explication d'un endroit

de l'Apocalypse où il étoit question, si je ne me trompe, de la bataille sanglante qui devoit avoir lieu entre Gog et Magog et l'Antichriste. D'un autre côté, il y avoit deux gentilshommes campagnards qui s'étoient ruinés par des procès et qui, faute d'autre occupation, s'employoient à réconcilier les puissances et à partager l'Allemagne. Malheureusement, l'un étoit Prussien et l'autre Autrichien, de façon que les disputes ne finissoient point, sinon pendant quelques moments qu'ils se réconcilioient pour me quereller sur mon indifférence et ma nonchalance. Un vieillard alité auprès de qui je me réfugiois achevoit de me régaler par des détails tout à fait intéressants de ses maux. Il plut pendant tout ce temps-là, et la bibliothèque du seigneur du lieu étoit composée du *coutumier* du pays de Vaud et de deux vieux livres de religion très propres à inspirer la dévotion, si elle est la même chose que le sommeil. Devois-je m'amuser pendant ces trois semaines ? répondez-moi en conscience, mademoiselle. Eh bien, ces trois semaines m'ont paru environ la moitié du temps que j'ai passé éloigné de vous.

Je ne sais guère si je suis plus mal à mon aise seul ou en compagnie ; mais, quoi qu'il en soit, je change perpétuellement de place. Quand je suis seul, je m'abîme dans mes réflexions, j'essaie de travailler, je prends des livres, je les ouvre, mais je ne vois rien. Je sors à la grande hâte, pour me fuir ou plutôt pour vous fuir. Mais vous ne me quittez pas si facilement. Je cherche les femmes qu'on me dit être les plus aimables. Peut-être le sont-elles, mais par malheur je les compare toujours avec vous. Me parle-t-on ? on veut que je réponde, que je parle à mon tour, et on oublie le seul sujet capable de me desserrer les dents. Se tait-on ? on insulte à ma

tristesse, on veut jouir du spectacle d'un philosophe atterré, ou plutôt du cadavre d'un sage.

Ma seule consolation, mais elle en vaut bien d'autres, c'est de me rappeler à mon esprit les moments agréables que j'ai passé avec la plus charmante des femmes ; ce mot m'est échappé, je ne vous destinois pas une éloge ; mais, puisqu'il est lâché, je suis bien loin de me dédire. Vous êtes belle ; si j'en doutois encore, je viens d'en avoir une preuve convaincante. J'allai l'autre jour chez un peintre étranger qui est parmi nous depuis quelque temps. J'y vis un portrait que j'aurois juré être fait pour vous. J'y rêvois quand le peintre me dit : « Voilà un effort de mon imagination, un portrait de fantaisie. J'ai parcouru toute l'Europe, je n'ai jamais trouvé une femme qui osât s'attribuer tant de charmes, et pour moi je suis persuadé depuis longtemps qu'on la chercheroit toujours. » La force de la prévention de cet homme résista à tous les efforts que je fis pour le tirer de son erreur.

Or ça, raisonnons. Tant de charmes vous donnoient plein droit d'être frivole, haute, capricieuse, médisante, farcie de ridicules. À peine vos admirateurs auroient-ils vu tous ces défauts, ou du moins ils les auroient oubliés en vous regardant. Cependant vous êtes tout l'opposé de ce que vous pourriez être. On applaudiroit quoi que vous disiez, et vous êtes spirituelle. On admireroit vos bizarreries et vous êtes sensée. Voilà proprement la situation où l'on peut tirer vanité de ses bonnes qualités. Un monarque absolu et une jolie femme à qui la tête ne tourne point doivent avoir l'âme bien forte. Voulez-vous, mademoiselle, que je vous parle naturellement ? Je vous ai toujours infiniment estimé, mais l'heureuse semaine que j'ai passé

à Crassy vous a donné un relief dans mon esprit, que vous n'aviez point auparavant. J'ai vu tous les trésors de la plus belle âme que je connois. L'esprit et l'humeur toujours égale est toujours la preuve d'une âme contente d'elle-même. De la dignité jusque dans le badinage, des agréments dans le sérieux même. Je vous ai vu faire et dire les choses les plus grandes sans vous en apercevoir au delà de ce qui étoit nécessaire pour les dire et pour les faire avec connoissance de cause. Votre passion dominante, on le voit assez, c'est la plus vive tendresse pour les meilleurs des parents ; elle éclate partout et fait voir à tous ceux qui vous approchent combien vous avez le cœur susceptible des plus nobles sentiments. Toutes les fois que cette réflexion s'est présentée à mon esprit, elle m'a toujours emporté bien loin des objets qui l'avoient fait naître. Je réfléchis dans ce moment même au bonheur d'un homme qui, possesseur d'un tel cœur, vous trouvât sensible à sa tendresse, qui pût vous assurer mille fois le jour combien il vous aimoit et qui ne cessa de vous en assurer qu'en cessant de vivre. Je bâtis alors des systèmes de félicité, chimériques peut-être, mais que je n'échangerois jamais contre tout ce que le commun des hommes estime de plus grand et de plus réel.

Assurez, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle, vos dignes parents, M. et madame Curchod, que je me ferai toujours un devoir de conserver les sentiments de reconnoissance et d'estime qu'ils m'ont inspirés.

Que je serois malheureux, mademoiselle, si vous pouviez douter de la considération toute particulière avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur.

GIBBON.

LETTER IV : *from* E. GIBBON

Mademoiselle,

Je réfléchis souvent sur moi-même, non que je me regarde comme l'objet le plus important de l'univers ; mais, enfin, c'est une matière de contemplation qui m'intéresse beaucoup que de considérer ce que je suis, ce que j'ai été, ce que je vais devenir. Autrefois mon sort étoit plutôt ennuyeux qu'affligeant. Une fortune honnête, quelques amis, une certaine réputation, voilà peut-être à quoi je dois m'attendre ; mais tous ces biens réels sans doute n'étoient point accompagnés du pouvoir d'en jouir. Je perdois un cœur capable de beaucoup de sentiments ; je n'en avois éprouvé aucun, et tout me faisoit ressentir que les sensations les plus douloureuses ne sont pas aussi fâcheuses à l'âme que ce vide, cette inaction totale où elle languit isolée dans l'univers, à charge aux autres et prête à se détester elle-même. Voilà, mademoiselle, un affreux tableau. Cependant voilà une idée de l'état que j'ai souvent éprouvé, état d'autant plus pénible qu'on n'a pas même la consolation de se répandre au dehors. On craint de se plaindre de maux qui n'ont pas d'objet sensible, qui paroissent partis plutôt d'une humeur fantasque que d'un cœur affaissé sous son propre poids. On n'a pas de ressource même avec ses meilleurs amis. Il y a plus de gens qui pensent qu'il n'y en a qui sentent, et ceux-là n'entendroient point le langage de vos malheurs.

Je vous ai connu, mademoiselle, tout est changé pour moi. Une félicité au-dessus de l'empire, au-dessus même de la philosophie, peut m'attendre. Mais aussi, un supplice réitéré chaque jour et aggravé

toujours par la réflexion de ce que j'ai perdu peut me tomber en partage. Cependant Socrate remercioit les dieux de l'avoir fait naître Grec ; je les remercierai toujours de m'avoir fait naître dans un siècle, de m'avoir placé dans un pays où j'ai connu une femme que mon esprit me fera respecter comme la plus estimable de son sexe pendant que mon cœur me fera sentir qu'elle en est la plus charmante. « Voilà, direz-vous, du sérieux, du lugubre, du tragique même. L'ennuyeux personnage ! Peut-on s'empêcher de bâiller en le lisant ! » Bâillez, mademoiselle, je sens que je l'ai mérité, mais j'ai mérité que vous ajoutiez : « Il seroit cependant à souhaiter que tous les prédicateurs fussent aussi convaincus de ce qu'ils disent que celui qui vient de m'ennuyer et de m'édifier. »

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une considération et un attachement tout particuliers,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur.

Le fils du roi MOABDAR.

LETTER V : from Mlle. CURCHOD

Monsieur,

Comme je me trouve aussi une *matière de contemplation qui m'intéresse beaucoup*, il me paroît après menue réflexion que je suis une jeune femme convaincue d'avoir quelques grains de coquetterie, c'est ainsi que des gens mal intentionnés, comme vous par exemple, appellent un léger désir de plaire. Cette jeune femme là, se trouve transportée dans un coin de monde. . . . Crassy en un mot, pays entouré actuellement de boue, de neige, et de glace ;

imaginés un monarque abandonné de tous ses sujets, dechû de tous les agréments de l'empire, enfoncé dans un noir cachot, ses armes gisantes à ses côtés, cet homme n'aimant beaucoup l'inaction, vous le voyès qui s'occupe à émousser la pointe de son épée contre la muraille. C'est comme si je me crevois les yeux à force de lire un certain Scaliger (vous avés vû la lettre du Mercure) ajoutés quelques autres traits à la situation de ce roi là, et vous aurés a peu près l'emblème de la vie que je mène à present, depuis longtems hélas ! Je n'ai pas aperceû l'ombre d'un de mes chers sujets, mes yeux risquent de perdre pour quelque tems une partie de leur feu, et cela dans la lecture de certains livres ; chose assés naturelle, ces livres là ne sont pas leur élément. Figurés-vous un poisson hors de l'eau, ce pauvre animal perd peu à peu sa vivacité ; mais qu'on le replonge dans la rivière, il reprendra bientôt sa première vigueur. Cette dernière réflexion est fort consolante ; eh bien que dites vous de ce tableau ? Cela ne s'appelle-t-il pas *du sérieux, du lugubre, du tragique même* ? Ne vous affligés pas trop cependant ; je prens mon parti presque en philosophe ; j'ignore même si vous aurés tant de patience . . . mais on s'égare mon impertinente plume. Ne suis-je pas en état de témoigner contre elle que les accès d'une violente impatience ne vous sont pas ordinaires ? ceci soit dit comme en passant.

Avois-je raison de vous accuser de dissimulation ? peut-on rien de plus . . . (je dirois de plus hypocrite, si je ne savois le respect deu à mon cher confrère le commentateur,) peut-on rien, dis-je, de moins ingenu que cette exclamation, *ah ! c'est trop !* ? Il n'est pas nécessaire de vous dire ici quelle en

étoit l'occasion, sans doute il n'aura pas tenu à vous qu'elle ne soit profondément grande dans votre mémoire (car les hommes en général sont tous pétris d'amour-propre, pendant que les chères créatures de mon sexe, sont, sans contredit, l'humilité incarnée ; voyés combien cette parenthèse se ressent de la main qui l'a tracée) vous écriviez donc *ah ! c'est trop* pendant que vous disiez au fond du cœur ; « certes mon cher c'est mille fois trop peu. » Vous affectés une modestie outrée, *croyés-moi cela montrera la corde, retranchés un diminutif si hiperbolique* ; déjà la plume étoit levée l'orsqu'une voix se fit entendre . . . *ce qui est écrit, est écrit, c'est article est bien* ; je vous defens de le bifer. La vérité la vérité parloit-elle alors ? non . . . car c'étoit la voix de la paresse, aussi fut-elle écoutée.

Que diriez vous d'un philosophe, d'un savant, (Ah ! Limerline vous êtes fâchée) qui m'écrirait en ces termes, *aprenés que les mots, laide, maussade . . . ne peuvent vous être attribués que par ceux qui n'ont pas la moindre ombre de critique* ; ou si vous voulés, je vous assure *Mlle. que vous n'êtes point laide* ; je conviens que bien des personnes vous trouveront telle, mais c'est que ces personnes là ne connoissent pas précisément ce qui constitue l'essence (c'est un philosophe qui parle) *ce qui constitue l'essence de l'espèce de figure à laquelle dans le monde on donne le nom de laideur*. Ah ! je respire en finissant cette longue phrase philosophique ; je vous demande pardon, Monsieur le savant, en vous considérant sous ce point de vue, je sens de l'indécence dans mon procédé ; j'ai quelques remords de vous avoir prêté des expressions aussi légères, ah ! si je vous considérois comme le fils du roi Moabdar, comme l'écrivain tendre spirituel et délicat. Mais ne mêlons pas un éloge

sérieux avec un badinage extravagant. Vous êtes peu satisfait du commencement de ma lettre, Limerline n'y paroît point, et votre tendre cœur ne s'y trouve reconforté par aucunes douces paroles, émanées de sa bouche de corail. Aprenés, chevalier cauteleux et tranquille, que pendant que votre Seigneurie se reposoit de ses travaux passés, et avenirs, votre dame est devenue la proie d'un géant noir et félon ; qui en se raillant des clameurs de la pauvrete, l'a violemment détenue, et ores son fripon de chevalier s'esbattoit peut être, comme un vrai folastre, en lisant quelques vieux parchemins ; et si cependant le mauvais personnage a relâché la dolente damoiselle, mais comme il pourroit l'aprehender encore avec sa grife tenace, je ne sai en ce cas si vous ne serez pas privé pour toujours de votre chère dame. Pour lors il faudroit peutêtre en chercher une autre. Ah, je respire, dirés vous, après avoir lû cette conclusion, c'est la montagne qui enfante un souris ; une partie de ce verbiage signifie que j'ai eu une maladie assés fâcheuse, ma chère mère en a été fort chagrine, et ma santé ne me paroît pas encor bien affermie ; je finis vite ce détail, vous me comparés à ce *viellard alité* qui vous ennuiroit par le récit de ses maux.

Je suis charmée que votre éloquence n'aye pas été assés persuasive pour vous engager à vous donner la mort ; et je me félicite que vous ne m'ayés pas oté le moyen de vous assurer de la considération avec laquelle je suis

votre très humble servante,

LIMERLINE.

10me janvier.

LETTER VI : *from* E. GIBBON

Mademoiselle,

Je suis parti avec quelques amis, le 4 janvier, pour aller voir la fête des rois à Fribourg. Nous y sommes restés quelque temps, eux pour un bal, moi par complaisance. Nous avons poussé jusqu'à Berne, où nous sommes restés jusqu'à la fin du mois, toujours comptant partir le lendemain et toujours retenus par des amis officieux. J'arrive ici le 3 de ce mois, je trouve une de vos lettres d'une date bien reculée. Je me prépare à vous répondre lorsque je reçois de votre part une nouvelle lettre où je me vois traité comme le plus lâche des hommes. Car, à travers de la modération de vos expressions, j'entrevois votre façon de penser ; je ne la blâme point. Elle seroit juste si vos soupçons étoient fondés. Voilà ma justification. Je n'y ai point mis d'art parce qu'elle n'en a pas besoin, et parce que, quoique vous en pensiez, il n'est pas de mon caractère. Mais à mon tour, mademoiselle, que dois-je penser de la dernière phrase de votre lettre ? Un naturel plus soupçonneux que le mien pourroit presque conclure que l'on attend avec impatience l'aveu de mon indifférence et qu'on sera fâché de ne le pas recevoir. Je crains que ce soupçon ne vous offense et j'ai tenté de l'effacer ; mais vous me demandez de la sincérité et je n'ai pas voulu quitter le ton de la nature pour celui de l'affectation.

Comment avez-vous pu douter un instant de mon amour et de ma fidélité ? N'avez-vous pas lu cent fois dans le fond de mon âme ? N'y avez-vous pas vu une passion aussi pure qu'elle étoit vive ? N'avez-vous pas senti que votre image tiendrait à jamais la

première place dans ce cœur que vous méprisez aujourd'hui et qu'au milieu des plaisirs, des honneurs et des richesses, sans vous je ne jouirois de rien ?

Pendant que vous donniez une libre carrière à vos soupçons, la fortune travailloit pour moi, je n'ose dire pour nous. J'ai trouvé une lettre de mon père qui m'attendoit depuis quinze jours, il me permet de retourner en Angleterre. J'y cours dès que j'entends les zéphirs. Il est vrai que, par un destin qui n'est qu'à moi, je vois naître l'orage du milieu du calme. La lettre de mon père est si tendre, si affectionnée. Il fait paroître tant d'empressement de me revoir. Il s'étend avec tant de faste sur les projets qu'il a conçu pour moi, que je vois naître une foule d'obstacles à mon bonheur d'une toute autre nature et d'une toute autre sorte que ceux de l'inégalité de fortune qui se présentoient seuls à mon esprit auparavant.

La condition que le principe le plus noble vous a engagé d'exiger et que le motif le plus tendre m'a porté à accepter avec plaisir, celle d'établir ma demeure dans ce pays, sera difficilement écoutée d'un père dont il choquera également la tendresse et l'ambition. Cependant je ne désespère pas de la vaincre. L'amour me rendra éloquent. Il voudra mon bonheur, et s'il le veut il ne songera pas à m'éloigner de vous. Ma philosophie, disons mieux, mon tempérament me rend insensible aux richesses. Les honneurs ne sont rien pour qui n'est pas ambitieux. Si je me connois, je n'ai jamais ressenti les atteintes de cette passion funeste. L'amour des études faisoit ma seule passion jusqu'au temps où vous m'avez fait sentir que le cœur avoit ses besoins aussi bien que l'esprit, qu'ils consistoient dans un amour réciproque. J'ai appris à aimer, vous ne

m'avez pas interdit l'espérance. Quel sort plus heureux pour moi que de pouvoir voir arriver ce temps où je pourrois vous répéter à chaque instant combien je vous aime et vous entendre dire quelquefois que je n'aimois pas une ingrate.

Il me reste encore quelque espace : j'ai essayé de le remplir par quelque chose d'un peu moins sérieux, mais mon cœur est trop serré. Je ne puis que vous répéter que je suis et serai toujours avec une considération toute particulière,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
E. GIBBON.

Lausanne, 9 février.

LETTER VII : *from* Mlle. CURCHOD

Vous assurer que j'ai reçu votre lettre sans plaisir et que je l'attendois sans impatience ce seroit donner des marques d'une pruderie peut-être aussi ridicule qu'affectée. Il est vrai que j'avois imaginé que soit caprice soit raison de votre part, vous aviez changé les sentimens que je vous connoissois contre des idées qui auroient pû se trouver autant avantageuses à votre fortune que funestes à votre bonheur. Ce dernier article m'étoit moins suggéré par un amour-propre excessif que par le juste sentiment du prix d'un cœur dont vous vous seriez privé par votre faute ; je dis par votre propre faute, car si vous le sacrifiés a votre devoir, je ne crois pas absolument que vous devés le regretter, puisque moi-même je vous mépriserois peut-être autant que je vous estime à présent si vous étiez capable de rien faire, je ne dis pas contre les ordres d'un père si tendre (car je ne

m'y prêteroïis jamais), mais même, si vous vous contentiés seulement d'arracher une permission qui ne laisseroit pas de répandre l'amertume sur ses vieux jours et de faire *descendre ses cheveux blancs avec douleur dans le sépulchre*. Et d'ailleurs que deviendrois-je si de justes remords venoient à vous tourmenter et à vous faire repentir cruellement du parti que vous auriez pris. Mon Dieu ! que je ne sois jamais exposée à des circonstances aussi terribles pour mon cœur !

Tant que j'aurois crû qu'il ne s'agissoit que d'abandonner en ma faveur des vues d'ambition peut-être contraires à vos idées ou une augmentation de fortune qui vous est si peu nécessaire, la confiance avec laquelle je me repose sur les soins d'une providence tendre et bienfaisante, bien plus que mon amour-propre, auroit dû me faire espérer que vous ne regretteriez jamais la perte de ces avantages. Mais vous avés touché sensiblement un sentiment qui m'est bien connu, et je ne me sens point en état de vous faire oublier que vous auriez violé en ma faveur les droits de la nature et de la tendresse, en un mot ceux du devoir,—et d'ailleurs le voudrois-je ? J'ai fait un espèce de projet qui vous paroîtra peut-être aussi extravagant que je le trouve judicieux et sensé ; cependant j'espère de vous en parler. Les chemins qui seront je crois bientôt praticables, me flattent que ce sera dans peu de jours ; vous devés être persuadé du plaisir que vous ferés à mes chers parents. Je ne vois comment sans trouver quelque palliatif, vous auriez la force de proposer à un père tant affectionné et à qui vous avés de si grands obligations soit parce qu'il a fait pour vous précédemment, soit parce qu'il veut faire à l'avenir ; je ne vois pas, dis-je, comment vous oseriez avouer

que votre dessein est de le quitter à l'âge où il est, pour vivre avec une étrangère dont la supériorité sur tant d'autres femmes que vous pourriés épouser n'existe peut-être que dans votre cœur, et à qui vous ne devés aucune espèce de reconnoissance. Car quelque idée que vous ayez pû avoir, si j'avois résolu de faire quelque chose en votre faveur, c'étoit absolument par un amour-propre réfléchi ; j'ai lieu sans doute de m'en apercevoir les marques de l'empressement le plus vif, et le plus tendre, (passés ce trait peut-être moins à ma vanité qu'à quelqu'autre sentiment) et les ménagements que j'ai gardés, jusqu'ici ne m'empêchent pas d'être fort incertaine, si je me résoudrai jamais à en recueillir les fruits. J'avoue que cette idée est bien romanesque, mais avant que de me tourner en ridicule, je puis vous dire je pense que c'est un peu votre ouvrage.

Mon dessein étoit il est vrai d'insérer dans ma lettre quelque chose qui put vous tirer du sommeil léthargique où vous paroissiez plonger. Je ne dirai pas précisément le principe qui me faisoit agir, car j'étois résolue de ne faire aucun usage de ce retour, quelque tendre qu'il eut été, non par un motif de vengeance, mais guidée par une manière de penser aussi sensée que celle-là auroit été extravagante. Au reste je ne croyois point de blesser la sincérité par cette petite ruse ; ce que je vous disois dans ce dessein étoit exactement vrai ; si j'avois envie de faire naître des soupçons, j'ai réussi au delà de mes espérances, car je n'avois pas pensé que vous vussiez un moment que je pouvois attendre avec impatience l'aveu de votre indifférence. Cette idée apparemment étoit trop loin de mon cœur pour qu'elle se présentât à mon esprit ; mais ce qu'il ne m'étoit difficile d'imaginer et de craindre c'est que vous ne

trouvassiez ma conduite prodigieusement empressée : Si j'avois eu quelqu'un à Lausanne à qui — mais mon papier m'avertit de finir. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup d'estime, Monsieur, votre très humble servante,

S. CURCHOD.

On the cover :

A Monsieur

Monsieur Gibbon

c. Monsieur le Ministre Pavillard

à la cité

à Lausanne

LETTER VIII : *from* E. GIBBON

Mademoiselle,

Je ne puis commencer ! Cependant il le faut. Je prends la plume, je la quitte, je la reprends. Vous sentez à ce début ce que je vais dire. Épargnez-moi le reste. Oui, mademoiselle, je dois renoncer à vous pour jamais ! L'arrêt est porté, mon cœur en gémit, mais devant mon devoir, tout doit se taire.

Arrivé en Angleterre, mon goût et mon intérêt me conseilloyent également de travailler à m'acquérir la tendresse de mon père et à dissiper tous les nuages qui me l'avoient dérobé pendant quelque temps. Je me flatte d'avoir réussi : toute sa conduite, les attentions les plus délicates, les bienfaits les plus solides m'en ont convaincu. J'ai saisi le moment où il m'assuroit que toutes ses idées alloient me rendre heureux pour lui demander la permission de m'offrir à cette femme avec qui tous les pays, tous les États me seroient d'un bonheur égal, et sans qui ils me seroient tous à charge. Voici sa réponse :

« Épousez votre *étrangère*, vous êtes indépendant. Mais souvenez-vous avant de le faire que vous êtes fils et citoyen. » Il s'étendit ensuite sur la cruauté de l'abandonner et de le mettre avant son temps dans le tombeau, sur la lâcheté qu'il y auroit de fouler aux pieds tout ce que je devois à ma patrie. Je me retirai à ma chambre, y demeurai deux heures ; je n'essaierai pas de vous peindre mon état ; j'en sortis pour dire à mon père que je lui sacrifiois tout le bonheur de ma vie.

Puissiez-vous, mademoiselle, être plus heureuse que je n'espère d'être jamais ? Ce sera toujours ma prière, ce sera même ma consolation. Que ne puis-je y contribuer que par mes vœux ! Je tremble d'apprendre votre sort, cependant ne me le laissez pas ignorer. Ce sera pour moi un moment bien cruel. Assurez M. et madame Curchod de mon respect, de mon estime et de mes regrets. Adieu, mademoiselle. Je me rappellerai toujours mademoiselle Curchod comme la plus digne et la plus charmante des femmes ; qu'elle n'oublie pas entièrement un homme qui ne méritoit pas le désespoir auquel il est en proie.

Adieu, mademoiselle, cette lettre doit vous paroître étrange à tous égards, elle est l'image de mon âme.

Je vous ai écrit deux fois en route, à un village de Lorraine et de Maëstricht, et une fois de Londres ; vous ne les avez pas reçu ; je ne sais pas si je dois espérer que celle-ci vous parvienne. J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec des sentiments qui font le tourment de ma vie et une estime que rien ne peut altérer,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
GIBBON.

LETTER IX: *from* Mlle. CURCHOD

Monsieur,

Deux de vos lettres sont perdues, mais que j'ai bien senti l'arrivée de la dernière. Puis-je croire que je ne vous reverrai plus, et cependant . . . je n'ai peut-être pas connu toute l'impression que vous aviez fait sur moi, je ne crains pas de vous l'écrire l'état où votre lettre m'a réduite, me met au dessus de toute bien séance; j'ai demandé, j'ai obtenu, d'une mère qui cherche diminuer l'horreur de ma triste situation, j'ai demandé qu'on ne gênât point mes expressions, et pourquoi les gênerait-on? L'inclination que j'avois pour vous étoit si pure, c'étoit la vertu et la tendresse réunies, mais une tendresse bien délicate, vous êtes le seul homme pour qui j'aye versé des larmes, le seul dont la perte m'ait arraché des sanglots, et que tant d'autres me paroissent insipides comparés avec le seul . . . avec quel plaisir il m'est arrivé souvent de cultiver mon esprit. . . . Je fus un jour dans une compagnie nombreuse et jamais peut-être je n'ai mieux senti l'amertume de la solitude, et cependant vous sacrifiâtes au devoir avec une fermeté qui pourroit donner l'exemple. J'ai eu de la fermeté, vous le savés, Monsieur. Enfin me résoudrai-je à vivre avec quelqu'un à qui la délicatesse de mon cœur sera peut-être à charge? Eh! bien, si cela est, qui sait si je ne la garderai pas dans le fond de cette âme sensible? j'ignore, si elle ne me servira point de poison hélas! Je me flattois qu'elle contribuerait à votre bonheur, c'est je pense cette idée qui faisoit parler de mon attachement pour vous, sans les liens du devoir et de l'amitié. J'aurois abandonné avec plaisir, je pense, ma langue, ma patrie, mes connoissances pour suivre

quelqu'un que j'aurois crû incapable d'abuser de ma confiance, et cependant dans ce cas là, je n'aurois eu presque que vous que je pus regarder comme un être vivant, je me serois exposée à tant de désagréments qu'une étrangère peut essayer dans un pays comme le vôtre. Je ne sai si cette lettre vous paroîtra extravagante, ce n'est point le stile d'un roman, c'est celui d'un cœur ulcéré ; eh puis essaierai-je la honte d'un tel écrit ? vous le brûlerés s'il est vrai que vous me disiés Adieu pour jamais. Et d'ailleurs quelle honte ! non la pureté de mes sentiments ne m'en peut point faire éprouver de bien fondée. J'ai passé dans les bras de ma mère, j'ai repris la plume, je ne sai si ma tête n'a pas varié, mais si vous aviés proposé à Monsieur votre père, de me laisser dans ce pays, pendant la vie du mien, ne m'eussiés vous fait qu'une visite de 3 mois de deux en deux ans. Il ne me paroît pas que cela eût fait aucun tort à votre qualité *de fils et de cytoyen*, et j'aurois encor préféré. . . . ma mère seroit disposée à me suivre au bout du monde, mais auriés vous rien omis de ce qui pouvoit aplanir ? . . . vous voyés Monsieur combien j'ai imposé silence à ma fierté, souvenés vous que je ne suis pas dans ma situation ordinaire ; quelle nuit ! . . . je reprends la plume, il étoit un tems . . . à present je souhaite d'avoir quelque fois de vos nouvelles ; l'intérêt que je prendrai, mais surtout je demande une prompte réponse à cette lettre, vous trouverez une adresse dans l'enveloppe, la poste de Genève me fera peutêtre moins languir. Ce sera j'espère un plaisir pour moi, comme ma chère mère, vous chercherés sans doute à m'en procurer. Hélas ! si vous aimiés comme elle. Elle s'est trouvée autrefois dans des circonstances qui ont quelque rapport

avec les vôtres, elle a suivi les loix qu'elle a crû sont devoir lui dictoit ; je l'en estime davantage (car malgré mon affliction mes principes à cet égard sont toujours les mêmes) mais la force qu'elle a fait paroître, n'a point étouffé les foiblesses d'une âme sensible. Vous demandés mon sort, il y a apparence qu'il restera longtemps indécis, j'ai reçu avant hier une lettre ; le tems s'écoule, je crois que je répondrai, et je ne sai pas précisément tout ce que je pourrois répondre, peutêtre je déferai pendant la nuit, une partie de l'ouvrage que j'avois travaillé dans la journée. Cette comparaison est d'autant plus juste que la nuit a bien du raport avec mon état actuel. Votre lettre Monsieur me trouvera peutêtre dans une situation bien différente de celle que vous paroissés imaginer. Ma jeunesse, la foiblesse de ma santé . . . mon corps s'est senti d'une affliction où il avoit bien peu de part, et s'il m'arrive de ne plus vivre, pourrois-je souhaiter de végéter longtemps ? Adieu et n'oubliez jamais qu'un homme insenssible se rend incapable de jouir d'aucun bonheur réel. Brûlés ma lettre, je le demande, comme une marque que vous avés encor de l'attachement pour la vôtre S. C.

Dans deux heures vous êtes décidé, je réfléchis sur cet article de votre lettre, ah ! que mes chers parents souhaiteroient que j'eus pris mon part aussi promptement.

ce 7me 7bre.

LETTER X: *from* M^{LLE}. CURCHOD

Monsieur,

Après une des lettres les plus tendres qui ait peut-être été jamais tracée par un cœur ulcéré, et par une

tête échauffée par les larmes, votre silence m'étonnoit sans doute ; mes sentiments pour vous dont votre tendresse faisoit un des plus forte liens, commençoient a s'affoiblir ; je sentoie apparemment que votre froideur ne me permettoit pas d'imaginer que vous auriez contribué à mon bonheur dans cette vie. Madame votre belle-mère m'a fait l'honneur de m'écrire, elle m'apprend avec une délicatesse et des ménagements qui me font bien augurer de son caractère, qu'elle a intercepté ma lettre, et que toutes celles que je voudrois vous faire parvenir, auront le même sort. L'on a voulu insinuer ici qu'il y a une intelligence marquée entre elle et vous, et qu'incertain sur votre réponse, vous aviez pris le dernier parti. Ah ! si je le croyois . . . mais non, mon cœur presque sans défiance comme sans dissimulation ne peut être persuadé qu'il ait si tristement placé des sentiments, qu'avant vous il n'avoit jamais éprouvés. En effet Monsieur votre procédé seroit peu délicat, ce seroit à les nourrir, car si je me connois bien ils ne s'éteindront entièrement qu'après les vôtres ; je ne vous reprocherai point d'avoir altéré la tranquillité de ma vie, cette humeur si gaye c'est pour faire place à une noire mélancholie, et quelquefois à des larmes douloureuses. Je passe souvent une partie de la nuit sans dormir, je ne vous dirai pas que ces moments me paroissent longs, du moins le changement d'objets sur lesquels mon esprit s'arrête, ne doit pas beaucoup y contribuer. La première entreprise que j'ai formée fondée a ce qu'il me paroissoit sur la vertu, et le sentiment, a eut des suites qui influeront vraisemblablement sur tout le reste de ma vie. Mon dessein est formé cependant de ne jamais abandonner ces deux guides, deussent-ils me conduire toujours avec aussi peu de succès

dans la carrière que j'ai encor à parcourir, et s'il est vrai que dans un autre séjour l'on converse les penchans que l'on a eu sur cette terre, peut être serai-je heureuse dans un lieu où le bonheur sera fondé sur la tendresse. Mon devoir ne me reproche rien dans ma façon d'agir vis-à-vis de vous ; mais que mon cœur est bien loin d'être satisfait de toutes ses actions. Je vous vis éloigner avec des sentimens si modérés que mon inexpérience apparemment me fit croire qu'ils partoient de l'empire de ma raison, et je ne sentis pas qu'ils tiroient leur source de celui de l'espérance. Mon sort n'est pas décidé, et vraisemblablement il ne le sera de long-tems ; malgré les avis de Madame votre belle mère, mon cœur et ma raison ne se sont pas trouvés disposés à suivre avec beaucoup de célérité la route que mon imagination traçoit dans un autre tems, voilà à peu près ce que je vous insinuois dans ma précédente lettre. J'ajouterai ici, quoiqu'avec une certaine peine, une proposition assés ressemblante à celle que je vous faisois alors. Il est tems de chercher à réparer l'espèce de dureté, que j'ai fait paroître dans des moments où je connoissois si peu toute ma foiblesse, ou plutôt toute la force de ma sensibilité.

La tendresse de ma mère me faisant comprendre que l'Angleterre avec moi lui plairait autant qu'un autre pays, j'ai crû que je ne serois obligée de rester dans celui ci que pendant la vie de son époux et ne me fassiés-vous qu'une visite de quelques mois dans tout cet intervalle, je crois que je préférerois ce parti à bien d'autres. Si cependant Monsieur Gibbon est inflexible, vous connoissés trop mes idées pour avoir besoin de me faire sentir que rien ne vous obligeroit à trahir votre devoir.

Après tant d'aveux vous comprenés Monsieur que votre délicatesse sur la crainte de ruiner ma fortune ne doit point vous empêcher de m'ouvrir une voye si vous en savés une (quelque éloignée qu'elle peut être et quelque contraire qu'elle vous parût au tableau riant qu'avec une autre cœur et d'autres idées je me formerois peutêtre de ma situation présente) je me sens disposée a l'écouter avec empressement et peutêtre à accepter. Tout ce que je viens de dire s'adresse à l'homme senssible qui souhaitoit de m'entendre penser ; si vous n'êtes plus le même, à mon égard, par pitié tirés-moi de l'incertitude ou je suis, en me l'apprenant sans ménagements ; je ne sai si sans cela j'aurois de longtems la force de prendre aucune résolution.

Je demande instamment que Madame votre mère ne s'apperçoive jamais de ce que je vous ai découvert. Je suis reconnoissante de l'estime qu'elle me témoigne, et d'ailleurs j'ai quelque raison pour penser qu'elle peut avoir été contrainte. Je crois qu'elle aura bientôt ma réponse. J'espère Monsieur, que vous me considérés assés pour brûler cette lettre, et la précédente, si jamais elle tomboit entre vos mains. Incertaine si vous recevrés ce papier à moins que vous ne m'indiquiés pas quelque moyen pour avoir de mes nouvelles à l'avenir, ce sera vraisemblablement ici la dernière fois que vous verrés les assurances de l'estime et de la considération avec laquelle je suis,

Monsieur,

Votre humble et obéissante servante,

S. CURCHOD.

Depuis votre départ je n'ai reçu que deux de vos

lettres l'une de Bayonne, et celle qui m'apprenoit le refus de Monsieur Gibbon.

Vous m'écrirez sous deux envelopes la première

M. Duchastel

A Rolle

et celle de dessus (car je veux faire passer votre lettre par Genève pour qu'elle me parvienne plus sûrement)

À Monsieur

Monsieur Douzel

près de la porte de Cornevin

À Genève.

une réponse Monsieur s'il vous plaît quelle qu'elle soit par le premier courier, n'est-il pas tems de quitter la plume, hélas ! puisque c'est peut-être pour toujours.

LETTER XI : *from* E. GIBBON

Londres le 23 février 1759.

Mademoiselle,

Agité déchiré tour à tour par des mouvements contraires, une foule d'idées de sentimens se présentent à mon Esprit, s'emparent de mon cœur ; je ne sais pas où commencer ; Amour, dépit, désespoir, confusion ; je voudrais les faire parler toutes au même moment.

Ce que je dois à moi-même exige que je me disculpe votre odieuse soupçon ; et comment m'en disculper ? Par les protestations les plus ferventes de mon innocence ? Mais si je m'étois deshonoré par un si lâche procédé, craindrois je d'y joindre le mensonge ? Ce caractère franc qui s'est à pein

retenu avec Mad. Gibbon auroit-il pû tromper une femme pour qui son amour égaloit son respect. Il m'en a coûté pour ne la pas accabler de reproches ; de me faire languir Six Mois dans une attente pénible dévoré d'ennuis à charge à moi même et aux autres : incertain de vos sentimens, de votre sort, de tout ce qui m'interessoit ! *Ces parens disent cependant qu'ils ne veulent que nôtre bonheur. Ils le croient eux mêmes.*

Vos sentimens ne s'éteindront qu'après les miens ! Ah, Mademoiselle, vous m'aimerez donc toujours. Mes vœux de constance pouvoient vous être suspects à Crassie. Je ne me connoissois pas encore dans un pays où personne n'ignoroit ni votre mérite ni mon attachement pour vous, où une vie tranquille et unie ne me distraisoit point, ne m'éloignoit point de moi même ; en devenant volage je me serois montré aussi destitué de goût et de solidité que de vertu. Ici je n'entends jamais prononcer votre nom, une variété d'objets me promène sans cesse par tous les genres d'amusemens frivoles. Cependant je vous retrouve partout. Je pense toujours à *la seule femme qui eût pû me rendre heureux*, à ces talens, à ces graces, à ces vertûs, à ce caractère si assorti au mien qui me promettait un bonheur sans mélange. Un sentiment mêlé de douceur et d'amertume s'élève dans mon cœur. J'essuye une larme qui m'échappe. Voudrois je n'avois jamais connu cette femme ? C'est un problème que je me propose tous les jours sans pouvoir le décider. Je vois passer l'Équipage superbe de M—— Fitzroy. Il a épousé une des furies avec septante mille Livres Sterling. Donnez moi Mademoiselle Curchod et je ne porterai point envie à sa grandeur. Tel autre a pris une femme charmante qui n'avoit pour toute dot que la beauté

et la vertu. Que ne suis-je plus pauvre ou plus riche ! Je me trouvai l'autre jour à dîner chez le Duc de Richmond. Le repas fut des plus beaux, la compagnie nombreuse et de bonne honneur. Cependant, je perdis bientôt de vue cette triste magnificence. Insensiblement je la comparois à la simple Crassie où j'avois passé les momens les plus doux de ma vie. Je vous voyois attentive aux besoins d'un père, répondant à la tendresse d'une mère, déployer sans affectation ces vertus qui achevoient de me captiver. *Pénétré d'amour je vous jurois un attachement à l'épreuve du tems* ; vous ne détourniez point les yeux et je croyois y lire votre tendresse et mon bonheur. On s'aperçut de ma distraction. On m'en fit la guerre : j'avois le cœur trop serré pour y repartir. Je prétextai des affaires, et je courus m'enfermer dans ma chambre. Ah, Mademoiselle, quels gages m'avez-vous laissé de notre amour !

Mais où m'emporte une aveugle tendresse qu'il faudroit étouffer à jamais ? Il faut céder à la nécessité, et le devoir en est un pour les âmes bien nées. Desque M. Boissier m'eut remis votre lettre, je partis pour Beriton. Que n'ai-je dit à mon Père ? Avec quelles couleurs ne lui ai-je point peint votre caractère et mon amour. Qu'il devoit bien voir alors que ce n'étoit pas un feu de jeunesse, une étincelle qu'un premier objet avoit allumée, et qu'un second éteindroit bientôt, *mais une passion durable fondée sur la Connoissance et épurée par la Verté*. Que le parti que je lui proposais levoit presque toutes ses difficultés et montrait combien j'étois aimé. Tout fut en vain. Par un opiniâtreté que je blâmerois d'avantage si elle n'étoit pas si commune, il se rabbatoit toujours sur les portraits flatteurs des

amans, sur votre peu de fortune, et sur la nécessité d'un établissement avantageux pour moi. « Encore, » continua-t-il d'un ton égal mais résolu, « encore que Mademoiselle Curchod fût celle que vous me la depeignez et que sa fortune fût digne d'elle,—Elle est Étrangère. Vous n'avez déjà que trop de penchant pour les mœurs étrangères. La Langue de votre pays ne vous est plus connue. Mademoiselle Curchod trouveroit peu de douceurs en Angleterre, elle se serviroit de son ascendant pour vous engager à vous expatrier ; son procédé seroit naturel ; mais quel malheur pour moi, quel crime pour vous. Je ne puis l'envisager sans frémir. Prenez votre parti et tâchez d'en perdre le souvenir, car rien ne pourra me faire consentir à cette alliance. »

Il est des momens, Mademoiselle, où ce refus me fait croire que je ne lui dois plus et que libre de tout devoir je puis tâcher chercher mon bonheur quoiqu'il en coûte ou à lui ou à moi. Vous me mépriseriez si je n'ajoutois pas que ces momens sont peu nombreux et peu longs. Vivre dans l'attente de sa mort seroit un autre parti : du moins nous ne perdrons l'espérance. Mais quelle espérance ? Celle de la mort d'un Père. D'ailleurs je ne crains rien pour moi même, mais tout m'allarme pour vous. Si mon Père me survivoit, quel état que le vôtre !

Vous sentez où ces tristes réflexions aboutissent. *Cependant je recule toujours le moment fatal.* Vous oublier, oublier du moins l'amante, pour ne connaître que l'amie. Épouser une autre. Vous engager à imiter mon exemple. Quelles idées. Elles m'effrayent, je voudrois ne les pas voir. Je crains que vous ne puissiez pas faire cet effort. Je crains que vous le puissiez. Hélas le pourrai-je moi même ?

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec des sentimens consacrés
à vous seule,

Mademoiselle
Votre très humble et très obéissant
Serviteur

GIBBON.

P.S.—Je ne sai si la prudence m'interdiroit pas la continuation de cette correspondance. Quoiqu'il en soit, Mademoiselle, je ne saurois m'en priver moi même. Vos lettres me parviendront, si vous les adressez—À Monsieur, Monsieur Vaillant Marchand Libraire over against Southampton Street in the Strand à Londres avec mon adresse ordinaire sur l'enveloppe intérieure. Je vous prie Mademoiselle de présenter les assurances de mon estime et de ma reconnaissance à M. votre Père et à Madame votre Mère.

LETTER XII: *from* M^{LLE}. CURCHOD

Monsieur,

Près d'un an de distractions et de delais : ah ! mon amour-propre est assés satisfait à mes dépens. J'ignore votre état ; delivrés moi je vous prie d'un sentiment incommode. Quatre lettres par an, quelques quart d'heurs de votre loisir, feroient une occupation importante de ma solitude, et un des delassements de ma vie ; il est bien surprenant, bien humiliant, de demander comme une grâce ce que vous deviés exiger ; eh ! qu'importe une honte, que l'absence anéantit ? Votre postscriptum étoit offensant, il ne fait que m'affliger ; car tel est mon cœur, l'étude apprend-elle à mepriser une amitié

sincère et peut-être assés rare pour que vous la regrettiés un jour ? Je suis bien loin de imaginer rompre tout commerce . . . toute liaison . . . ah ! quelle strange prudence, vous ai-je jamais enlacé dans quelque action indigne de vous ou de moi ? L'amitié que je vous offre, est sans prix car mes seuls sentiments la décorent, c'est l'effet de notre indépendance respective. Souvent le devoir est utile, et le cœur se tait, mais le sentiment parle dans ces petits égards où le devoir ne dit plus rien ; des détails minutieux je vous prie, car ils sauront m'intéresser. L'on peut n'avoir pour soi qu'un amour-propre en second ; quels sont vos progrès littéraires ? seriez vous attiré pas l'ambition ? favorisé par la tendresse ? Marié ? ou prêt à l'être ? La chaîne sera-t-elle de fleurs ou d'or massif ? point de detours a cet égard car je puis tout entendre. S'il est vrai que j'aime encor, c'est un amant tendre, empressé, délicat, que j'avois autrefois ; une pure chimère, qui n'existe plus que dans mon souvenir. Ma mémoire est tenace, quand mon cœur a servi de burin.

Votre soumission est juste, elle mérite mon estime, et mes éloges ; encore un mot sur notre roman, et puis effaçons-le de notre correspondance avenir. Ma fierté, votre *prudence* semblent l'exiger, vous m'aves crûe intéressée ; je vous laissois, j'augmentoie même cette opinion, je me ménageois le plaisir enchanteur de la surprise ; mes actions n'ont pû vous désabuser, il est naturel que mes propos y suppléent ; j'ai besoin à présent de toutes mes qualités.

Plusieurs raisons dont je vous fais grâce, m'ont engagée à resister jusqu'ici aux instances reiterées de M. d—— ; peut-être m'en fais-je moins de peine qu'autrefois ; une protection puissante nous fait espérer d'obtenir la vente des biens que ma mère a

en France, ce qui nous mettroit dans une médiocrité assez aisée, relativement au pays que nous habitons. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup de considération.

Monsieur,
votre humble et tres obéissante servante.

La première adresse doit être à M. Gueille, marchand au Mollard à Genève ; et sur l'enveloppe intérieure l'adresse de ma chère mère.

NOTE

Gibbon's spelling and accentuation are less divergent from modern usage than Mlle. Curchod's. In preparing the text, the accents left out by her have been put in, while most of those which she used, but which have now disappeared, have been retained. The spelling of the MSS., including some obvious slips, has been followed throughout.

APPENDIX II

The
SPEECH
of

The Late Illustrious Historian

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

On the Day of Election of Members to serve in
Parliament for the Borough of Petersfield
In the Year 1761.

Gentlemen,

I appear here in a situation very different from my expectations, I hoped to have stood here as the Asserter of our Common Independency, I can only lament with you a Yoke it is impossible to shake off. The most considerable part of the still remaining Independent Freeholders of this Borough addressed themselves some time ago to my Father, as a Gentleman whose past conduct had deserved their esteem, and desired he would offer himself a Candidate. They were justly provoked with so many Nominations, with the Mockery of Elections where Gentlemen were returned for the Borough who hardly knew in what County it was situated.

My father accepted their offer with thanks, but soon afterwards (I fear out of an ill grounded partiality) desired they would transfer the Honor

of their choice upon me. I had the satisfaction of receiving that mark of their Approbation.

From that time I had the greatest reason to hope for Success. Without Threats, without Promises, by no Methods I should blush to acknowledge in this place, I could without presumption promise myself the Majority of the real Independent Freeholders in opposition to that unknown Candidate, with whose name we are but just made acquainted.

One Man disappointed all these hopes ; a man who after every Engagement which could bind a Gentleman or an Honest Man infamously abandoned me. This treachery and the consequences it hath had, leaves me nothing else to do, than to express my most grateful sense of my Obligations to my Friends, Obligations unconnected with Success, and which (were every nobler Principle wanting) my Pride would never suffer me to forget. Had I succeeded I should have used my utmost endeavours to have acted up to the great Trust reposed in me. I should have considered a seat in Parliament neither as a Title of Honor, nor as an Instrument of Profit ; but a laborious and important Duty, to which the greatest parts joined to the severest application are scarcely equal. I should have endeavoured to follow the path of Moderation and Impartiality ; Loyal to my King without servility, Zealous for my Country without Faction, attached to the general welfare of Great Britain, but not inattentive to the particular Interests of the Borough I had the Honor to represent. Excluded from this agreeable prospect, I must confine my Ambition within the Duties of a Private Life : and I hope my behaviour as a Man, and a

neighbouring Gentleman, will never make my Friends repent their having thought me worthy of an Higher Character.

Minchin, Printer, Petersfield.

APPENDIX III

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL

FOR JULY 26TH, 1762.

as printed in the Autobiography

I am afraid of being reduced to drop my hero ; but my time has not, however, been lost in the research of his story, and of a memorable era of our English annals. *The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Oldys, is a very poor performance ; a servile panegyric, or flat apology, tediously minute, and composed in a dull and affected style. Yet the author was a man of diligence and learning, who had read everything relative to his subject, and whose ample collections are arranged with perspicuity and method. Excepting some anecdotes lately revealed in the Sidney and Bacon Papers I know not what I should be able to add. My ambition (exclusive of the uncertain merit of style and sentiment) must be confined to the hope of giving a good abridgement of Oldys. I have even the disappointment of finding some parts of this copious work very dry and barren ; and these parts are unluckily some of the most characteristic : Raleigh's colony of Virginia, his quarrels with Essex, the true secret of his conspiracy, and, above all, the detail of his private life, the most essential and important to a biographer. My best resource would be in the circumjacent history of the times, and perhaps in some digressions artfully intro-

duced, like the fortunes of the peripatetic philosophy in the portrait of Lord Bacon. But the reigns of Elizabeth and James I are the periods of English history which have been the most variously illustrated : and what new lights could I reflect on a subject which has exercised the accurate industry of *Birch*, the lively and curious acuteness of *Walpole*, the critical spirit of *Hurd*, the vigorous sense of *Mallet* and *Robertson*, and the impartial philosophy of *Hume* ? Could I even surmount these obstacles, I should shrink with terror from the modern history of England, where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or an enemy ; where a writer is supposed to hoist a flag of party, and is devoted to damnation by the adverse faction. Such would be *my* reception at home : and abroad, the historian of Raleigh must encounter an indifference far more bitter than censure or reproach. The events of his life are interesting : but his character is ambiguous, his actions are obscure, his writings are English, and his fame is confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island. I must embrace a safer and more extensive theme.

There is one which I should prefer to all others, *The History of the Liberty of the Swiss*, of that independence which a brave people rescued from the House of Austria, defended against a Dauphin of France, and finally sealed with the blood of Charles of Burgundy. From such a theme, so full of public spirit, of military glory, of examples of virtue, of lessons of government, the dullest stranger would catch fire : what might not I hope, whose talents, whatsoever they may be, would be inflamed with the zeal of patriotism. But the materials of this history are inaccessible to me, fast locked in the

obscurity of an old barbarous German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant, and which I cannot resolve to learn for this sole and peculiar purpose.

I have another subject in view, which is the contrast of the former history : the one a poor, warlike, virtuous republic, which emerges into glory and freedom ; the other a commonwealth, soft, opulent, and corrupt ; which by just degrees, is precipitated from the abuse to the loss of her liberty : both lessons are, perhaps, equally instructive. This second subject is, *The History of the Republic of Florence, under the House of Medicis* : a period of one hundred and fifty years, which rises or descends from the dregs of the Florentine democracy, to the title and dominion of Cosmo de Medicis in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. I might deduce a chain of revolutions not unworthy of the pen of Vertot ; singular men, and singular events ; the Medicis four times expelled, and as often recalled ; and the genius of freedom reluctantly yielding to the arms of Charles V and the policy of Cosmo. The character and fate of Savonarola, and the revival of arts and letters in Italy, will be essentially connected with the elevation of the family and the fall of the republic. The Medicis, 'stirps quasi fataliter nata ad instauranda vel fovenda studia' (Lipsius ad Germanos et Gallos, Epist. vii), were illustrated by the patronage of learning ; and enthusiasm was the most formidable weapon of their adversaries. On this splendid subject I shall most probably fix ; but when or where or how will it be executed ? I behold in a dark and doubtful perspective ;

Res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.

Durga Sah Municipal Library,
Naini Tal,
दुर्गासाह म्युनिसिपल लाइब्रेरी

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